THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded by Benj. Franklin

NOV. 9, 1912

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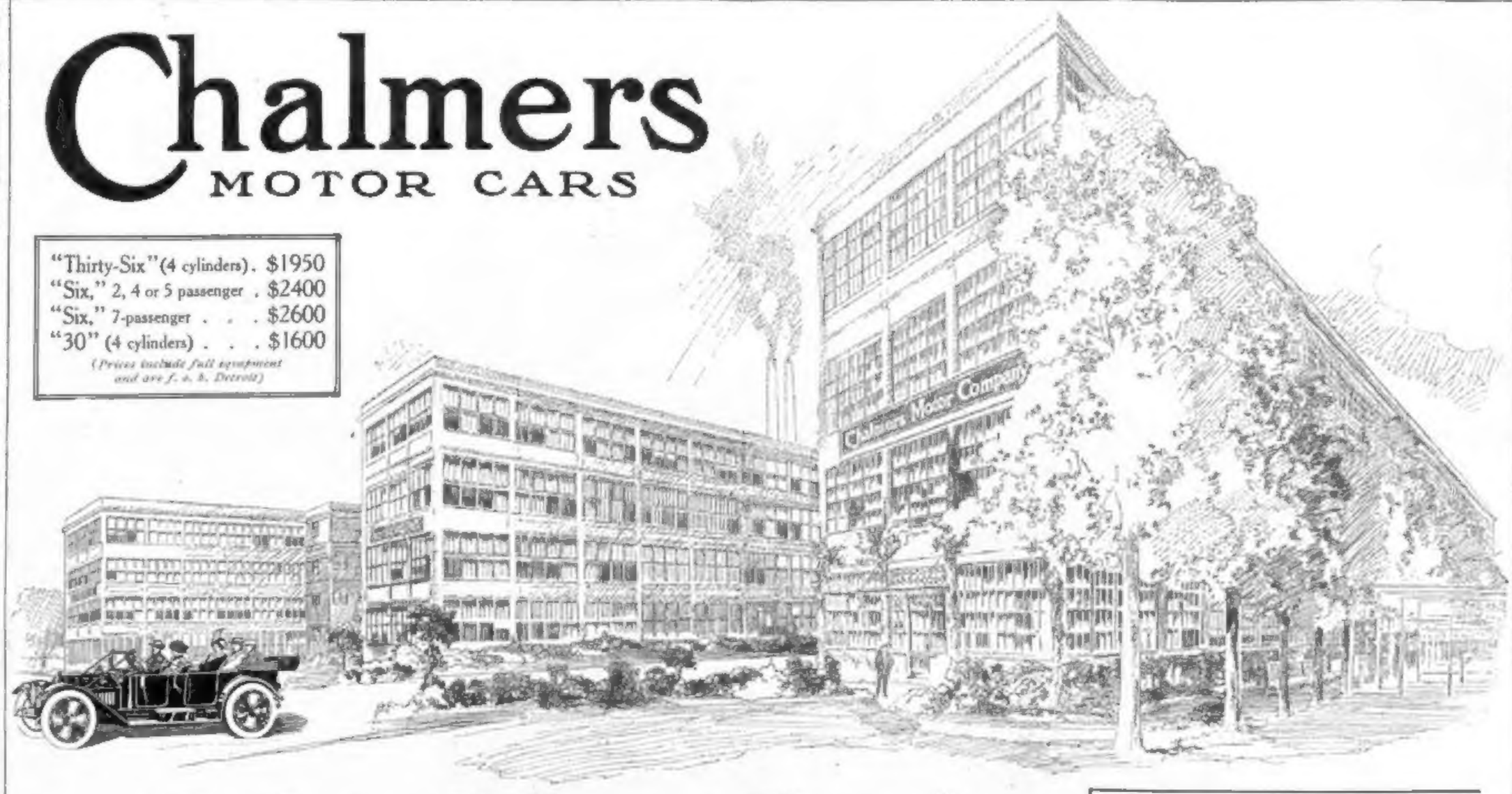
DRAWN BY
CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

MORE THAN 1,900,000 CIRCULATION WEEKLY

Chalmers
MOTOR CARS

"Thirty-Six" (4 cylinders)	$1950
"Six," 2, 4 or 5 passenger	$2400
"Six," 7-passenger	$2600
"30" (4 cylinders)	$1600

(Prices include full equipment and are f. o. b. Detroit)



"Built in Chalmers Shops"

Chalmers cars are manufactured by the Chalmers Motor Company in the Chalmers shops at Detroit, Michigan.

Our buildings, equipment, stock and materials represent an investment of $6,000,000.

We have made this great investment because we believe in the future of the automobile business. We back our faith with our money.

The Chalmers plant comprises 17 buildings laid out over a thirty-acre site. Three of the main buildings are shown above.

These 17 buildings contain over one million square feet of manufacturing floor space.

The equipment of our factory consists of the most modern machinery and labor-saving devices—unexcelled in any automobile plant in the world.

Employed in this factory are 4,000 men engaged in the work of designing, building and testing Chalmers cars.

WE state the above facts because we want you to realize that Chalmers cars are *manufactured* cars; that the parts are made by the same company that puts its name on the finished product.

Nearly every essential mechanical operation, from the engineer's designing board all the way through to the shipping platform, is carried on by Chalmers workmen in the Chalmers shops, under the direction and control of Chalmers executives.

We believe this is the only way to insure permanent success in the automobile business. If we were manufacturing typewriters, adding machines, railroad cars, or anything else, we would not buy our parts outside. For experience has shown that the greatest accuracy and greatest economy come from concentrating manufacturing operations in one plant and building complete one particular product.

This is the logical and the right system in any industry. The automobile business is no exception. It is subject to the same commercial laws and rules and the same manufacturing methods as other businesses. We realized in the beginning that to continue permanently in this business we must equip our plant to build our own parts. And we have done so.

The Chalmers factory is one of the best equipped in the industry. No other plant is more completely equipped for producing high class cars in large quantities and at medium prices. No other motor car manufacturer builds in his own factory a greater proportion of the vital parts of his car than we do.

Here are some of the operations performed in the Chalmers factory which many manufacturers have done outside in the plants of parts-makers:

We build our own motors complete from the casting of the cylinders to the final testing for full rated horsepower.
We build our own self-starter, designed by Chalmers engineers and patented by the Chalmers Company.
We manufacture our own transmissions.
We cut, temper and grind our own gears.
We make our own axles—all except the bearings. These are Timken.
We heat-treat our own steels—in one of the most perfectly appointed heat-treating plants in the industry.
We build our own steering gears. We make our own tops.
We rigidly inspect each part and operation from raw material to finished car. Many parts are inspected not only once, but half a dozen times.

Here are three reasons why we manufacture Chalmers cars in our own shops instead of buying parts from specialty manufacturers and assembling them in our cars. Each reason is important to you as a motor car buyer:

1. ***Accuracy.*** We can make the parts for Chalmers cars better than any parts-maker. With our large volume, we can afford all the special machinery and specially trained men that the motor builder, the transmission maker, or the manufacturer of other parts would employ. All this special equipment we concentrate on Chalmers cars alone. Thus we have all the advantages of quantity production, but the first thing in our mind is ***accuracy***.

2. ***Economy.*** In manufacturing our own parts we save the parts-makers' profit. We manufacture just as economically as any parts-maker. We buy our materials as low as anyone. In addition, we get the benefit of lowest cash prices, for we discount every bill.

The savings thus made go to you, partly in the form of added quality and partly in the difference in price between our cars and the high priced cars—which alone approach Chalmers cars in Quality, Comfort, Convenience and Beauty.

3. ***Service.*** The wisdom of this policy of manufacturing will be more apparent in three or five years than it is now. For automobiles are not bought for one year, but for several years' service. The manufacturer who makes his own parts is in a stronger position and will be able to give better and longer continued service to his owners than those who are dependent upon the parts-manufacturers.

Into the Chalmers cars we have put the best thought, the most skillful craftsmanship, the most vigilant inspection of our 4,000 brain-power organization. We have built cars in which we take pride. Every part represents ourselves. Every part represents an ideal.

Building the cars in our own plant by our own men and under our own eyes, we are able to make them measure up to our ideal—Chalmers, the utmost motor car value at the price asked.

We believe this is the kind of a car you want. See it at our dealer's salesroom.

And let us send you the "Story of the Chalmers Car." Many have told us it is the most interesting automobile book ever written. Write for it on the coupon.

Note These Chalmers Features

Comfort, convenience, luxury and good looks distinguish the Chalmers 1913 cars. Power, strength and reliability are built into every inch of the Chalmers chasses. These cars offer all you can ask in motor car satisfaction. They are quality cars at medium prices.

"Thirty-Six" (four cylinders)	$1950
"Six," 5-passenger	$2400
"Six," 7-passenger	$2600
"Thirty-Six" Limousine	$3250
"Six" Limousine	$3700
"30" (four cylinders)	$1600

(Prices include full equipment and are f. o. b. Detroit)

Note these splendid features of the "Thirty-Six" and "Six" and judge for yourself the superiority of the 1913 Chalmers cars.

Electric Lights. Gray & Davis electric lighting system, acknowledged to have no superior, is regular equipment.

Turkish Cushions. Most comfortable and highest grade automobile cushions made. Soft as a down pillow.

Eleven-Inch Upholstery. Featured on some of the highest priced cars. Seats are as comfortable as your favorite armchair.

Chalmers Self-Starter. A year's use has proved it the simplest and most reliable on the market. Operates by compressed air.

Four-Forward Speed Transmission gives maximum of flexibility; provides a proper gear for every condition.

Long Stroke Motor. 4¼" bore; 5¼" stroke. A motor of unusual power. Built complete in the Chalmers shops.

Continental Demountable Rims. Make it possible to change tires in a few minutes and without hard work.

Large Wheels and Tires. Insure easy riding and low tire upkeep. 36" x 4" tires on "Thirty-Six"; 36" x 4½" on "Six"; 34" x 4" on "30."

Long Wheelbase—118" on the "Thirty-Six"; 130" on the "Six"; 115" on the "30."

Beautiful Bodies. The new-design, flush-sided metal bodies are exceptionally roomy. Finish unsurpassed by that of any other car.

Nickel Trimmings. Handsome; easy to keep clean and bright, regular equipment.

Dual Ignition. Most reliable ignition system built; maximum range of spark control.

Improved Carburetor. Readily adjustable from dash to suit all driving conditions.

Speedometer. A jeweled magnetic speedometer, specially designed for Chalmers cars, is regular equipment.

Silk Mohair Top. A splendid, perfectly fitting top, tailor-made in Chalmers shops.

Rain-Vision Windshield. Easily adjustable, good-looking, specially built for Chalmers cars.

Please send "Story of the Chalmers Car" and 1913 catalog.

Name_____

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S. E. P. Nov. 9

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit.

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WHEN you call on a clothier who sells our goods, he will show you something new in overcoat styles.

Overcoats have become more than simply an "over" garment, for warmth and protection. We've given them a character and style-distinction never before attained; new ideas in fashions and models which you will particularly like; the best development in making smart, snappy styles, especially for young men, that the clothing art has ever known.

New features in belt-backs

The belt has become a prominent feature in overcoats; nearly all the models for young men have the belt-back in one form or another. It is impossible to go into details here; but if you want to see the liveliest, "quickest" lot of overcoats ever made, go to our dealer near you and see them.

Any merchant who sells our clothes wants the fact known; you know where yours is; your newspapers have his advertisements. Overcoats from $18 up.

Send for the Fall Style Book.

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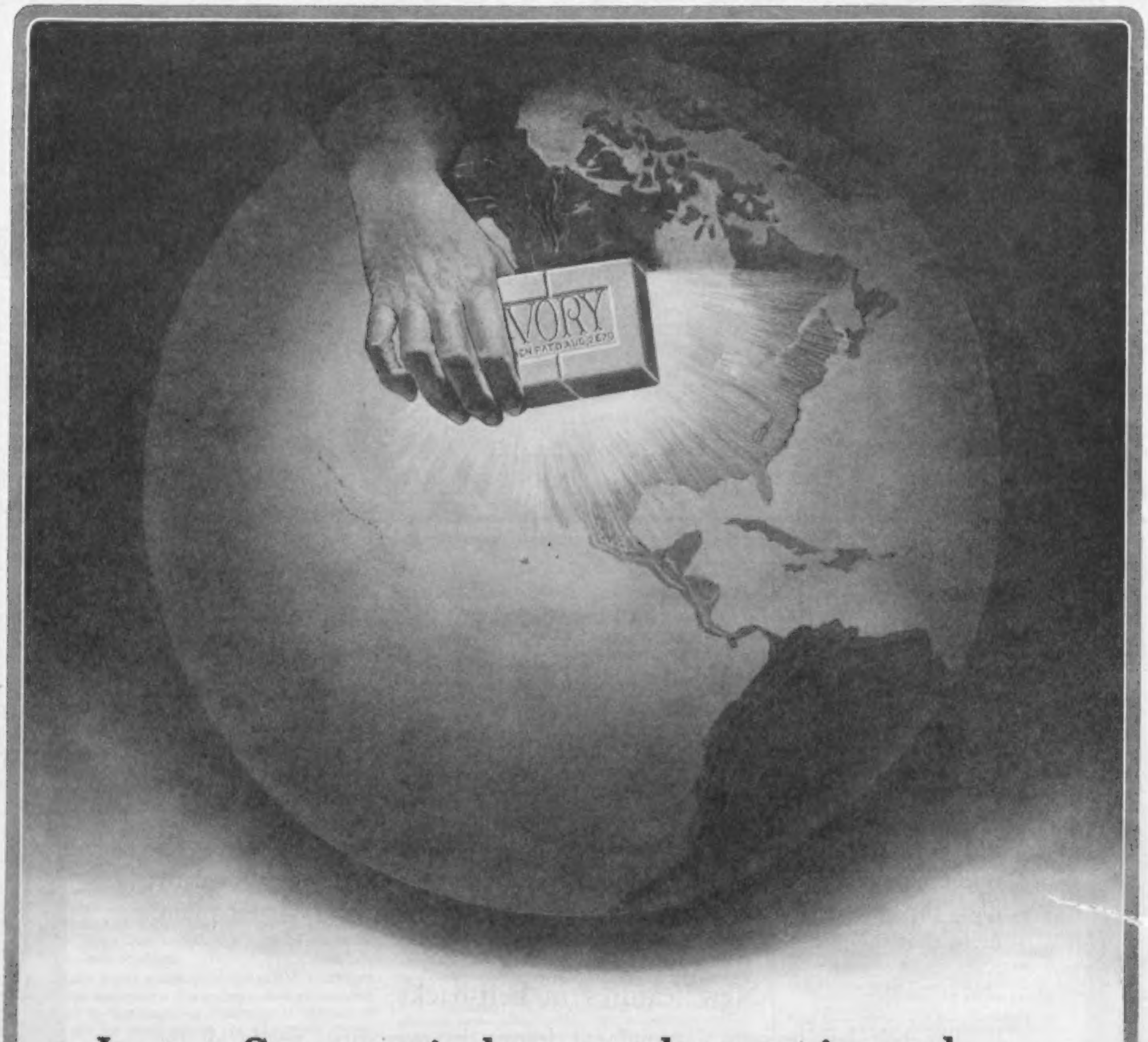

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In city, village and on the farm, millions of people start the day with Ivory Soap; use it for the toilet and bath; use it in the nursery and for fine laundry purposes; and end the day with it in the warm, evening bath.

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IN THE PAVILION

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY CHASE EMERSON

NOW had Billy Grant really died there would be no story. The story is to relate how he nearly died; and how, approaching that bourn to which no traveler may take with him anything but his sins—and this with Billy Grant meant considerable luggage—he cast about for some way to prevent the Lindley Grants from getting possession of his worldly goods.

Probably it would never have happened at all had not young Grant, having hit on a scheme, clung to it with a tenacity that might better have been devoted to saving his soul, and had he not said to the Nurse, who was at that moment shaking a thermometer: "Come on—be a sport! It's only a matter of hours." Not that he said it aloud—he whispered it, and fought for the breath to do even that. The Nurse, having shaken down the thermometer, walked to the table and recorded a temperature of one hundred and six degrees through a most unprofessional mist of tears. Then in the symptom column she wrote: "Delirrious."

But Billy Grant was not delirious. A fever of a hundred and four or thereabout may fuse one's mind in a sort of fiery crucible, but when it gets to a hundred and six all the foreign thoughts, like seeing green monkeys on the footboard and wondering why the doctor is walking on his hands—all these things melt away, and one sees one's past, as when drowning, and remembers to hate one's relations, and is curious about what is coming when one goes over.

So Billy Grant lay on his bed in the contagious pavilion of the hospital, and remembered to hate the Lindley Grants and to try to devise a way to keep them out of his property. And, having studied law, he knew no will that he might make now would hold against the Lindley Grants for a minute, unless he survived its making some thirty days. The Staff Doctor had given him about thirty hours or less.

Perhaps he would have given up in despair and been forced to rest content with a threat to haunt the Lindley Grants and otherwise mar the enjoyment of their good fortune, had not the Nurse at that moment put the thermometer under his arm.

"Delirious, With Two R's. He Must Have Been Pretty Bad"

Now, as every one knows, an axillary temperature takes five minutes, during which it is customary for a nurse to kneel beside the bed, or even to sit very lightly on the edge, holding the patient's arm close to his side and counting his respirations while pretending to be thinking of something else. It was during these five minutes that the idea came into Billy Grant's mind and, having come, remained. The Nurse got up, rustling starchily, and Billy caught her eye.

"Every engine," he said with difficulty, "labors—in a low—gear. No wonder I'm—heated up!"

The Nurse, who was young, put her hand on his forehead.

"Try to sleep," she said.

"Time for—that—later," said Billy Grant. "I'll—I'll be a—long time—dead. I—I wonder whether you'd—do me a—favor."

"I'll do anything in the world you want."

She tried to smile down at him, but only succeeded in making her chin quiver, which would never do—being unprofessional and likely to get to the head nurse; so, being obliged to do something, she took his pulse by the throbbing in his neck.

"One, two, three, four, five, six ——"

"Then—marry me," gasped Billy Grant. "Only for an—hour or—two, you know. You—promised. Come on—be a sport!"

It was then that the Nurse walked to the table and recorded "Delirrious" in the symptom column. And, though she was a Smith College girl and had taken a something or other in mathematics, she spelled it just then with two r's.

Billy Grant was not in love with the Nurse. She was a part of his illness, like the narrow brass bed and the yellow painted walls, and the thermometer under his arm, and the medicines. There were even times—when his fever subsided for a degree or two, after a cold sponge, and the muddled condition of mind returned—when she seemed to have more heads than even a nurse requires. So sentiment did not enter into the matter at all; it was revenge.

"You—promised," he said again; but the Nurse only smiled indulgently and rearranged the bottles on the stand in neat rows.

Jenks, the orderly, carried her supper to the isolation pavilion at six o'clock—cold ham, potato salad, egg custard and tea. Also, he brought her an evening paper. But the Nurse was not hungry. She went into the bathroom, washed her eyes with cold water, put on a clean collar, against the impending visit of the Staff Doctor, and then stood at the window, looking across at the hospital and feeling very lonely and responsible. It was not a great hospital, but it loomed large and terrible that night. The ambulance came out into the courtyard, and an interne, in white ducks, came out to it, carrying a surgical bag. He looked over at her and waved his hand. "Big railroad wreck!" he called cheerfully. "Got 'em coming in bunches." He crawled into the ambulance, where the driver, trained to many internes, gave him time to light a cigarette; then out into the dusk, with the gong beating madly.

Billy Grant, who had lapsed into a doze, opened his eyes.

"What—about it?" he asked. "You're not—married already—are you?"

"Please try to rest. Perhaps if I get your beef juice——"

"Oh, damn—the beef juice!" whispered Billy Grant, and shut his eyes again—but not to sleep. He was planning how to get his way, and finally, out of a curious and fantastic medley of thoughts, he evolved something. The doctor, of course! These women had to do what the doctor ordered. He would see the doctor!—upon which, with a precision quite amazing, all the green monkeys on the footboard of the bed put their thumbs to their noses at him.

The situation was unusual; for here was young Grant, far enough from any one who knew he was one of the Van Kleek Grants—and, as such, entitled to all the nurses and doctors that money could procure—shut away in the isolation pavilion of a hospital, and not even putting up a good fight! Even the Nurse felt this, and when the Staff Man came across the courtyard that night she met him on the doorstep and told him.

"He doesn't care whether he gets well or not," she said dispiritedly. "All he seems to think about is to die and to leave everything he owns so his relatives won't get it. It's horrible!"

The Staff Man, who had finished up a hard day with a hospital supper of steak and fried potatoes, sat down on the doorstep and fished out a digestive tablet from his surgical bag.

"It's pretty sad, little girl," he said, over the pill. He had known the Nurse for some time, having, in fact, brought her—according to report at the time—in a predecessor of the very bag at his feet, and he had the fatherly manner that belongs by right to the man who has first thumped one between the shoulderblades to make one breathe, and who remarked on the occasion to some one beyond the door: "A girl, and fat as butter!"

The Nurse tiptoed in and found Billy Grant apparently asleep. Actually he had only closed his eyes, hoping to lure one of the monkeys within clutching distance. So the Nurse came out again, with the symptom record.

"Delirious, with two r's," said the Staff Doctor, glancing over his spectacles. "He must have been pretty bad."

"Not wild; he—he wanted me to marry him!"

She smiled, showing a most alluring dimple in one cheek.

"I see! Well, that's not necessarily delirium. H'm—pulse, respiration—look at that temperature! Yes, it's pretty sad—away from home, too, poor lad!"

"You —— Isn't there any hope, doctor?"

"None at all—at least, I've never had 'em get well."

Now the Nurse should, by all the ethics of hospital practice, have walked behind the Staff Doctor, listening reverentially to what he said, not speaking until she was spoken to, and carrying in one hand an order blank on which said august personage would presently inscribe certain cabalistic characters, to be deciphered later by the pharmacy clerk with a strong light and much blasphemy, and in the other hand a clean towel. The clean towel does not enter into the story, but for the curious be it said that were said personage to desire to listen to the patient's heart, the towel would be unfolded and spread, without creases, over the patient's chest—which reminds me of the Irishman and the weary practitioner; but every one knows that story.

Now that is what the Nurse should have done; instead of which, in the darkened passageway, being very tired and exhausted and under a hideous strain, she suddenly slipped her arm through the Staff Doctor's and, putting her head on his shoulder, began to cry softly.

"What's this?" demanded the Staff Doctor sternly and, putting his arm round her: "Don't you know that Junior Nurses are not supposed to weep over the Staff?" And, getting no answer but a choke: "We can't have you used up like this; I'll make them relieve you. When did you sleep?"

"I don't want to be relieved," said the Nurse, very muffled. "No-nobody else would know wh-what he wanted. I just—I just can't bear to see him—to see him ——"

The Staff Doctor picked up the clean towel, which belonged on the Nurse's left arm, and dried her eyes for her; then he sighed.

"None of us likes to see it, girl," he said. "I'm an old man, and I've never got used to it. What do they send you to eat?"

"The food's all right," she said rather drearily. "I'm not hungry—that's all. How long do you think ——"

The Staff Doctor, who was putting an antiseptic gauze cap over his white hair, ran a safety pin into his scalp at that moment and did not reply at once. Then, "Perhaps—until morning," he said.

He held out his arms for the long white sterilized coat, and a moment later, with his face clean washed of emotion, and looking like a benevolent Turk, he entered the sick-room. The Nurse was just behind him, with an order book in one hand and a clean towel over her arm.

Billy Grant, from his bed, gave the turban a high sign of greeting.

"Allah—is—great!" he gasped cheerfully. "Well, doctor—I guess it's all—over but—the shouting."

II

SOME time after midnight Billy Grant roused out of a stupor. He was quite rational; in fact, he thought he would get out of bed. But his feet would not move. This was absurd! One's feet must move if one wills them to! However, he could not stir either of them. Otherwise he was beautifully comfortable.

Faint as was the stir he made, the Nurse heard him. She was sitting in the dark by the window.

"Water?" she asked softly, coming to him.

"Please." His voice was stronger than it had been.

Some of the water went down his neck, but it did not matter. Nothing mattered except the Lindley Grants. The Nurse took his temperature and went out into the hall to read the thermometer, so he might not watch her face. Then, having recorded it under the nightlight, she came back into the room.

"Why don't you put on something comfortable?" demanded Billy Grant querulously. He was so comfortable himself and she was so stiffly starched, so relentless of collar and cap.

"I am comfortable."

"Where's that wrapper thing you've been wearing at night?" The Nurse rather flushed at this. "Why don't you lie down on the cot and take a nap? I don't need anything."

"Not—not tonight."

He understood, of course, but he refused to be depressed. He was too comfortable. He was breathing easily, and his voice, though weak, was clear.

"Would you mind sitting beside me? Or are you tired? But of course you are. Perhaps in a night or so you'll be over there again, sleeping in a nice white gown in a nice fresh bed, with no querulous devil ——"

"Please!"

"You'll have to be sterilized or formaldehyded?"

"Yes." This very low.

"Will you put your hand over mine? Thanks. It's—company, you know." He was apologetic; under her hand his own burned fire. "I—I spoke to the Staff about that while you were out of the room."

"About what?"

"About your marrying me."

"What did he say?" She humored him.

"He said he was willing if you were. You're not going to move—are you?"

"No. But you must not talk."

"It's like this. I've got a little property—not much; a little." He was nervously eager about this. If she knew it amounted to anything she would refuse, and the Lindley Grants —— "And when I—you know —— I want to leave it where it will do some good. That little brother of yours—it would send him through college, or help to."

Once, weeks ago, before he became so ill, she had told him of the brother. This in itself was wrong and against the ethics of the profession. One does not speak of oneself or one's family.

"If you won't try to sleep, shall I read to you?"

"Read what?"

"I thought—the Bible, if you wouldn't mind."

"Certainly," he agreed. "I suppose that's the conventional thing; and if it makes you feel any better —— Will you think over what I've been saying?"

"I'll think about it," she said, soothing him like a fretful child, and brought her Bible.

The clock on the near-by town hall struck two as she drew up her chair beside him and commenced to read by the shaded light. Across the courtyard the windows were dim yellowish rectangles, with here and there one brighter than the others that told its own story of sleepless hours. A taxicab rolled along the street outside, carrying a boisterous night party.

The Nurse Telephoned Across for an Interne

The Nurse had taken off her cap and put it on a stand. The autumn night was warm, and the light touch of the tulle had pressed her hair in damp, fine curves over her forehead. There were purple hollows of anxiety and sleeplessness under her eyes.

"The perfect nurse," the head of the training school was fond of saying, "is more or less of a machine. Too much sympathy is a handicap to her work and an embarrassment to her patient. A perfect, silent, reliable, fearless, emotionless machine!"

Poor Junior Nurse!

Now Billy Grant, lying there listening to something out of Isaiah, should have been repenting his hard-living, hard-drinking young life; should have been forgiving the Lindley Grants—which story does not belong here; should have been asking for the consolation of the church, and trying to summon from the depths of his consciousness faint memories of early teachings as to the life beyond, and what he might or might not expect there.

What he actually did while the Nurse read was to try to move his legs, and, failing this, to plan a way to achieve the final revenge of a not particularly forgiving life.

At a little before three o'clock the Nurse telephoned across for an interne, who came over in a bathrobe over his pajamas and shot a hypodermic into Billy Grant's left arm. Billy Grant hardly noticed. He was seeing Mrs. Lindley Grant when his surprise was sprung on her. The interne summoned the Nurse into the hall with a jerk of his head.

"About all in!" he said. "Heart's gone—too much booze probably. I'd stay, but there's nothing to do."

"Would oxygen ——"

"Oh, you can try it if you like. It's like blowing up a leaking tire; but if you'll feel better, do it." He yawned and tied the cord of his bathrobe round him more securely. "I guess you'll be glad to get back," he observed, looking round the dingy hall. "This place always gives me a chill. Well, let me know if you want me. Good night."

The Nurse stood in the hallway until the echo of his slippers on the asphalt had died away. Then she turned to Billy Grant.

"Well?" demanded Billy Grant. "How long have I? Until morning?"

"If you would only not talk and excite yourself ——"

"Hell!" said Billy Grant, we regret to record. "I've got to do all the talking I'm going to do right now. I beg your pardon—I didn't intend to swear."

"Oh, that's all right!" said the Nurse vaguely. This was like no deathbed she had ever seen, and it was disconcerting.

"Shall I read again?"

"No, thank you."

The Nurse looked at her watch, which had been a graduation present from her mother and which said, inside the case: "To my little girl!" There is no question but that, when the Nurse's mother gave that inscription to the jeweler, she was thinking of the day when the Staff Doctor had brought the Nurse in his leather bag, and had slapped her between the shoulders to make her breathe. "To my little girl!" said the watch; and across from that—"Three o'clock."

At half-past three Billy Grant, having matured his plans, remarked that if it would ease the Nurse any he'd see a preacher. His voice was weaker again and broken.

"Not"—he said, struggling—"not that I think—he'll pass me. But—if you say so—I'll—take a chance."

All of which was diabolical cunning; for when, as the result of a telephone conversation, the minister came, an unworldly man who counted the world, an automobile, a vested choir and a silver communion service well lost for the sake of a dozen derelicts in a slum mission house, Billy Grant sent the Nurse out to prepare a broth he could no longer swallow, and proceeded to cajole the man of God. This he did by urging the need of the Nurse's small brother for an education and by forgetting to mention either the Lindley Grants or the extent of his property.

From four o'clock until five Billy Grant coaxed the Nurse with what voice he had. The idea had become an obsession; and minute by minute, panting breath by panting breath, her resolution wore away. He was not delirious; he was as sane as she was and terribly set. And this thing he wanted was so easy to grant; meant so little to her and, for some strange reason, so much to him. Perhaps, if she did it, he would think a little of what the preacher was saying.

At five o'clock, utterly worn out with the struggle and finding his pulse a negligible quantity, in response to his pleading eyes the Nurse, kneeling and holding a thermometer under her patient's arm with one hand, reached the other one over the bed and was married in a dozen words and a soiled white apron.

Dawn was creeping in at the windows—a gray city dawn, filled with soot and the rumbling of early wagons. A smell of damp asphalt from the courtyard floated in and a dirty sparrow chirped on the sill where the Nurse had been in the habit of leaving crumbs. Billy Grant, very sleepy and contented now that he had got his way, dictated a line or two on a blank symptom record, and signed his will in a sprawling hand.

"If only," he muttered, "I could see Lin's face when that's—sprung on him!"

The minister picked up the Bible from the tumbled bed and opened it.

"Perhaps," he suggested very softly, "if I read from the Word of God ——"

Satisfied now that he had fooled the Lindley Grants out of their very shoebuttons, Billy Grant was asleep—asleep with the thermometer under his arm and with his chest rising and falling peacefully.

The minister looked across at the Nurse, who was still holding the thermometer in place. She had buried her face in the white counterpane.

"You are a good woman, sister," he said softly. "The boy is happier, and you are none the worse. Shall I keep the paper for you?"

But the Nurse, worn out with the long night, slept where she knelt. The minister, who had come across the street in a ragged smoking-coat and no collar, creaked round the bed and threw the edge of the blanket over her shoulders.

Then, turning his coat collar up over his unshaved neck, he departed for the mission across the street, where one of his derelicts, in his shirtsleeves, was sweeping the pavement. There, mindful of the fact that he had come from the contagious pavilion, the minister brushed his shabby smoking-coat with a whiskbroom to remove the germs!

III

BILLY GRANT, of course, did not die. This was perhaps because only the good die young. And Billy Grant's creed had been the honor of a gentleman rather than the Mosaic Law. There was, therefore, no particular violence done to his code when his last thoughts—or what appeared to be his last thoughts—were revenge instead of salvation.

The fact was, Billy Grant had a real reason for hating the Lindley Grants. When a fellow like that has all the Van Kleek money and a hereditary thirst, he is bound to drink. The Lindley Grants did not understand this and made themselves obnoxious by calling him "Poor Billy!" and not having wine when he came to dinner. That, however, was not his reason for hating them.

Billy Grant fell in love. To give the devil his due, he promptly set about reforming himself. He took about half as many whisky-and-sodas as he had been in the habit of doing, and cut out champagne altogether. He took up golf to fill in the time, too, but gave it up when he found it made him thirstier than ever. And then, with things so shaping up that he could rise in the morning without having a drink to get up on, the Lindley Grants thought it best to warn the girl's family before it was too late.

"He is a nice boy in some ways," Mrs. Lindley Grant had said on the occasion of the warning: "but, like all drinking men, he is a broken reed, eccentric and irresponsible. No daughter of mine could marry him. I'd rather bury her. And if you want facts Lindley will give them to you."

So the girl had sent back her ring and a cold little letter, and Billy Grant had got roaring full at a club that night and presented the ring to a cabman—all of which is exceedingly sordid, but rather human after all.

The Nurse, having had no sleep for forty-eight hours, slept for quite thirty minutes. She wakened at the end of that time and started up with a horrible fear that the thing she was waiting for had come. But Billy Grant was still alive, sleeping naturally, and the thermometer, having been in place forty minutes, registered a hundred and three.

At eight o'clock the interne, hurrying over in fresh ducks, with a laudable desire to make the rounds before the Staff began to drop in, found Billy Grant very still and with his eyes closed, and the Nurse standing beside the bed, pale and tremulous.

"Why didn't you let me know?" he demanded, aggrieved. "I ought to have been called. I told you ——"

"He isn't dead," said the Nurse breathlessly. "He—I think he is better."

Whereon she stumbled out of the room into her own little room across the hall, locking the door behind her, and leaving the interne to hunt the symptom record for himself—a thing not to be lightly overlooked; though of course internes are not the Staff.

The interne looked over the record and whistled.

"Wouldn't that paralyze you!" he said under his breath. "'Pulse very weak.' 'Pulse almost obliterated.' 'Very talkative.' 'Breathing hard at four A. M. Cannot swallow.' And then: 'Sleeping calmly from five o'clock.' 'Pulse stronger.' 'Temperature one hundred and three.' By gad, that last prescription of mine was a hit!"

So now began a curious drama of convalescence in the little isolation pavilion across the courtyard. Not for a minute did the two people most concerned forget their strange relationship; not for worlds would either have allowed the other to know that he or she remembered. Now and then the Nurse caught Billy Grant's eyes fixed on her as she moved about the room, with a curious wistful expression in them. And sometimes, waking from a doze, he would find her in her chair by the window, with her book dropped into her lap and a frightened look in her eyes, staring at him.

He gained strength rapidly and the day came when, with the orderly's assistance, he was lifted to a chair. There was one brief moment in which he stood tottering on his feet. In that instant he had realized what a little thing she was, after all, and what a cruel advantage he had used for his own purpose.

When he was settled in the chair and the orderly had gone she brought an extra pillow to put behind him, and he dared the first personality of their new relationship.

"What a little girl you are, after all!" he said. "Lying there in the bed shaking at your frown, you were so formidable."

"I am not small," she said, straightening herself. She had always hoped that her cap gave her height. "It is you who are so tall. You—you are a giant!"

"A wicked giant, seeking whom I may devour and carrying off lovely girls for dinner under pretense of marriage ——" He stopped his nonsense abruptly, having got so far, and both of them colored. Thrashing about desperately for something to break the wretched silence, he seized on the one thing that in those days of his convalescence was always pertinent—food. "Speaking of dinner," he said hastily, "isn't it time for some buttermilk?"

She was quite calm when she came back—cool, even smiling; but Billy Grant had not had the safety valve of action. As she placed the glass on the table at his elbow he reached out and took her hand.

"Can you ever forgive me?" he asked. Not an original speech; the usual question of the marauding male, a query after the fact and too late for anything but forgiveness.

"Forgive you? For not dying?"

She was pale; but no more subterfuge now, no more turning aside from dangerous subjects. The matter was up before the house.

"For marrying you!" said Billy Grant, and upset the buttermilk. It took a little time to wipe up the floor and to put a clean cover on the stand, and after that to bring a fresh glass and place it on the table. But these were merely parliamentary preliminaries while each side got its forces in line.

"Do you hate me very much?" opened Billy Grant. This was, to change the figure, a blow below the belt.

"Why should I hate you?" countered the other side.

"I should think you would. I forced the thing on you."

"I need not have done it."

"But being you, and always thinking about making some one else happy and comfortable ——"

"Oh, if only they don't find it out over there!" she burst out. "If they do and I have to leave, with Jim ——"

Here, realizing that she was going to cry and not caring to screw up her face before any one, she put her arms on the stand and buried her face in them. Her stiff tulle cap almost touched Billy Grant's arm.

Billy Grant had a shocked second.

"Jim?"

"My little brother," from the table.

Billy Grant drew a long breath of relief. For a moment he had thought ——

"I wonder—whether I dare to say something to you." Silence from the table and presumably consent. "Isn't he—don't you think that—I might be allowed to—to help Jim? It would help me to like myself again. Just now I'm not standing very high with myself."

"Won't you tell me why you did it?" she said, suddenly sitting up, her arms still out before her on the table. "Why did you coax so? You said it was because of a little property you had, but—that wasn't it—was it?"

"No."

"Or because you cared a snap for me." This was affirmation, not question.

"No, not that, though I ——"

She gave a hopeless little gesture of despair.

"Then—why? Why?"

"For one of the meanest reasons I know—to be even with some people who had treated me badly."

The thing was easier now. His flat denial of any sentimental reason had helped to make it so.

"A girl that you cared about?"

"Partly that. The girl was a poor thing. She didn't care enough to be hurt by anything I did. But the people who made the trouble ——"

Now a curious thing happened. Billy Grant found at this moment that he no longer hated the Lindley Grants. The discovery left him speechless—that he who had taken his hate into the very valley of death with him should now find himself thinking of both Lindley and his wife with nothing more bitter than contempt shocked him. A state of affairs existed for which his hatred of the Lindley Grants was alone responsible, now the hate was gone and the state of affairs persisted.

"I should like," said Billy Grant presently, "to tell you a little—if it will not bore you—about myself and the things I have done that I shouldn't, and about the girl. And of course, you know, I'm—I'm not going to hold you to—to the thing I forced you into. There are ways to fix that."

Before she would listen, however, she must take his temperature and give him his medicine, and see that he drank his buttermilk—the buttermilk last, so as not to chill his mouth for the thermometer. The tired lines had gone from under her eyes and she was very lovely that day. She had always been lovely, even when the Staff Doctor had slapped her between the shoulders long ago—you know about that—only Billy Grant had never noticed it; but today, sitting there with the thermometer in his mouth while she counted his respirations, pretending to be looking out the window while she did it, Billy Grant saw how sweet and lovely and in every way adorable she was, in spite of the sad droop of her lips—and found it hard to say the thing he felt he must.

"After all," he remarked round the thermometer, "the thing is not irrevocable. I can fix it up so that ——"

"Keep your lips closed about the thermometer!" she said sternly, and snapped her watch shut.

The pulse and so on having been recorded, and "Very hungry" put down under Symptoms, she came back to her chair by the window, facing him. She sat down primly and smoothed her white apron in her lap.

"Now!" she said.

"I am to go on?"

"Yes, please."

"If you are going to change the pillows or the screen, or give me any other diabolical truck to swallow," he said somewhat peevishly, "will you get it over now, so we can have five unprofessional minutes?"

"Certainly," she said; and bringing an extra blanket she spread it, to his disgust, over his knees.

This time, when she sat down, one of her hands lay on the table near him and he reached over and covered it with his.

"Please!" he begged. "For company! And it will help me to tell you some of the things I have to tell."

She left it there after an uneasy stirring. So, sitting there, looking out into the dusty courtyard with its bandaged figures in wheeled chairs, its cripples sunning on a bench—their crutches beside them—its waterless fountain and its dingy birds, he told her about the girl and the Lindley Grants, and even about the cabman and the ring. And feeling, perhaps in some current from the small hand under his, that she was knowing and understanding and not turning away, he told her a great deal he had not meant to tell—ugly things, many of them—for that was his creed.

And, because in a hospital one lives many lives vicariously with many people, what the girl back home would never have understood this girl did and faced unabashed. Life, as she knew it, was not all good and not all bad; passion and tenderness, violence and peace, joy and wretchedness, birth and death—these she had looked on, all of them, with clear eyes and hands ready to help.

So Billy Grant laid the good and the bad of his life before her, knowing that he was burying it with her. When he finished, her hand on the table had turned and was clasping his. He bent over and kissed her fingers softly.

After that she read to him, and their talk, if any, was impersonal. When the orderly had put him back to bed he lay watching her moving about, rejoicing in her quiet strength, her repose. How well she was taking it all! If only—but there was no hope of that. She could go to Reno, and in a few months she would be free again and the thing would be as if it had never been.

At nine o'clock that night the isolation pavilion was ready for the night. The lights in the sickroom were out. In the hall a nightlight burned low. Billy Grant was not asleep. He tried counting the lighted windows of the hospital and grew only more wakeful.

The Nurse was sleeping now in her own room across, with the doors open between. The slightest movement and she was up, tiptoeing in, with her hair in a long braid down her back and her wrapper sleeves falling away loosely from her white, young arms. So, aching with inaction, Billy Grant lay still until silence across indicated that she was sleeping.

Then he got up. This is a matter of difficulty when one is still very weak,

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"Please! The Head Nurse is Coming"

Interest—The Business Mainspring

It Begins With the Man Higher Up

By JAMES H. COLLINS

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

IN EVERY line of business people study diligently to find out what makes the wheels go round. If a factory force is turning out a superior product at very moderate costs men in that industry will usually spend as much time and effort to get hold of the system by which they believe results are secured as the fellows running the crack factory will spend trying to keep their system hidden from the world outside.

If a salesforce disposes of a large and increasing volume of goods every year and goes far ahead of competitors there is the same hunt for the system. Members of this prize salesforce are often lured away by other concerns in the hope that they will bring the system with them or that they can vitalize selling branches that have long been sleeping.

It is the same with the executive who shows marked ability at managing men, materials and plant. Other people want to know his secret, or policy, or system, or whatever it may be. Whenever he is disposed to deliver advice on How to Do It the trade journals publish what he has to say, with immense respect. He may only repeat platitudes, but they seem to have value because he said them.

The systems and policies are all well enough in their way. Yet very often when the originator hands them over to the other fellow entire the latter cannot make them work, for behind them there is always something more vital.

That vital something is interest. The successful business organization is interested where the mediocre organization is not. Somebody or something has led it to like its work. That is the fundamental fact about it.

Interest is the mainspring of business. It turns the wheels of all the systems and the policies, and is at the bottom of everything. It is the factor to hunt for!

When Lord Kelvin Worked for Nothing

THE interest that propels a business can always be found coming from an intensely interested man. No matter how smoothly some routine system seems to run the machinery, it is only the interested man's shadow, so to speak. Somewhere in the concern that is alive and going ahead will be found a man who has the knack of generating and transmitting interest, and the place to begin studying that concern is to find out what interests that man and how he passes his interest along.

Such an inquiry comes pretty close to the old question about the nature of genius—which seems to be chiefly a living, consuming interest along some given line.

A thoroughly typical genius was the late Lord Kelvin. He had the faculty of being interested if ever a man had, and his curiosity covered such a range that he could invent a practical device like the siphon recorder for cable telegraphy, and also evolve his famous vortex-ring explanation of matter. When past eighty he could be as pleased as a boy with a new toy over such a contraption as the spinthariscope, which makes apparent the movement of radium particles, and he had another trait characteristic of genius—namely, that of explaining knotty matters so ordinary people could get the idea. He was as good an explainer in his line as Shakspere.

One afternoon, some years before Lord Kelvin's death, a visitor came to his home and asked to see him. A servant said that would be difficult—Lord Kelvin was busy in his laboratory.

"You just tell him a poor devil of an inventor out here has come all the way from America to ask his opinion on a problem," said the visitor, and presently the servant returned and led him into Kelvin's laboratory.

For several years this American had been working on a new idea in cement. He knew what he wanted and several times had nearly got it. But he was a business man, with no technical training, and had been obliged to depend on experts of one sort and another, paying them for investigations and analyses and opinions. He had found them a vague lot. They misunderstood or disregarded his own idea of what he was after, went off on tangents of their own, wrapped themselves in clouds of technical jargon. When he could not follow them they assured him that he was only a layman anyway, and that these matters were not easily made clear to the lay mind. By hard plugging he had reached a point where all he needed was some inexpensive way of extracting certain impurities from the water with which he mixed his cement. To get that he had finally come to the greatest living physicist.

Kelvin received him kindly, put a few questions about his problem, and was interested at once when he saw that his visitor had a sound idea. He discussed it in plain English, with none of the fearful nomenclature of the experts.

"I think you'll find the substance you want in Germany," he said. "At present it is a waste product—the Germans have had difficulty in getting rid of it without making a nuisance."

With directions where to go, the American set off for Germany and secured a five-gallon can of this substance. It seemed more precious than five gallons of gold. He never let the can go out of his sight until he carried it into Kelvin's laboratory one evening a week later.

"Now we'll put it in a tub of water overnight," said Kelvin, "and tomorrow it will be ready for work."

When the American tipped up his can, however, not a drop ran out, though he had seen the stuff put in as a liquid in Germany.

"Oh, it won't pour!" said the scientist, as a matter of course. "It's crystallized now, you know." The can had to be cut away.

Next morning the tub apparently contained nothing more than water; but when Kelvin dropped a hydrometer in, the instrument sank only part way to the bottom. There it rested on a liquid cushion of the impurities the American wanted to extract. All the water above was ready for his cement.

They went to work, Lord Kelvin making tests to find the best way of using the substance in every-day operations. He talked enthusiastically as they proceeded, and was delighted as details were determined for his new friend. To all intents, that was the only problem in the universe. It was one of the most exciting mornings the American had ever spent, and when the tests ended his cement was a practical achievement. It seemed as though they had been occupied but a few minutes, but looking at his watch he found he had taken more than five hours of Lord Kelvin's time. And the interest of the investigation was the only return Kelvin asked.

This faculty of being interested is characteristic of all the geniuses of history—the great artists, thinkers, scientists, rulers, generals, men of affairs. Very often the main issue in genius has been obscured by its eccentricities. Mystic significance may be attached to Michelangelo's temper, Beethoven's bad manners, and the tradition that Shakspere occasionally got drunk, but it is absorbed interest in its work that is the common trait of genius. This often distinguishes it from talent. Talent hates to plug.

In past ages the world's intensely interested men have centered at various periods on war, conquest, politics, the arts, religion, philosophy, science, and so forth.

Today, matters seem to be shaping themselves so that business, in its broad sense, is to become the main activity for a while. Many persons still fancy that business is only humdrum routine and sordid moneymaking; but that view needs revising. Most of the world's big modern questions are business questions. Governments all over the world are being modified by business—as a single instance, note the effect of the insurance business on government. Science and invention lead more directly into business every day. Products and processes, distribution and exchange, are on a scale never known before. Even more significant is the way business is bringing armies of workers together and shaping itself so that their welfare, instead of being neglected as in times past, promises to become the chief consideration, with profit secondary. Business, in its broadest modern sense, is seen to concern human well-being for producer no less than consumer. It offers so vast and diversified a field for the energies of the interested man that he is in it nowadays up to his neck, and being drawn in farther all the time. A man's interest in his business or his job is usually rooted in some personal interest. He may joggle round for years in misfit occupations before he finds the place where he can grow.

The Young Man Who Was Nobody

ONE night a couple of men sat in the gathering at a trade dinner. The first was a wealthy manufacturer, and the other a young fellow running a factory so small that this was the first time anybody had represented it at a trade meeting.

The rich manufacturer was a tremendous egotist. In his early days he had developed a product, built up a fine organization and made a fortune. As he advanced in life, however, he spent much of the year in travel or hobbies, and after months of absence would suddenly turn up at his factory with new schemes, turn everything upside down, and after a season of pernicious activity, during which he broke men's spirits and did much harm, would go away again. His eccentricities had become quite notorious.

The leading speakers at this dinner were men prominent in the trade. Not one was a skillful speaker, but their business abilities and connections made up for that.

Away down at the bottom of the list of speakers was the young fellow from the small factory. Nobody had ever heard of him in the industry. When his turn finally came the crowd, full of sober trade wisdom, was sleepy and ready to go. But in two minutes he had that audience awake and with him, for he was a trained speaker. His voice carried well, he understood gesture, and he went straight for their sympathies. He told a couple of good stories, and they laughed. He reminded them of the loved ones at home for whom a man works, and they responded. He spoke to their pride in the industry and their ambition, and waved the American flag, and promised them a glorious trade future—in short, he went cleverly over the gamut

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All the Water Above Was Ready for His Cement

They Assured Him That He Was Only a Layman Anyway

The Superiority of the English

By JOHN CORBIN

ILLUSTRATED BY H. C. WALL

HE WAS a congenital Yankee and he had been a fortnight in London working up an article for which an obliging editor had given him the title—Things They Do Better in England. He was not happy. He had begun to suspect, in fact, that the editor harbored a grudge against him and had taken an Italian revenge.

"In two solid weeks of gloom," he said, "I've found only one thing I can honestly say they do better—breakfast bacon!" The clouds lifted and a look came into his eyes in which fond memory mingled with even fonder anticipation. "I struck it on the steamer the first morning out; I've eaten it every morning since; and, so-welp me, I'll eat it every time I get a chance, so long as I stay in this God-forsaken ——" The end of his sentence was lost in resurgent gloom.

"The English breakfast bacon is the best of its kind," I said, "but you can hardly say it is better than ours. They are two different things—as different as breakfast coffee with sugar and cream and a straight *demi-tasse*. The English bacon is food—nutty, succulent; our bacon is a condiment, crisp and spicy."

"There may be something in that," he admitted.

"Moreover, if you look into the matter, you'll find that the best 'English' bacon is made by the coöperative piggeries of Denmark—just as 'the roast beef of Old England' comes by cattleship from America and Australia."

His face crumpled and his chin sank on his chest.

"You're a meaner friend than my editor!" he said.

"But there are a lot of things they do better. Think of the perfection of country roads; the cleanliness of city streets; the cheapness of taxicabs; the personal touch of all service—and the efficiency of the post-office! Last Sunday I wrote to a man in the country, posting the letter late in the afternoon, and got an answer early Monday morning. You can telegraph anywhere for sixpence and telephone for a penny. Most of the fine washing, even dyeing, is done in Scotland, where it is incredibly cheap—thanks to the parcel post."

"That's the sort of thing I expected to write about. And see what I find!"

A Judgment Come to Daniel

FROM his wallet he produced two clippings. One was about the wreckage of goods in the parcel post. No baggage smasher at Saratoga ever equaled it. The other was about the telephone service, which had lately been taken over by the post-office. It was entitled The Limit.

To the Editor of The Daily Mail.

Sir: Though we are proud possessors of the number 9050 City, we are not yet even in possession of a telephone instrument, having only three weeks ago put in an application for the service.

But today we get a bill for 22s. 6d. in respect of trunk calls incurred during the month of January, 1912. This strikes us as being somewhere near that vague place called the limit. H. RIBBONS & COMPANY,
25-27, Oxtown Street, W.

"Can you beat it?" he said. "They even have to borrow our pure language to describe it. All down the line it's like that. You can hardly pick up a paper without reading of the defeat of the nation that invented athletics. There's a theatrical poster of a Shaw play that shows a Frenchman fighting a London policeman with his feet; and the English middleweight champion was lately knocked out by a frogeater. England still calls herself the Mistress of the Seas; but very frequently you read of the sinking or grounding of one of her ships owing to incredible shiftlessness in management. They used to say the sun never sets on the British Empire. Well, it's setting now all right!"

"Yet the administration of colonies is the best in the world. Think of India—of Egypt."

"If it is, it's because we taught them how to do it."

"We taught them?"

"That little affair of 1776, you remember—liberty, self-government and all that sort of thing! Their own historians admit that they learned the whole game from us. As for home politics—you may have heard of the coal strike!"

The industry of the whole island was, in fact, paralyzed for the lack of coal. Thousands of idle factory hands, non-combatants in the war between miner and mine-owner, were on the verge of starvation, and the commerce of the country, which had long been falling behind that of its Continental competitors, was now losing millions in unfilled orders.

I Recalled the Remark About Ruins

Yet the Liberal government did not dare to protect men willing to work in the mines—overawed by the danger of class warfare and by the even greater danger of losing the votes of their constituents.

Almost more impressive than the widespread suffering and the gigantic loss in commerce, however, was the equanimity with which London took the strike. The theaters remained open, and dinners and dances went on as usual. The only actual effect of the strike which came to my notice was the fact that my hotel charged me threepence extra for a box of coals. Outwardly torn by strife, the country was inwardly steady and calm. I suggested that there might be copy in that—the solidity and permanence of the English tradition in living.

"At bottom it depends on the exploitation of the poor. But the poor have votes—and they are learning how to use them! I tell you this very generation will see the end of the complacent stolidity of England. And the worst of it is that the class which is coming into power is uneducated, both in book learning and in politics. When they get the chance they'll smash things about all right! At the worst, our people can read and do read; they are used to acting politically. They may make bad servants, but they're the real thing in citizens. In fifty years this whole gracious aristocracy will be in ruins!"

"That sounds bad; but with that word you have hit on one thing they certainly do better than we do."

"What word?"

"Ruins."

"That's a brilliant idea!" he said; but I did not quite like the way he said it.

The incident came to mind a few days later when a party of English friends took me for a motor excursion to the Channel coast. It was not the excellence of the road that impressed me. No doubt it had been laid out by the Romans sometime in the first dawn of the Christian Era. It had never been heaved by such frosts as we have yearly, and it had seldom been blown about in the torrid drought of such summers as ours. For almost two thousand years it had been the care of a well-populated country. Neither was I impressed by the fact that the chauffeur was as expert in the fine art of personal service as in the management of motor and car. His wages, I knew, came to some four hundred dollars a year, out of which he "found" himself. It would hardly have cheered my friend, I reflected, to point out that chauffeurs are among the things they "do" better in England. But when we arrived for luncheon at Battle Abbey I recalled the remark about ruins to discover in it an unsuspected meaning.

"It is such things as this," said my host, "that give one back his faith in the permanence of the Anglo-Saxon."

The abbey was built on the site of the battle of Hastings to commemorate the heroic death of Harold. On this hill of Senlac lay the Anglo-Saxon army; and the Normans, lately landed from France, advanced upon them across this pleasant valley. On both sides the battle was fought with all bravery, but the victory rested with the invader because his men were armed with the very latest thing in longbows and used their brains in shooting with them. Only the foundation walls of an ancient chapel marked the spot where Harold fell, and the abbey church and refectory were scarcely better preserved. In the reign of Elizabeth a hall had been built amid the ruins of the abbey, which was then five hundred years old; and that hall, with some later additions, was the residence of our twentieth-century host.

The lawn was as flat and close of woof as Irish frieze. One of the company recalled the instructions that a gardener once gave an inquiring American as to the making of such turf: "First you level it and seed it and water it. Then you roll it and roll it—for four or five hundred years!" This was scarcely an exaggeration. Later, at Oxford, I was shown a cricket crease that had been newly laid out. The turf of the pitch had been taken from an old ground that had been in use some seventy-five years.

It was early in March. On sailing from New York, only two weeks before, we had left the city to the grip of a blinding blizzard. We were now in the latitude of Labrador, yet a warm mist off the Channel swept softly down from gray clouds. Cedar and juniper, holly, yew, laurel and ivy were putting forth strong new shoots among verdure that already hung heavy against the old walls. All the spring flowers were swelling to blossom, and in a corner exposed to the south an ancient camellia was in bloom.

I had no inkling of how well they do ruins in England, however, until some one remarked: "Do you realize that you are standing on the birthplace of English history?"

A Man's a Man for A' That

IT TOOK me some time to get that remark into my system, and I am not sure even yet that I have digested it. Here Harold the Luckless had fallen amid the flower of the Anglo-Saxon nation, and the alien invader had overrun his ancient kingdom. Yet we were standing on the birthplace of English history. Just so. And, quite seriously, George Washington was the father of the British colonial system!

After luncheon we took down from the wall of the library the roll of those who had fought under William the Conqueror. There we found the name of our host. We also found the names of many who had fought on the winning side from Bunker Hill to Yorktown—including the forebears of the congenital Yankee who could still find nothing to admire in England.

"It is such things as this," I said, "that give one back his faith in the permanence of the Anglo-Saxon."

The remark fell upon the patriotic company like the echo of their own piety.

"Even Americans," some one said, "are impressed by such traditions."

"Especially Americans," I slowly answered with equal solemnity.

I had joy in discussing this incident with a hotel acquaintance—a retired army officer, late colonel of a native regiment in India, with whom I used to smoke after breakfast while resolutely reading The Times. It is high praise of my chance acquaintance to say that he is of a type frequent in England. Well born, well bred and well educated, he had seen the wide world in his impressionable youth, and in his vigorous prime had taken a strong hand in its vital management. Now, in the full maturity of his mind, he read and thought deeply of the moving affairs of nations. So far as possible, I want to make this article a record of personal impressions, avoiding generalizations, however alluring; but men of this type—and among them I include university dons and publicists, travelers and civil servants—are assuredly one thing they do better in England.

In America, with all regard for the wide diffusion of education and of progressive political activity, we have

much to learn in the matter of sound, constructive thought. Where we publish one book seriously dealing with problems of trade or war, of economics or politics, England publishes ten. And such books as we do publish are for the most part not widely read or even sanely reviewed. I have in mind a recent volume that attempted to forecast the larger promise of American life. It was scarcely noticed here and hardly read at all until it began to be praised greatly in England. In the course of time it came to the notice of one of our political leaders, and he incorporated the central ideas in it, even its most salient phrase, into a political speech. I am not now concerned with the question of whether those ideas were helpful or harmful. The point is that they were never permitted to reach the minds of the American people.

What happened was characteristic. The moment these ideas were cast into the political arena they were distorted, actually misrepresented. One metropolitan paper discovered their origin—which was, indeed, an open secret—but only to brand them as not original. After that the idea and the phrase embodying it were, for the time at least, dead and in the potter's field of intellectual bankruptcy. I had the curiosity to see what account of them was given to posterity in the file of the journal that seems to me the most representative of our intelligent political thought. The review of the book was discerning and, on the whole, favorable; but the attempt to make it a part of our national thought and activity was mentioned only to make a satirical jest of it—in an article on another subject. That there was vitality in the idea, and possibly wisdom, is evident in the fact that it has been incorporated in the platform of one of our parties; but the phrase is still in the potter's field, covered deep in unintelligent ridicule.

Reforming the Land of Plum Pudding

BUT to return to our English statesman of the hotel smoking room. He saw the malice of my comment on the conversation about William the Conqueror, but I do not think it troubled him. Essentially, he said, my friends were right. The history of England had been the history of successive conquests. When I questioned the term conquests he smiled and nodded. The genius of England lay in its ability to turn defeat into victory. Romans and Danes, Angles, Saxons and Normans, had each contributed an element to the mixture of races that has made the ultimate Englishman. He pointed out that in America today we are, in a somewhat different manner, assimilating a variety of foreign elements, and with even greater dispatch.

The Men are Notoriously Lazy and the Women as Notoriously Hard-Worked

He suggested that some future patriot would point to Ellis Island as the birthplace of the American people.

The prevailing idea of British decadence had not been absent from our councils of state. My friend admitted that English arms and marksmanship, as revealed to the world in South Africa, were a curious parallel of the out-of-date bows and arrows that caused Harold to be dubbed The Unhappy. And he had heard the story that at all German mess dinners the leading toast is: Here's to The Day!—meaning the day of landing on the shores of perfidious Albion; so I asked whether he regarded the present admixture of races in England as perfect.

He admitted that there did seem to be a need of something, and that it was perhaps a greater thoroughness in affairs, a more deeply scientific keenness—the sort of thing, in short, that is made in Germany.

I suggested that the real beginning of English history might not take place until the advent of the German William II, Conqueror.

"A pleasing idea!" he said—"a very pleasant fancy. Yet I think we shall be able to muddle on without him."

He then developed an idea that I found elsewhere current in England—that the naval and military preparations in Germany are in reality directed against ourselves, and specifically against the Monroe Doctrine, which is the only serious obstacle in the way of converting the German settlers in South America into most valuable colonies. And when that day dawns it will find us unprepared.

That is clearly another story—and I hastily returned to the question of British decadence.

The world will not soon forget the seeming paroxysm of fear with which England accepted G. L. B. Du Maurier's play, An Englishman's Home, and Mr. Erskine Childers' novel, The Riddle of the Sands—both depictions of the ease and success with which Germany might invade England.

Some years before, an army officer on the staff of the Governor-General of Canada had declared to me that the one vital question of the day was whether the British Empire, the so-called Anglo-Saxon people, should retain its traditional prestige in the councils of nations, or whether the history of Holland would be repeated—whether England, dismembered of its allied possessions, would decline into a helpless neutral state, a third-class Power. Such fears are still current everywhere. Only a few days before, a downy-cheeked cadet in the military school at Woolwich had said that, beyond question, England was on the downgrade and sliding fast. I should scarcely have been more shocked if I had discovered the taint of philosophic doubt in the nursery.

To my friend, these were all modern instances; but he cautioned me against misreading them. The people who invented government by parties are naturally disposed toward self-criticism. Look behind their prophecies of despair and you will find a political conviction, a partisan cause, to be fought for. The danger was there; but the view that foreigners take of it is too melodramatic, too broadly comical, to be quite true. Only yesterday the Briton was a Colossus bestriding the world. Today he is said to be in terror of German airships. We ourselves are passing through a period of political housecleaning. Which is more wholesome, more formidable—America "corrupt and contented" or America proclaiming its shame to the world? In England the movement toward self-reformation is very powerfully at work. The Governor-General of Canada, whose aide I had quoted, had done and was still doing most effective work toward consolidating the empire. Such cadets as the one I had met were very different from the insolent and complacent British subaltern of his own youth—and different chiefly in being more sober patriots and keener soldiers. That he had known for years, of his own observation.

There is, however, a limit to an Englishman's self-criticism. In one sense, at least, he is superior—indeed supreme. A foreign traveler in the England of Elizabeth—when the nation had only lately risen, by the destruction of the Spanish Armada, into the first order of Powers—tells a story that is today as characteristic as ever. The Italian ambassador of the time was notably tall and handsome, and was as well liked as well known. To the popular mind of London, however, he lacked the final gift of fortune. As he passed along Cheapside the apprentices would nod their heads like wiseacres and say sympathetically: "What a pity he's not an Englishman!"

My friend, the Woolwich cadet, pushed this remark a close second within five minutes of his melancholy admission. Turning to a lady of the party whose patriotism was somewhat pronounced, he exclaimed: "Why, you don't mean to say you're proud of being an American!" Such incidents are the commonplace of observing travelers.

In his description of York Minster, Froude remarks that the timber construction of the roof is "characteristic of a shipbuilding nation." He fails to explain, however, why it was fashioned

"Then You Roll it and Roll it—for Four or Five Hundred Years!"

to imitate stone. The fact is, the English were too illogical, too unarchitectural, to understand the fine Gallic art of stone vaulting. But the true inwardness of English superiority has never expressed itself more completely than in a road map of the Continent, which solemnly warns motorists against foreign perversity. "It is only in England," it reads, "that one keeps to the left of the road. On the Continent the rule is to turn the wrong way."

It once fell to my lot to play a game of cricket; and, as I sat on the club veranda hour after hour, while my fellow players were piling up runs enough to carry a baseball team through a championship season and win the pennant, it occurred to me that it would make the game more interesting, both to players and to the audience, to divide it into short innings, as we do in our national game. Instead of waiting for the whole eleven to be out, which in a big match requires half of the three days, playing morning and afternoon, why not have a new inning for each new player? I suggested this to one of our men, who was a member of the Oxford eleven. He had a comparatively open mind, and hour after hour we argued the question. He admitted that it would give the game more variety, and that, when the teams were evenly matched, instead of a single decisive moment at the end of the three days, there would be a constant and dramatic seesawing, each team taking the lead in turn. As we went out into the field to stand for even longer and more tedious hours in the sun, he admitted that I was in the right. "It would make a better game," he said. He added, however, in a burst of Briticism: "Yet, by Heaven, it wouldn't be cricket!" In the dialect of England, it should perhaps be explained, a thing that is "not cricket" is the limit of bad sportsmanship. And so I went down to defeat as surely as all aliens in England, including William the Conqueror.

Patterns That Come From Piccadilly

IT HAS often been said that the Englishman is insular. The epithet is graphic, but in many ways inadequate. Insularity lies so deep in his flesh and bones that it amounts to a positive virtue. English life remains true to type as perhaps no other life among civilized nations. It has a spontaneity and a singleness of inspiration that make it a positive force in the world.

This is most clearly recognizable, perhaps, in little things. In every European capital the man of fashion accepts the styles of Piccadilly as standard—whatever departure he may make from them he knows to be a departure. Throughout the Continent, sport is called by its English name; and, though there may be local words to denote a gentleman, a special significance is recognized when the English word is used, as it is frequently used even in Russia. Comfort is another English export, and lately it has gone abroad, as far as Italy, in the substantial form of living-room furniture. It once fell to my lot to show an Englishman of letters the places of interest in New York. We took tea at a well-known hotel. Nothing he had seen impressed him so much as the babbling crowd we found there. "In every capital of the world," he said—"in

Rome, Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg—at this hour this kind of people are taking tea. It gives me a new sense of the influence of England." He said this with a seriousness amounting to piety.

As against all this, I know of but one considerable import. According to their lights, Englishwomen follow the Parisian and Viennese styles in dress. Lately, in conversation with an American girl who was on her first trip abroad, I remarked that in the ten years since I had been in England the women had learned to dress better. After a glance to make sure that I was serious she laughed to the verge of hysterics. In America a shopgirl who has but one gown to dress up in wears it with a truer sense of its style than most women of leisure in England.

In this English truth to type, I am inclined to think, lies whatever hope there may be for the continuance of the national greatness. Germany has always been eclectic, for all the arrogance of the Prussian. Its social and artistic culture it took over from France, just as a century later is founded its commerce on a conscious study of English methods. That in many ways it has bettered the instruction does not alter the basic fact. The Japanese themselves are scarcely more assimilative. But, try hard as the English will under the spur of the sense of failure, their significant growth remains today, as it has always been, spontaneous from within outward.

Thus there is a special danger in speaking of English life. Terms that have a definite value everywhere else mislead one here. It is often said that there is more personal liberty in England than in any other country—but in London one is turned out of his restaurant shortly after midnight; and during all the long Sabbath no place of diversion, however innocent, is open. Liberty is a relative term. So is democracy. With the king a mere figurehead, Parliament virtually reduced to a single chamber and the suffrage almost universal, the coming of revolution seems certain. In any other country it would be so; but for myself I can only say that the courage for prophecy along these lines was dampened by a casual glimpse I got into the servants' hall of a rather representative London household.

The house was in very respectable Kensington—one of the miles upon miles of five-story affairs, each with a portico upheld by Georgian columns, the denizens of which prosaically endeavor to enliven the endless monotony of the street by painting their housefronts mild greens and pinks and yellows. The income of the household was perhaps ten thousand dollars a year.

The Curse of Service

THE family numbered three; but the corps of servants was as follows: A butler; a second man and a utility man; a chauffeur; a cook; a head housemaid; a lady's maid; two housemaids and a scullery maid. The total wages of this staff of ten amounted to one hundred and thirty-five dollars a month—ranging from thirty dollars a month for the chauffeur to four dollars a month for the scullery maid. It should be added that they ate six times a day; and that if they did not take beer with their bread and cheese at eleven in the morning they received its money equivalent.

The amazing thing about all this is not the number of servants or their cheapness, but the fact that they were contented with their lot, in fact had a positive pride in it. The national lack of imagination, or rather the national self-sufficiency, makes it impossible for them to think of themselves in any other station. And, with what is to us an abysmal lack of humor, they model their lives, so far as possible, upon the lives of their employers. A meal in the servants' hall is quite as formal as in the dining room—indeed, as regards etiquette, it is often more formal. The butler presides at one end of the table, the housekeeper at the other. Between them the other servants are ranged with due regard to their positions and wages. If there are visitors in the house their valets and maids take precedence according to the rank of their masters. Thus, if there are a duchess and a countess among the guests of the house, the duchess' maid sits on the right of the butler, the countess' maid on his left. When two guests are of the same rank the servants below stairs are seated as their masters are seated above. In the household of which I have knowledge the butler took a fancy to one of the under housemaids, and being an audacious spirit, or smitten to the point of madness, he seated her on his left. A social cataclasm resulted, and in order to restore peace the mistress of the household was obliged to discharge the butler. He was the best of servants and it was hard to replace him.

The duty of each position is precisely fixed, and it is seldom that hope of advancement will tempt a servant to do anything outside of it. The men are notoriously lazy and the women as notoriously hard-worked. The slenderest and most delicate women scrub floors, carry huge cans of hot water and boxes of coals up long flights of stairs—that is, in their place; and they do not, as a rule, complain. Quite the contrary!

It more often happens that they refuse to take service in a household that has not the correct number of menservants. From such data one can make a rough guess at the social graces and the mental tone of this underworld of English society.

Mr. H. G. Wells, the well-known author, who is a radical and who busies himself with the affairs of the social underworld only in order to suggest as clearly as possible the more rational civilization of tomorrow, is of the opinion that the days of contentment in English service are numbered. An American banker of my acquaintance, who spends his summers on an English country estate, is of the same opinion; and the observations upon which he rests his judgment are those upon which he bases his policy in financial affairs. Against the verdict of such men I cannot urge my own opinion; yet it is quite as impossible to change it. As a lover of progress I hope they are right; but as one who believes mightily in the superiority of the English I cannot escape grave doubt.

In one house I visited, the host, who had lived long in America, had provided a full complement of tiled bathrooms and porcelain tubs. In each bedroom there was a washstand, with hot and cold water. Yet every morning when the man came to call me he placed a can of hot water on the washstand. For centuries correct servants have carried hot water, and the tradition is not to be subverted by a mere American invention. Such things as this give one faith in the permanence of Anglo-Saxon service.

If a democratic revolution comes I am convinced it will come from another class. The servants—even shopkeepers and agricultural laborers—come too closely in touch with the tradition of English life not to be possessed, obsessed and oppressed with the idea of its superiority; but for over a century, since the industrial revolution, one class has been isolated—the industrial wage-earner. Alone in English life the so-called Labor Party has its own independent standards of conduct, its own ideal of democracy and social fellowship. The fact is seldom clearly stated; but for almost a century it has pervaded the consciousness and in a large measure formed the policy of the so-called governing classes. The one great game in political life is to bridge the gap and reunite the English people—in short to make manifest to the enfranchised wage-earner the true secret of the national superiority.

"The Next Ruler of England Will be My People"

The game began with the industrial employer. When his rise to wealth and power threatened the permanence of the aristocracy, the all-sufficient device was to lift him out of his class and into the House of Lords—incidentally mulcting him of a good part of the filthy lucre that made him dangerous. You cannot, however, make a lord of a labor member whose hands are hard, whose speech is burred, and whose sole fortune is the two thousand dollars a year which he receives for sitting in Parliament. With him the only possible form of suasion is moral. You can conquer the conquering brewer by entitling him to embroider a coronet on the corner of his handkerchief and paint it on the flat tin tub into which his valet pours the morning bath; but to imbue the industrial army with the idea of English superiority you have to install it into his mind, plant the seed of it in his heart. It is this that gives the present crisis in England its extraordinary interest. The lines upon which the battle of today is being waged are intellectual—even spiritual.

Catering to Culture Chasers

THEY are, I believe, genuinely so. Ten years ago Mr. John Burns was the leader of the Labor Party and, in the view of conservative Englishmen, a notable portent. Today he is closely associated with the governing class and holds a well paid position in the ministry. There are those who regard this fact as treason to the class that raised him to power. It may be; but I cannot convince myself that it is so. I rather fancy Burns as a sincere convert to the cause of British solidarity. From the point of view of coalpit and factory the injustices of the dominant social order are manifest, and the remedy seems clear; but from the point of view of Parliament and a world capital human affairs are seen to be infinitely complex and interwoven; and grave dangers appear in all sudden and radical reforms. In the coal strike of last spring it was commonly remarked that the Labor members were inefficient in exerting the will of their constituents. The leaders in the pits showed far greater loyalty to their class—far greater decision and power.

By the standards of justice and of statesmanship, however, were they more in the right? Or was it only that they were more willing to sacrifice the country as a whole to their own present purposes? The future alone can decide; but of this much I am convinced—that in America, before allowing such general suffering among those eager to work and such an injury to our national commerce, we would have manned the mines even if we had been compelled to call out the regular army. That the Liberal government was able to end the strike without bloodshed and without deeply embittered class hatred seemed to me a triumph of intelligence and of tolerance worth much in commercial loss, and even in human suffering.

Still more deeply impressive are the advances the English tradition is making—quite aside from politics—in the sphere of social and educational progress. The splendid stories of Toynbee Hall and of University Extension are familiar; but both movements have limitations very serious from the point of view of the promoter of national self-knowledge. The slum settlement produces its best results among the socially submerged. The extension lecture has tended, for various reasons, to appeal to the rather light-headed variety of enthusiasts whom we call culture chasers. Touching on all subjects, it gives nowhere a solid, coördinated course of study. Neither reaches the hard-headed laboring man, who holds in his horny hands the political destiny of the nation. Of late years Oxford has begun a new movement which goes to the heart of the matter, and which—unless all signs fail—is destined also to be imitated in America. The university has undertaken to place a systematic education in economics and sociology within the grasp of the actual wage-earner.

The chief obstacle lies in the fact that the wage-earner is so keenly alive to the ulterior motive. To be sure no concealment is attempted—or, in fact, possible. Here is a

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THE RUG BUG

By EMERSON HOUGH

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

What It Does to Respectable People

Half an Hour Later I Could Not Tell a Kazak From a Kalamazoo

ARMENIA is a dark-complexioned country that struggles along with only five commandments. It is bounded on the north by Evanston, Illinois, on the east by Brookline, Massachusetts, on the south by Wabash Avenue, Chicago, and on the west by Jerusalem. Armenians are not Mussulmans, but Christians—which is a most fortunate circumstance. The real Armenian religion is carpets and rugs. They lisp in carpets, for the carpets come. Constantinople, Lhasa, Merv and Babylon are all seaports of Armenia, yet no one ever heard of that country's going to war. It is too busy making and selling antique rugs. There is nothing in war so long as the antique rug game holds out.

I first became acquainted with the Armenian genius in salesmanship not long after I was led to the altar. A pair of briganda with fine teeth and pleasant manners came to our place one day and told me they had heard I was very rich and distinguished and a gentleman of fine prospects—and would I like to look at some "betsy-breads" made of real from-Cluny lace? I infer that Cluny is somewhere in Armenia also, though at first I did not know that betsy-bread was Armenian for bedspread. I did not trade at first; in fact, I threw both the brigands downstairs. In about half an hour there was a ring at the kitchen door, and inquiry disclosed the fact that these two little friends had come up the back staircase. When I found them they had the kitchen floor covered with betsy-breads and other things in Cluny and were engaged in earnest conversation with the kitchen maid. Whereupon I threw them down the back stairs. That did not discourage them in the least. They bobbed up at my office the next morning, followed me to church the next Sunday, shadowed me on the street as I went about my usual vocation. They explained to me several times that they could not be happy until I had become the possessor of a real betsy-bread from Cluny. At last I purchased the bedspread at four dollars—marked down from forty-four—and we have all lived happily ever since.

They Had the Kitchen Floor Covered With Betsy-Breads and Other Things

Which is by way of explaining the well-known fact in human history that every man changes his taste in household decorations three or four times in the course of fifteen or twenty years. When Willie Lou and I first came to the Lavinian shore we had a fair average taste in decorations, about the same as you had at that period of your own existence. We had a hand-painted wooden shovel, which stood in a corner of the parlor, and a "throw" or two, which went over the corners of the mantel. Everybody had throws in those days and copious lambrequins. Dear old Queen Victoria was not yet absolutely in the discard. That seashell with the Lord's Prayer on it, mentioned in the writings of Signor I. Cobb, of the Broadway Renaissance School, was one which a Missouri aunt of ours gave Willie Lou when we were married. A Kansas aunt gave us what they call an art square. Another aunt, from Brookline, Massachusetts, gave us a sort of red doormat thing with little yellow-white figures on it which we put in the storeroom, because it looked rather old and shopworn.

For quite a while before we went in for Cluny Willie Lou and I got along with art squares and throws and lambrequins. So far as I can see even now they were all right. Indeed, sometimes when Willie Lou and I are blowing ourselves to a *table d'hôte* dinner as high as six bits a throw we often look about us idly on the scenes of luxury to which we have grown accustomed and say, in low, well-modulated tones: "Ah, well, we are really no happier now than we were then!"

A Happy Day for Armenia

AND yet, like everybody else, we two were doomed to change. My pet fox terrier helped us in this. We went away one day and left him locked up with the lambrequins, the art square and several throws, and it seems he took a throw himself. Disinterested friends say that he did us a great and lasting service. Soon after that, at least, passing rapidly to the right, we entered the brass-bed and flower-bordered wall-paper period—the same as you did. Here, also, we dwelt in harmony for some time. Then, in a far, far more unguarded day—some time after we had replaced all our brass beds with four-posters—we looked about us and saw there were vacant spaces in the middle of one or two rooms that really looked as though we needed a rug or so of some sort. Whereupon we began to look round among the residences of our well-to-do acquaintances. After that, *ça va sans dire*, as we say in Chicago, no modern rug was going to do us any good. At this time the antique rug craze, which is now at its zenith in this country, was a little east by southeast of its zenith and coming strong. Even then we could easily become familiar with the anxieties of many of our hosts and hostesses to let us know, merely casually, that this or that rug was a "little gem"; or this or that other a really "desirable possession," don't you know! Naturally nothing but something antique was going to do Willie Lou and me after we got a line on the situation in the Balkans.

At first this rug business caused us some thought. We forgot the great truth in household decoration, that the fashionable thing is to jump back over several old-fashioned eras to something so old-fashioned that it is fashionable. There is a certain remote similarity between the antique mahogany bug and the antique rug bug. If you are bitten by either it is not difficult to triangulate with absolute certainty about how much money you are going to have ten or twelve years in the future. Ah, well, Armenians have to live as well as antique dealers! This is an age of altruism—one of sympathy for our fellowmen. We pass but once through this vale of rugs; so why not endeavor to make one Armenian or so the happier for our coming?

Willie Lou and I have made several of them far, far happier within a comparatively recent date. The trouble with me is—or one of the troubles, according to Willie Lou—that my eyes get sot. I even voted the Republican ticket for years before they could get me to look round—just that impulsive-like, you know. Possessed thus of a certain knowledge of what might perhaps happen to us, none the less we sternly resolved to go against the rug game. On the morning of the day on which we were to sally forth among the Armenian rug stores we sat long and silent, engaged in emotions that each of us was too proud to reveal to the world.

"Maybe we had better take a doctor along," said Willie Lou after a while. "You haven't been looking very well for quite a while, Alonzo."

So we called in our family doctor, a nice man who only charges us twenty dollars a visit, and he felt my pulse. He said if anything should go wrong he hoped we would not hold him responsible, for he had warned us in advance. He then gave me a little something in a capsule, which had the effect on me of telephoning for an electric brougham from the nearest garage.

Here was where we made our first mistake. The real rug collector always goes to a rug store on foot. He never gives his street address and he never has anything sent out to his home. When he buys a rug he puts it under his arm and carries it off with him. But these great facts in the rug-collecting business were not yet known to us.

The first thing I knew we were in a well-known rug emporium, where we were met by a dark-faced son of the desert who disclosed a genuine four-hundred-dollar set of white teeth and one of the most affable dispositions you could ask to see. He sized us up carefully, inquired my name, residence, place of birth, and so on, and passing behind a screen at the rear of the store apparently made some inquiries there, since I had not answered him. After that he was able to tell me my commercial rating, how much life insurance I carried, and a great many other interesting facts. Then suddenly he fell upon my neck, embraced me affectionately, said he had known me and my family for years, and would be glad to serve us in the matter of some genuine antique rugs. I looked at him steadily.

"Tell me, Ali Baba," said I—his name sounded something like that—"where have I seen you before?"

"Never," said he—"unless you are acquainted in Constantinople or Bokhara."

"Oh, yes," said I; "I have—often. Where, then?"

"I will tell you the truth ——" said he.

I raised my hand.

"Be careful," I cautioned him.

"Well," he grinned, "I used to be the strong man in the Arabian pyramid of tumblers in Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. You have seen my act—where I hold up eight men off the ground?"

"Of course," said I; "I thought I recognized you. Let me feel your arm now."

He doubled up a biceps about as large as a stove-pipe and smiled as he found I could not dent it.

"And now you are selling rugs!" said I. At this he smiled again. "Doctor!" said I with an involuntary clutch at my pants pocket. "Help!"

"Take this," said the doctor, and gave me something in a capsule. I don't know what it was, but after that everything seemed a sort of dream. I recall seeing a whirl of kaleidoscopic colors, rugs of all shapes, sizes and previous conditions of servitude, which smelled something like a circus in the summertime. I heard a great medley of sounds, out of which emerged such names as Sarouk, Kashan, Kazak, Mossoul, Kermanshah, Ispahan, Shiraz, Tabriz, Herez, Shirvan, Khiva, Khorasan, Beloochistan, Afghan—all sorts of rugs from Cabistan to Callihan, and from Bokhara to Begorra! I gathered that each of these pieces had formerly been used in a temple, mosque or palace. Most of them were what are technically known as "little gems." A little gem is where you carry off a rug under your arm without difficulty, and the salesman carries off your money under his arm with some difficulty. There is no privilege of exchange, because at any decent rug house all the goods are permanently marked down from thirty-five to seventy-five per cent of the regular selling price; and since such bargains can be found nowhere else in the city you could not expect your money back.

He Had Broken in the Kitchen Door

After several hours of this delay I did my best to get away from Ali Baba, but every time I ran toward the window I found him between me and the fire-escape, his arms waving, his teeth flashing, his eyes smiling pleasantly. And continually the pile of rugs on the floor grew larger.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Willie Lou at last—"we'll look round a little bit first."

We Escape From the Den of Ali Baba

WE STARTED toward the door, walking over a pile of Hamadan hall runners which Willie Lou, with great foresight, had taken from the dim, religious light of the rug store to examine in the garish light of day; but as fast as we approached the door Ali Baba, having hold of the other end of the runners, hauled us back again. Always he smiled four hundred dollars' worth, and continually he spoke of little gems and priceless possessions.

"Could you send any up on approval?" asked Willie Lou at last.

"Certainly, madam," said Ali Baba—"with the utmost delight. Because once madam has seen upon her own floors these priceless possessions, these little gems, never, never again would she allow them to leave her home! And what is the address?"

I deliberately gave Ali Baba a false name and a wholly fictitious address, and so we managed to escape. . . .

"Doctor," I heard Willie Lou whisper, "you'd better give him another."

"Take this," said the doctor to me, and handed me another capsule. "It will help your heart."

Soon after this I found myself in yet another rug store, where the affable salesman who met us was known as Wira Vita, from Amsterdam, Armenia. I liked Wira Vita very well; he was so gentle, so soft and suave. I thought we were having our own way with him, but really we were only having another lesson in salesmanship. The original correspondence school in salesmanship is in Armenia. Wira Vita was graduated there *magna cum laude* as we later discovered; in fact, he must have been valedictorian of his class.

When a salesman can get you to thinking you are running him you are lost.

In this store we saw several other little gems, and a number of silk rugs which were not to be walked upon but hung on the wall. There were several "catalogue pieces" also. A catalogue piece is another wrinkle you learn about. When you find a rug that looks as though it would fit under the parlor table or do well in the bathroom it is sure to be worth five thousand dollars and to be a catalogue piece, which has been bought impulsively by the owner of the store because of his artistic temperament and which he could not think of selling. The only difference between a catalogue piece and a little gem is that the dealer will take all the money you have for the little gem, but wants more for a catalogue piece.

On the whole, Wira Vita was so kind, so sympathetic and so good-looking—as Willie Lou confided to me—that I began to think the antique-rug game had its good angles, especially when Wira Vita complimented my extreme good taste and unerring judgment.

"Well," said Willie Lou in about three hours, "maybe we had better look round a little bit first. Do you send rugs out on approval?"

A shade of sadness, it seemed to me, for one instant lingered upon the face of Wira Vita.

"Certainly," said he at length. "And once madam has seen these priceless possessions, these little gems, on the floor of her own home, never, never will she allow them to leave her! I am delighted!"

"Now," said Willie Lou, "we have been going against professional rug stores. How would it do to go over to our regular department store, Mendelfelt's, and have a look through their rug department?"

We all thought that would be a good idea; so we went up eight floors in the Mendelfelt elevator and got off at the rug department, where we were greeted by an urbane gentleman who was not an Armenian.

"Some wuhgxs?" he inquired suspiciously; and when we said "Yes" he pulled to the fireproof steel door across the elevator opening, locked it, put the key in his pocket and remarked, nasally and casually: "Vell, matam, vat could I did for you today? Something in wuhgxs?" I cannot possibly reproduce in type the way he pronounced rugs; but, anyhow, it had no "r" in it.

This salesman, whose name was Sonnenschein, had some "wuhgxs" of grand values, some little gems, many "special importations," a fair run of priceless possessions and a few catalogue pieces. He was willing to see the general manager, however, and learn whether he would be allowed to sell some of the catalogue pieces. A great many of his rugs looked as if they had been used by poor housekeepers, as I told Willie Lou. Yet others looked as if they had never been seen by any housekeeper at all.

"My tear sir," said Sonnenschein, "you should remember the Orientals did not valk on wuhgxs like dese; dey hung dem on der vall already. Most of dese wuhgxs I vas showing you vas prayer wuhgxs also."

"We don't need anything of that kind so much in our house," said I, "or, anyhow, we can wait a while; though we do need something to go under the parlor table and in front of the bathtub. But, take it from me, some of these prayer rugs are in such good repair that I can't believe they were used in a very religious family."

"I gif you my vord dey vas more than eight hundred years old," said Sonnenschein, "and vas prayed on effery day! Such a collection of antiques you should not see if you should try a lifetime again. Our collection of liddle chems and gadalogue bieces is unbaralleled on the entire street."

"Well," said Willie Lou, "I don't know but we'd better look round a little bit first. Do you send any rugs out on approval?"

Sonnenschein took a careful look at us, walked over to a corner of the store and whistled down a speaking-tube which connected with the credit department.

"Vat did you said your name vas?" said he.

I did not answer. Then he applied the side of his face to the speaking tube and answered:

The Original Correspondence School in Salesmanship is in Armenia

"Ve could send out a few—maybe two or three; but you should try them vile the vagon vas still vaiting yet."

"All right," said I, and gave him another name and a purely imaginary address.

"I'll tell you," said Willie Lou. "Let's go over to Bland's, the place where we used to buy our furniture. They have put in a rug department now, and Mr. Bland is such a fine man! He gives lots of money to colleges and churches."

"So can everybody else who has a rug department," said I bitterly. But I accompanied her and the doctor across the street, the latter first giving me some nux vomica or something for the heart. Soon after that I realized that we were in the rug department of Bland's, one of the most eminently respectable places in the city, as Willie Lou had said; the price being double because the place was so respectable. We were received here by an eminently respectable elderly man with side whiskers and false teeth, who escorted us to the display rooms with much dignity.

"Some rugs?" said he. "Ah, I am glad to show you some little gems we have just imported. We took the last shipload that came into New York, and it included many priceless possessions, some of the most matchless little gems of the oriental imagination. We have some catalogue pieces here—not for sale, very naturally—which came from Constantinople, Biskra, Bokhara, Turkestan, Kurdistan, Daghestan and all the other 'stans."

"Have you any Khivas?" asked Willie Lou.

"Hardly!" said he with a pained look. "Khivas are so cheap that only persons of middle circumstances use them any more. But I can show you a beautiful Yamoud Bokhara and one or two good Beshirs. I would recommend a fairly good Meshed—here is a little gem, three feet square, which I can let you have for two thousand dollars, though it really is a catalogue piece, with which we ought not to part."

"Excuse me," said I; "but you can't be any relation to Ali Baba, across the street?"

"Take It for a Hundred!"

Mr. Knowlton—for such, I discovered by his card, was the name of our salesman—looked grieved.

"If you have been conversing with any of those Armenians," said he, applying his handkerchief to his eyes, "I am not sure I can interest you. We cannot compare our prices with those of dealers on the other side of the street. We have been in business for fifty years at this stand. We sell rugs as far north as Lake Forest and as far south as Terre Haute, Indiana. Perhaps, however, you may be interested in some good Wiltons—two floors below, if you please. Art squares, marked down, are in the basement."

"Well," said Willie Lou, after a time, "maybe we'd better look round a little bit first. Do you send any rugs out on approval?"

"I will ask Mr. Bland, the head of the house," said the rug superintendent bravely but sadly. "What is the address, please?" I gave him another fictitious name and a number on a street of which I never have heard

Ruglore from Kazak to Kalamazoo

AFTER this, as nearly as I can tell, we seem to have departed on a sort of wild orgy in rugs, and to have visited many places of questionable reputation up and down the leading commercial streets of our city. I do not remember all the Armenians, but they were all affable and pleasant persons. Also, every one of them is in the rug business, and he has a place literally full of little gems and priceless possessions and catalogue pieces, from mosques and temples and palaces. We saw all sorts of shopworn saddlebags and bowlegged Bokharas, raveled at the end, which smelt like foreign camels, and prayer rugs that smelt like domestic goats. After a long time I could almost tell a Hamadan from a Feraghan, and even thought I could in time distinguish between a Kurdistan and a Kermanshah. Sarouks and Sennas, however, began to look a great deal alike to me by six o'clock in the evening, and half an hour later I could not tell a Kazak from a Kalamazoo.

At last we started home, myself closely attended by the doctor, and only dimly conscious that I had given enough false names to put me in jail and had asked to have sent out to several imaginary residences more Sarabands, Bergamas, Sennas, Sarouks and Shirazes than would set up a rug store of itself. I laughed none the less, for I felt safe in my incognito, the same as the Caliph of Bagdad.

We had taken the further precaution to order all these rugs sent round to our imaginary residences at different times, from two to eight days in the future, so that there

should not be any possible confusion in case we were discovered. What was our surprise, then, as we sat at dinner an hour or so later, to hear a loud and confused series of noises in the back part of the house, accompanied with cries for help from the cook and butler, the first and second maid, the nurse girl and the coachman—all of whom are, *en passant*, as we remark in Chicago, more or less the same person or persons.

Hastening toward the kitchen I was surprised to meet my old friend, Ali Baba. It seems he had broken in the kitchen door, walked over the household corps aforesaid, and now was making his way smiling toward the front part of the house, a rug under each arm. These he hastily spread down upon the vacant places of the floor as he found them. After that he seated himself comfortably in the middle of the front parlor on the medallion of a Daghestan and, lighting a cigarette, remarked:

"Now I was telling you, meester, I know you for a gentleman of taste and incrimination, and I am a man that never lies to nobody if I could help it. Should I let you go over and get stung at the hands of people like those across the street? There are other Armenians in this city, but I am American in my sympathies. Listen!" He waved a graceful hand. "Some of those Armenians are Turks—nothing but Turks! And could you trust a Turk? Not one of them is a Christian! All Armenians is Christians. I was baptized a Christian I don't know how many times! I would not misrepresent some things for the sake of selling a rug to you—now would I?"

On advice of counsel I declined to answer.

"But would you mind telling me how you found out where I live?" I inquired.

"If I could not did that," said he smiling, "I wouldn't be fit to be in the rug business! Now listen: I know you were across the street to see that robber, Wira Vita. I'll bet a thousand dollars he tried to sell you a Feraghan that he has had in stock, to my positive knowledges, for fourteen years! It would be dear at a hundred; and he wants eight hundred from you—is it not?"

I bowed my head and sobbed.

"Too, too true!" said I.

Ali Baba shed a few tears in sympathy.

"What did I tell you?" said he.

About this time I heard a strange sound below and, looking out of the window, I saw a long string of wagons driving up, each of them apparently loaded with rugs. The drivers of the different wagons were conversing fluently in several foreign tongues.

"Don't mind that," said Ali Baba. "It's only a few of our wagons coming up with fine examples of little gems of purest oriental design. Better buy all of them now before the rug season begins. We mark all our goods up seventy-five per cent then."

There seemed, however, to be some delay and Ali Baba excused himself and slipped out. Soon after that I heard wild cries and, gazing out of the window, saw the form of our friend Sonnenschein, from Mendelfelt's. Feeling himself unable to meet the Armenian competition he had, it seems, with wild shrieks for mercy, fled up the nearest telephone pole. From his elevation on the crossbar he waved his hands and begged me to buy some of his "gadalogue pieces" and "liddle chems." I inferred, also, that he had a wagon or so—the latter in present danger of meeting the spoilers below.

Sonnenschein's situation interested me very much, as I had never had any rugs sold to me from the top of a telephone pole; but my attention was distracted by a slight noise at one of the bedroom windows. Looking about I saw our friend Wira Vita making his way from that room toward the parlor, he evidently having entered by means of a ladder. He had a rug under each arm; and, smiling gently, he greeted us:

"You are surprised to see me here?"

"Not in the least," said I. "I was expecting you next."

"Certainly," said he; and lighting a cigarette he seated himself on one of his own rugs, which he spread on top of Ali Baba's, quite concealing the latter from view.

"Now, madam," said he, "look at this superb Feraghan which I mentioned to you today. Look at its luster! Look at the superb color scheme! It is the dream of an artist, I assure you, and entirely free from the chemical washing that has ruined all of Ali Baba's rugs. In this you see all the warmth, the light, the imagination, of the Orient! This other Connecticut rug, which I have concealed to spare your eyes, is no more than a Ghiordes—Turkish! Turkish, madam, hence possessed of no color excellence whatever, and also a washed rug. This rug of mine, this peerless Feraghan, will outwear any other rug that you can buy—and it is very cheap."

"Haven't you got things confused somewhat?" I asked, recalling Ali Baba's speech regarding this particular rug. "And would you mind telling me how you learned my name and address?"

Wira Vita smiled in his deprecatory way. "Rugs, sir," he said, "are my religion and I could not misrepresent regarding them! And as for addresses and names, if I did not know them why should I undertake to sell rugs in a city such as this? Wait for one moment," he added a moment later. "I have a Soumack on the wagon that you really ought to see. It is for your dining room."

He also made his exit. Hardly had he gone when I heard the door creak. A face cautiously looked round the doorjamb. There entered now the Sabbath-school superintendent, Mr. Knowlton, whiskers, teeth and all!

"You will pardon me, sir," said he; "but Mr. Bland assured me that your taste is so good you would be a most desirable customer. You will forgive me for temporarily confusing you with Senator Blankenship, of Wyoming, to whom you have a strong personal resemblance. I have brought out in some of our wagons a few little gems which

(Continued on Page 58)

A Big Idea in the Backwoods

By WILLIAM H. HAMBY

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

If a Woman is Really Your Friend a Secret With Her is Safer Every Time Than With a Man!

I STRAIGHTENED up from making interminable entries in the taxbooks and swiped a cotton handkerchief up one side of my face and down the other. I hated taxbooks. I have read that a man ought always to love his work; but when his work is the sort he does not love, and pays him only forty dollars a month, what is he going to do about it?

I looked first at a knothole in the floor five feet from my stool; then at a spot in the corner of the room about seven feet high where a leak had stained the plaster and a chunk about as big as a boarding-house pancake had tumbled off and showed the laths; and next my eyes caught the ancient cobwebs on the ceiling, where generation after generation of spiders and flies played out their little game of poisoned innocence and greedy cunning. My eyes always followed that round. I loathed this room—the dingiest, shabbiest one in that dilapidated old red-brick courthouse, which had not been repaired since the Civil War. I got up and went to the open window and sat on the ledge. The unpainted hookworm town, like a dog too lazy even to get into the shade, sprawled blistering in the July sun. Ashburg had started to be built round a square, with the courthouse in the center; but there was not enough of it to go round. It began at the northeast corner with three two-story brick buildings, and then dwindled down until it petered out with three scattering little one-room board shacks filling in the last gap. The only active point of life in sight was old Zeb Bollinger, who had held up Jake Watts on the street and was shooting out his chin at the cowering fellow, with belligerent jerks of his head, stopping every fifty-four seconds to part his coarse, twisted beard so he could empty his mouth on the middle of the sidewalk. Old Zeb was collecting.

I despised Ashburg. No doubt the town had its good points; but when you have boarded eight years at Ike Powell's Farmers' Hotel, and carried round on those sleepy-eyed, guying, whittling streets a seething volcano of ambition for ten years and then find yourself, at twenty-four, deputy county clerk at forty dollars a month, you are not in a position to search the town with a hayrake for its good points. You simply hate it and let it go at that.

As I sat in the window watching the Rip-Van-Winkle movements of the dreary county-seat I wished more fervently than ever for the big idea. I was sure it would come sooner or later, but I did want it to hurry. For ten years I had been keeping warm a spot in the back of my brain with the hope that a big idea would hatch. I had a theory that, though Luck knocks at some mighty unlikely looking doors, he does not go it blind. The old fellow has a way of knowing how we are fixed to entertain him if he does get in. I not only had been ready but had incubated several pretty fair ideas, to which this town would not respond. Of course, at present, the big idea was to be some way to make money—a lot of money—and make it before I had lost my teeth and got a crick in my back. I never could see much in being poor all your life in order to be rich when you die. Ever since my sixth Christmas, when I bargained with my brother to build fires for the rest of the winter in exchange for ten cents—the price of a toy pistol—I had known it is expensive to be poor, and very uncomfortable. And from that day in boyhood when I went to the woods and hid in the haze'-brush and cried two hours because I could not get a quarter to buy a birthday present for my mother I had vowed to get rich. I would do it honestly, but I would do it before all my relatives were dead and I was interested only in cemetery lots.

As I sat in the courthouse window pumping hot blood into my brain in an effort to incubate that big idea two things happened. One made me mad; the other, curious. The first was: Wentworth P. Logan, the prosecuting attorney, crossed the street to Meek's livery stable. In five minutes he would drive out with Meek's one good team and buggy, whip in hand, lines held tight, his shoulders back, his head held pompously upright, and turn into the south road toward Judge Garland's. Now I had no mortgage on Meta Garland; but I hate little men, especially when they are prosecuting attorneys and are strutty and have big heads and pompous, oratorical ways. The second thing that happened was the arrival of the Bald Knob hack, from which alighted a passenger who looked like an agent for a gilt-frame, enlarged-grandpa picture concern. I watched him until he went into Ike's hotel to bargain for a cut-rate on three days' torture, and then returned to my stool and the taxbooks. The biggest job the county clerk has is to make out the taxbooks for the collector. Saunders, the county clerk, got twenty-five hundred a year and could afford a vacation. He always took it at the time the taxbooks were to be made up.

Two hours later, while I was bending far enough over my work so the sweat would not run down my neck, the picture agent came in. His face was a little redder than even the heat justified. I knew he was mad.

"Is Mr. Saunders in?" he demanded.

"No; he is out."

"When will he be back?"

"About the time these taxbooks are finished."

"How long will that be?" His temper was not improving. One of Ike's boiled cabbage dinners is not soothing—and I knew the fellow was somewhat disappointed anyway.

"Oh, it depends," I replied lightly, "on how often I am interrupted."

"Has Judge Garland been in this morning?"

"No."

"Do you suppose he would be interested in enlarged pictures?" He spoke more ingratiatingly.

"Not likely. He is more interested just now in deputy United States marshals."

At that he began to swear, for now he knew that in spite of his disguise we were all on to him, and that the county court had been safely in hiding before he was within twenty miles of the town. He would have to go back to Kansas City and report to the federal court that he could not get service on the county judges.

"Do you know," he asked after a brief period of profanity, "what I would do if I owned a farm in this county?"

"Most likely," I answered, grinning, "you would trade it for a houn' dog and a shock of fodder and move to Arkansas."

"And live where people are honest!" he said, and hiked out of the courthouse, swearing as he went.

Twenty minutes later, with Meek's second-best team and a driver, he was headed back for the railroad—the nearest station being twenty miles west.

I dragged Saunders' revolving chair across the room and propped my feet in the window. I felt a stirring in my brain and believed the big idea was pipping in the shell.

Ours was a backwoods county. In the early days it was forty miles to the nearest shipping station. Even now freight had to be hauled to the county-seat by wagon over twenty miles of fearful road. One day about thirty years ago four silk-hatted gentlemen arrived in Ashburg on the semi-weekly stagecoach with a railroad system neatly folded in their inside coat pockets. They offered to let that railroad run through Moline County for four hundred thousand dollars in bonds. The county court was wild for that railroad, especially after the silk-hatted ones had revealed the corners of three packages of green paper—very popular in those days. At that time the law allowed the county court to issue bonds to any amount without any interference from the taxpayers. Those were the good old days of representative government, and without so much as consulting the Republican county chairman these three judges bonded the county for four hundred thousand dollars.

The silk-hatted ones departed happily to New York and at once sold the bonds to an innocent purchaser. For thirty years those bonds remained in the hands of that innocent purchaser, Hiram B. Strong of New York—not a cent of principal or interest had ever been paid; for, by the time the railroad had happened not to come along so many times that the voters got suspicious, the people rose in their wrath and made every man who ran for county judge take an oath under the limb of a hickory tree that he would go to jail before he would issue a warrant for one cent of those bonds.

The innocent bondholder got judgment, of course, in the federal court, and from time to time a United States marshal or deputy came down to serve orders on the court; but the whole county was in league, and nearly always before the officer arrived the county court officers were safely hiding somewhere up the rocky fastness of Owl Creek. Only once had they been caught, and then, true to their pledge, had served out their terms in jail for contempt rather than issue warrants.

However, of course something had to be done sometime. Already the interest had piled up until a judgment of a million and a half hung like a threatening cloud over the county. All enterprise was dead, the population was decreasing and property was depreciating. Sooner or later there must be a reckoning. A county cannot go on forever with a court judgment for a million and a half against it. Four years before the bondholder had offered to compromise on six hundred thousand dollars. The voters had turned it down by a thousand majority.

Suddenly I brought my feet to the floor with a whack and bounded up like a cat struck with a bucketful of water.

The big idea had broken its shell! I would effect a compromise and get rich in doing it. It could be done.

It is funny—the difference in a fellow's feelings toward a guess and the real thing. When I was a boy I used to hunt ginseng along the bluffs. There are two other plants that look very much like ginseng. Many times I have come upon one of these and said: "I am pretty sure that is ginseng. There are the three prongs, the five leaves on each prong. Yes, yes; that must be ginseng." And I would dig it up—and it was not. But when I came to the right stalk I said instantly: "That's ginseng." There was never a moment's doubt and I was never fooled when I had that instinctive feeling of the real thing.

I was that way about the big idea. It was the most impossible-looking proposition I ever faced; but, from the instant it hopped out of its shell, to me it was the real thing.

All that afternoon and night I studied over plans. The outposts of my mind, having had long training in scouting for ideas, brought up one plan after another; while I, sitting in judgment, rejected two, three, or a dozen, and then nabbed on to one and penned it down on paper for safekeeping.

The first plan that presented itself was for me to act as agent for the bondholder and induce the county to compromise. He would probably be willing to pay me ten or twenty thousand if I carried it through. I rejected that. I must make more out of it than that. I wanted a hundred thousand. A big idea is worth a hundred thousand. Finally this plan came to me and I grabbed hold of it at once: I would get the smallest possible offer from the innocent bondholder, make a small payment and take an option on the bonds. Then I would put up the proposition straight to the county and endeavor to carry the election.

This looked about as possible as for an ant to stack hay. In the first place, the lowest offer Hiram Strong had made on the bonds was six hundred thousand dollars—that was four years ago and interest had been piling up since. I would have to get a much better offer than that, for it had been defeated by a heavy majority. And as for the payment on the option, I had one hundred and thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents in the Farmers and Merchants' Bank—and had no near relatives who could lend money. Funny how one's near relatives are always poor and the rich ones distant! And then after I got the option there would be a tremendous fight. Aside from the deep-seated hatred of the county for bondholders, old Zeb Bollinger, the richest man in the county, would fight it teeth and toe. Wentworth P. Logan, the prosecuting attorney and the orator of the county, would of course burst his lungs to beat it. He was a demagogue and always took what looked like the popular side. Moreover, the personal feeling between us was like that between a sleek, chubby, light-complexioned bullpup and a long, lean, black cat. We had only one thing in common, and that was our taste for girls—or rather a girl. And of course that did not tend to make us lend each other neckties. There would be plenty of other opposition among the leading men of the county; in fact, I could not count at the beginning on the support of one-third of the county.

"Why, What in the World are You Going to New York For?"

The next day I sent an urgent message to the county clerk to return home—I had resigned and would not remain in the office longer than Tuesday. He came Tuesday morning, dumfounded that a young man without a job would deliberately throw away a county office that paid forty good dollars a month!

That afternoon I got my things ready to start for New York. It did not take long to pack my two shirts and three pairs of socks. I wore my suit.

Then a sense of humor or a prideful perversity prompted me to go to old Zeb Bollinger. He was the money-lender of Moline County and had mortgages on almost everything, from Jake Doolin's knock-kneed mule to Warren Scott's big bottom farm.

Old Zeb kept a sort of office, more as a place to spit than to do business in. He received me in rasping, suspicious silence. He considered every man who came to him a borrower, and all men who needed to borrow were objects of contempt or suspicion. He despised his prey.

"Good afternoon!" I spoke with the assured cheerful air of a borrower without security.

Old Zeb parted with his left hand the whorl of coarse black beard that covered his mouth, missed the sawdust box a full ten inches and gave a grunt.

"Uncle Zeb, I want to borrow some money."

He gave me an accusing look.

"Who can you get on your note?" He chewed.

"Hadn't thought of asking any one."

"What you got to mortgage?"

"Not a thing."

He parted his beard and hit to the left this time.

"Huh! How much you want—ten?—fifteen?"

"Oh"—carelessly—"ten thousand might do."

He stared at me wildly a moment, but I wasn't even smiling. Then he broke into a long, dry cackle.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"I's just wonderin'," he said, "if you could really borrow ten thousand, how much the compound interest would be by the Day of Judgment!"

"You think that you don't want to make the loan?" I said with dignity.

"Henry," he said thoughtfully, "I don't want to discourage you; but if you'd give me a mortgage on everything you'll make durin' the rest of your life above your board and clothes I couldn't possibly loan you more than thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents on it."

He cackled again and I went out.

And I was smiling, too, as I started down the south road. Old Zeb had given me the minimum opinion of my ability; now I would go for the maximum. Even if Meta Garland did allow that fool prosecuting attorney to hang round a good deal I knew she had some confidence in me.

I found her on the west porch shelling peas for supper. Meta was pretty and had a teasing atmosphere about her, but underneath that soft brown hair was a mighty fine collection of ideas. And I knew, too, when I asked for her real opinion I should get it.

"I am going to be away a few days," I remarked casually, pulling a leaf from a morning-glory vine and twisting it in my fingers. "Thought I'd drop in and tell you goodby."

"Where are you going, Henry—to Barton?" That was the little county-seat town north of us.

"No; to New York." I could not resist that.

"New York!" No one from our county had ever been to New York. "Why, what in the world are you going to New York for?"

"Just on a little business." I glowed all over, but tried to look cool.

"Meta"—I looked earnestly at her—"if I should tell you I had a big idea—a great big idea—would you believe it?"

She nodded thoughtfully.

"Yes; I would."

"And do you believe I can carry it out?"

Again she nodded earnestly.

"I am sure of it. I've always thought you have lots of ability and you were wasting it on little jobs."

"Thank you." I offered my hand in goodby. "I'll tell you about it later."

Three days later I was in New York. I like to think it is a shrinking from the unknown rather than cowardice that makes a fellow hesitate to bolt in where angels are cautious about stepping.

Anyway I developed the most amazing reluctance every time I tried to call on Hiram B. Strong, the innocent bondholder. I walked by the twenty-story office building seven times, and every time I even tried to turn in I took something akin to the buck-ague and suddenly wanted to see what was happening down in the next block.

However, after calling myself a fool a few hundred times and spending a third of my bank account for a new suit of clothes I dragged myself by the scruff of the neck to an elevator and presently was swallowing hard and listening to my heart beat outside the offices of Hiram B. Strong. It was lucky I did not get past the outer office that day—or the next, or the third; for by that time I had got to feel quite at home in the innocent bondholder's office and had regained my nerve. It looked as though I never would get to see Hiram B. Strong personally, when it occurred to me to get word to him what I wanted. I went out and had some cards printed:

HENRY M JULIAN

DEPUTY COUNTY CLERK MOLINE COUNTY MISSOURI

Then I returned to the outer office, scribbled on the bottom of the card, "Wish to see you in regard to M. & M. Railroad bonds," and got the underling to send it in. Word came speedily that the old man would see me.

He had bushy eyebrows and a brusk manner, but was not a bad sort.

"What is it you want?" He looked me over with just half a glance.

"To know what you want for those bonds." I felt suddenly as much at home as though raised in a bondholder's office.

"You'll have to see my attorney—the matter is in his hands." He motioned as if he intended to dismiss me.

"No," I insisted—"I must settle it with you."

"County wants to compromise now—eh?"

He began to abuse us, but I saw what I was looking for—that he was really weary of the whole thing. Thirty years without collecting a cent of interest is discouraging.

"I want you to understand, Mr. Strong," I said, "that I do not represent the county."

"Then what do you represent?" he shot at me.

"Myself. Now I am acquainted with the people in that county—lived there all my life—and I think I know what they will do. If you'll make me a price on the bonds so I see a possibility of putting it through and still make a profit I'll undertake it."

He looked at me again, with more interest.

"I'll settle for six hundred thousand dollars—what I offered before."

I explained why that figure would be impossible.

"Then what do you offer?" He was getting impatient.

"I'll give you four hundred thousand," I offered on the spur of the moment.

He whirled round to the telephone—to call his attorney, I guess; then changed his mind.

"I'll take it. I'm tired of the whole business. You go back and get your county to agree to four hundred thousand and I'll settle."

But that would leave me out. I knew I must get a personal contract and then put up the offer to the county.

"Suppose," I suggested, "you give me an option on the bonds for four hundred thousand dollars, good for six months. I'll make a small payment and then I'll have something to work on."

"Very well—how much will you pay down?"

I hesitated. I was afraid to make it too insignificant.

"Five thousand," I suggested.

"I guess that'll pay for making out the contract." He grinned, in a better humor than he had shown. I believe he really took a liking to me. "All right. I'll do it."

The next day I was on the train speeding back to Missouri. The option was to be mailed to a certain bank at Springfield to await my five thousand. I did not have it sent to my home bank for obvious reasons.

I rode in a chair car, which helped me put in twenty-four hours a day all the way back to Missouri thinking hard how to raise that five thousand.

The only person I could think of who might part with five thousand without having convulsions and real-estate mortgages was John Simmons, a second cousin and former chum, who was in the livestock commission business at St. Louis and doing well.

Before I reached Buffalo I had picked on John. I would strike him first; and by the time I reached Chicago I had decided he would be the last, for I had a line of argument fixed up that I was sure would win if John had the money or could get it.

"I'd Just Wonderin' How Much the Compound Interest Would be by the Day of Judgment!"

When I arrived at St. Louis I went straight to the hotel that throughout our county was considered the last throw of reckless extravagance. I engaged a five-dollar room and had my shoes shined and my clothes pressed.

Then I looked up John in the directory and got him on the 'phone.

"Just stopped over for a day on my way home from New York," I told him. "And say, John, I want you to take dinner with me."

"All right. Where'll I meet you? There's a good joint down here by the stockyards."

"I'm at the ——," I said casually—"room seventy-four. Come at six and we'll spend the evening together."

I heard the catch of his breath, and laughed when I hung up the receiver. I had already lived with the big idea long enough to carry things off with a swing.

After dinner I took John to my room and put the proposition up to him. I did not beat round the bush, but said it straight.

"I've got a big deal on, but need help to pull it through." Then I explained the situation—told him frankly the drawbacks, but outlined my plans for winning. "Now," I said, "what I must have is from five to ten thousand dollars. I want to borrow that, and I want to borrow it from you. The day this thing is settled, which will be inside of five months, I'll pay you two dollars for every one I have borrowed—and love you besides."

"Suppose it doesn't win?" John suggested.

"I'll still pay you the five thousand—but not in time for Christmas!" John grinned. "But I'll win—I'm going to carry that election."

John looked at me reckoningly for about a quarter of a minute.

"I believe you will. Anyway I'm going to stake you." He had made his money by taking shots on quick judgments and I knew that part was settled.

From St. Louis home the world was bathed in the same gold-and-pink glory that came before my eyes twelve years before when, at a Fourth-of-July celebration, while wandering about empty-handed, empty-pocketed, barefoot, burning with thirst for cold lemonade, longing for the merry-go-round, I suddenly found a quarter in the dust.

But if I had an easier time than I anticipated in getting that five thousand, on my arrival home I encountered an unexpected difficulty. It is nearly always that way. The mountains fall away at a vigorous push—and then a grass-root trips you and breaks your leg!

I had not expected the least difficulty in getting the county court to call a special election to vote on the proposition. Among the members I knew that an enterprising citizen named Collins was my friend and would do anything to favor me, and I thought that two other wide-awake members, Ben Watkins and Judge Garland, Meta's father, would be willing to let the people vote on it; but to my surprise I found Collins, to whom I went first, very reluctant. He pointed out that every man who had favored the settlement four years ago had been entirely neglected since in the way of county offices. However, he agreed to stand by me; but Ben Watkins, whom I found on his farm in the north end of the county, swearing at the drought and burying hogs that had died with the cholera, vigorously and profanely declared he would see me and old Strong and every bondholder in America singe for a million years before he would call an election.

I went back to town scared into chills. That left the whole decision to Garland! If he went against me the five thousand that I had put up—poof! It would be swished out in a day! And at forty dollars a month it would take me—let's see—half a lifetime to pay it back!

It was Friday evening. I did not go direct to Garland. Too much was at stake. I went to Meta. Talk about its being dangerous to tell women secrets! If a woman is really your friend a secret with her is safer every time than with a man! And seven times out of ten a woman will prove more loyal and discreet than a man.

I told Meta the whole thing. She was enthusiastic over the big idea, but greatly concerned about the county court.

"Father is a dear old dad," she said, "but there is no telling how it will strike him—and the way it strikes him it will stick."

"I can't take any risks," I said. "We must find an absolutely sure way to approach him. I've got to have his vote. Is there not somebody or something that can influence him sure?"

The girl shook her head positively.

"I never have seen anybody persuade him to do anything. I can't; mamma can't—nobody can. There is only one thing certain about papa that I have ever seen—he never does what Uncle John wants him to."

"Meta, you are a treasure—better than the gold of Ophir or the silver of Peru!"

"Charley," I said to my best friend after I had gone back to town, "you go get a horse and ride out to John Garland's. Tell him in confidence that there is to be an effort Monday to get the county court to call an election to settle the bond debt; and tell him unless he can get his brother to vote against it the thing will go through."

Charley went at once. I did not see Judge Garland Saturday or Sunday. I knew better than to put in a word. Neither did I know whether John had gone to him or not, but I did know John was rampant against any move to settle.

Monday morning the county court met in regular monthly session. I appeared before them and outlined my proposition, presented a letter from the bank at Springfield to prove my ability to carry it out, and asked that they call a special election.

Watkins made a violent speech against it. Collins kept still. Garland did not say a word, but sat there with his lips tight shut, looking mad and determined—but which way I could not guess.

Garland was presiding judge and put the vote.

"No!" barked Watkins.

"Yes!" timidly voted Collins.

Garland turned in his chair to the county clerk. My head and hands were clammy; my heart felt like a raw turnip in my throat.

"The election is ordered!" he said curtly. "What's the next business?"

Tim Woods, one of the two spectators in the room, slipped out.

Five minutes later, when I stood on the courthouse steps, I saw the town was suddenly alive. Up one side of the square went old Zeb Bollinger, his head shoved forward like a deadly weapon, his skinny elbows working like the legs of a grasshopper trying to jump a board fence. Already half a dozen men had gathered in front of Braley's Big Brick Store, and in their midst, swinging his arms and rolling his words, was that pompous, big-headed little runt of a prosecuting attorney, Wentworth P. Logan.

The war was on!

. . . . . .

There were two papers in Ashburg—the Bugle and the Argus. The prosecuting attorney owned the Argus and wrote most of its editorials. I knew Logan would open the fight on the bonds in the next week's issue, and I was particularly anxious to know what his line of attack would be. There was one good thing about Logan, from my standpoint—he never could keep an idea under his hat until it got warm. His tongue was too easy on trigger. He usually began to talk the minute he began to think, and sometimes before. His vocal organs reminded me of a sluice gate that lifted so easily it drained off all his ideas before they had time to dam up and accumulate power. I asked my friends to listen to Logan during the next few days and get a line on what he was going to say in the paper.

The proposition I had put up to the county court and on which they had called a special election for September

twentieth was this: If the county would vote five hundred thousand dollars in four-per-cent bonds, payable fifty thousand dollars and interest each year for ten years, they would be accepted in full payment of the million and a half of old bonds. It now required two-thirds majority of all votes cast to carry a bond issue.

I had my plan of campaign broadly outlined, but for the next three days I worked eighteen hours out of the double dozen on the details. During the day I drifted from group to group of talking men, stood round the post-office and the blacksmith shop, sat on the platform in front of the mill, rode round the county, listened everywhere—and said nothing. I wanted to know every class of objection that I had to fight and discover its source. At night I made charts, selected names and sent out summons.

Late Wednesday afternoon, when I had returned from the country and was sluicing my dusty face over the tin pan that sat in a board trough at the end of the hall in the Farmers' Hotel, Ike came up:

"Somebody's been callin' over the 'phone for you off and on all day."

"Who was it?" I asked, holding off the roller towel.

"Dunno," said Ike. "Wouldn't tell—some gal though."

I wondered if it could be Meta, and went to the 'phone and called up Judge Garland's.

"Yes," she said. "It was I. I want you to come out right away."

I left my share of Ike's boiled cabbage, warmed-over potatoes and flabby side meat to the fat drummer and started at once for the judge's. Meta had her chair out on the lawn and there was another chair waiting close by.

"Do you know"—she drew her chair a little nearer and leaned forward earnestly—"that Mr. Logan is going to oppose your bonds?"

"I don't claim any miraculous power of prophecy for having guessed it," I replied.

"He is going to attack the bond issue—and you—in the Weekly Argus."

"Me—personally?"

She nodded and her eyes kindled with the light of battle.

"It is no secret. He bragged in the open of what he is going to do to you. He says you are a mere tool and have sold yourself for five hundred dollars. You have been hired by the bloodthirsty bondholders to betray this fair county—to turn traitor to your fellow citizens who elevated you to a sacred post of trust!" She gave her arm an oratorical swing. "And he's going to expose you." She laughed and her eyes rippled like moonlight on a windswept pool.

I felt a tingle all over. If there is any music this side the Angelic Choir sweeter to hear than Meta Garland's laugh at the pompous oratory of Logan I should be afraid to hear it. I saw the wisdom of having confided in her my whole plan. She was already fighting for me. And when a woman lines up to work and fights shoulder to shoulder with you, if you don't win both the victory and her—why, you don't deserve either.

I went back to town hearing sweet sounds in the rustling corn and seeing long vistas of triumph and happiness stretching away through the moonlight; but my thinking processes were going on as clearly as ever. I saw just the sort of article Logan was going to run. He was a demagogue, crazy for public approval. He would pose as a shrewd friend of the people, while I, as a tool of the villains who were trying to rob the county, would be portrayed as secretly betraying them for thirty pieces of silver.

Before I reached town I had decided upon my course. Never for a moment had I planned to conduct the campaign under cover. I meant to be perfectly frank about it with the county, but until now I had not determined on the method of making my position known.

I went directly to Jim Dorran. Jim was the editor of the Bugle and a good friend of mine.

"Jim," I asked, "what day do you print?"

"Friday."

"And the Argus?"

"Same time."

"Could you print tomorrow?"

"Might."

"Wish you would. I have a little notice I want run and I should like it to get out a day ahead of the Argus. And by all means do not let the Argus see a copy of your paper until it has gone to press. If you will do this for me, Jim, it will set you forward twenty-five dollars."

The Ashburg Bugle, which went out a day ahead of the Argus, contained this notice:

TO THE VOTERS OF MOLINE COUNTY

On a recent trip to New York I secured an option from Hiram B. Strong on the M. & M. bonds at a figure that enables me to offer a settlement to the county for five hundred thousand dollars.

If the county accepts this offer I will, of course, make a profit. Though I consider this a very favorable settlement for the county, I desire the people to know that I am doing it solely as a business transaction. And I want it frankly understood that when I advocate this bond issue I am working for myself and not for the county.

Sincerely, HENRY M. JULIAN.

Dorran not only held back until Friday Logan's copy of the paper, but failed to mail copies to those friends who might tell the prosecuting attorney.

Consequently, when the Argus' front-page sensational attack on me as a wily traitor, a cunning tool, came out Friday, it fell flat. Nearly everybody had read my astonishingly frank statement, and even Logan's friends gave his heavy broadside the laugh.

During the next week I worked like a squirrel on a lone hickory tree when snow is coming. I gathered figures, made comparisons, prepared charts and drew maps.

I intended to base my argument solely on facts, and it takes work to gather facts. I determined not to put out a single statement that would not stand fire. It is surprisingly easy for a fellow to sit down and make up a pretty fair argument in favor of a thing and trust to luck to get away with it; but when a fellow has a hundred thousand dollars at stake and two-thirds of a county lined up against him he can't take any chances with dummy logic and limpy statistics.

I made a map of the county, dividing it into twenty sections. I numbered the sections and made an alphabetical list of all the voters in each section. Next I selected a man, usually a young man, in each section and called on him or wrote him to meet me at the county-seat July twentieth, as I wished to make him a liberal offer of employment. Where a man would not definitely promise to come I selected another. These men I picked with great care—choosing those who stood well in their communities, who were not antagonistic, and who could discuss a subject convincingly. Eight farmers, two lawyers, three country doctors, a sewing-machine agent, a book agent, a singing teacher, three school-teachers, a country preacher and a couple of country merchants made up the list. I had not selected anybody from the county-seat, as I intended to work Ashburg myself.

I rented Odd Fellows Hall over the Big Brick Store, and the morning of the twentieth, as fast as my men arrived, I sent them up to wait until all had gathered.

Of course in a town like Ashburg a fly cannot cross a pair of its legs in an unaccustomed way without rousing curiosity. As the men arrived by ones and twos and filed up the outside stairway that clung to the south wall of the red-brick building like a fire-escape the town became curious, suspicious—even alarmed. Old Zeb Bollinger stood in front of his board office and watched with growing concern. The faster the men came, the faster he chewed, until he was shooting ambeer at the sidewalk at the rate of three explosions a minute. And the prosecuting attorney was strutting round the block like a bantam rooster that intends to catch a bug if somebody will dig it up for him. I saw him buttonhole half a dozen men, point his thumb over his shoulder toward Odd Fellows Hall, and shake his head.

When my men had all arrived—they all came but two—I locked the outside door and went before them.

"I want to hire you fellows to work for the bond election," I began in a matter-of-fact way. "There are good reasons why this election should carry. I have arranged the arguments in a convincing way and I want them presented personally to every voter in the county. I can't see all the voters and I want to hire men to take these arguments to the voters. I will pay five dollars a day to every one of you who will put in the time between now and election according to my directions.

"There is to be no secret about this. The first thing you are to tell every man you approach is: 'I am hired to present to you the arguments for the bond issue. I am to present the facts to you just as though I were selling you a load of hay. Then you can weigh the matter and decide for yourself.'

"Now, mind you, I am not offering to hire you to support the bonds or to get your neighbors to do so, but simply to take my arguments to the voters—just as you would take the publisher's arguments for a book if you were an agent.

"But first of all I want to present the arguments and find out whether you really believe them. No man can deliver convincingly an argument he does not believe."

I went over my arguments, illustrated my statements by actual figures, explained my charts—and did it convincingly, I think. Most of the men I had selected were men open to conviction. I had selected that kind on purpose. A man who has the reputation of never being convinced against his first conclusions has an uphill job getting his neighbors to agree with him.

When I was through, fifteen were unequivocally with me and ready to take the job. I called in five substitutes for those who decided for one reason or another not to undertake it.

I kept the twenty in that Odd Fellows Hall eight hours a day for three days, putting them through a school of instruction. I had noticed that, no matter how intelligent a bunch of people are or how plain you make a statement, it takes a good many repetitions to get all of them to understand it correctly. Stand up before five hundred people; get their closest attention; say in the clearest of tones, "The cannon will be fired from the hill at nine in the morning"—and in five minutes a hundred of them will

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He Would See Me and Old Strang and Every Bondholder in America Stage for a Million Years Before He Would Call an Election

A Social View of the High School

By W. D. LEWIS

Principal of The William Penn High School, Philadelphia

IT IS the same old fight. Noah and Moses were insurgents; the Gracchi, Saint Paul, Savonarola, William of Orange, Washington, Lincoln—all were insurgents. In other words, all protested against abuses sacred to tradition and did what they could to correct them.

At Bunker Hill the tradition of personal rule marched up before the waiting rifles of human progress; at Gettysburg Pickett led the century-honored tradition of human slavery to the fatal stone wall and wheatfield; in industry the traditions of soldiering and wage-cutting are being routed by coöperation and scientific management; in politics and business the traditions of spoils and special privilege are being strangled by public intelligence; there is even the shadow of a hope that the tradition of the coal and the beef barons' divine right of extortion may some day be called to serious question. It is the same old fight.

And in education it is the same old fight. Just now the battle is fiercest over the high schools. The forces of tradition are behind the breastworks of so-called culture and mental discipline, defending a public institution against the demands of public interest. Instead of thinking socially, and shaping curricula and administration to serve social ends, they are worshiping the fetish of tradition, and determining their procedure by bookish philosophy and *a-priori* theories. But the battle is on, and it will not end until the high-school problem is solved by applying to it the same principle by which all our social, political and economic problems must be solved—what does the public welfare demand?

What does the public welfare demand of the high schools?

First, it demands a better citizenship, a better grade of social thinking, an allegiance to the fundamental principles of coöperative social interest.

Teaching First Aid to Our Voters

IT IS a platitude that young people get their adjustment to the social order during the period of adolescence, which coincides roughly with the high-school years. During this time they awaken to new interests and assume new responsibilities, change again and again their points of view, form their life purposes, formulate their standards for judging people and institutions, establish their ideals, and determine their various personalities by the thoughts that man thinketh in his heart. During these years, then, will be decided their attitude toward society. If they emerge from the high school with an indifferent, selfish, *laissez-faire* philosophy they will become either the unthinking victims or the plunderers of our devil-take-the-hindmost social order.

The public schools are maintained at a considerable expense, largely because of the general belief that the welfare of a democracy depends on the intelligence of the voters. The intelligence of the voters depends upon their understanding the lessons of history as applied to present-day political questions, and upon their comprehension of social and economic conditions evolving from our changing civilization.

Much real social training can be given directly in the curriculum instead of the "cultural" hodgepodge of useless and isolated information that is now labeled civics and history. How the course in these subjects can be revised so as to contribute to the social education of the pupils was ably discussed in these pages a few weeks ago by Dr. J. L. Barnard, in his article, The High School and the Citizen. If the curriculum should develop along the lines laid down in Doctor Barnard's article it would speedily come to include elementary courses in sociology, economics and political science, all taught from the point of view of present-day problems rather than from that of the historical or logical development of the subject. The aim of the whole history and politics group of subjects would be to put an enacting clause into our present complaisant supposition that the American voter really has some comprehension of our form of government!

Suppose, for example, we set our boys and girls in the high schools to studying the housing conditions in the poorer parts of the city, the effects of child labor, family budgets for typical incomes. Suppose they analyze their own family expenditures and the various cost and profit elements of commodity prices, and their periodic advances, such as the recent twenty-five cents a ton on coal and next week's two cents a pound on meat. Suppose they learn how to use the tables of the reports of the Census Bureau and of the various departments of the Government. Suppose they vitalize their physiology and hygiene by an examination of bakeshops, markets, restaurants and hotels. Suppose, again, they begin to acquaint themselves with the local government. If a few thousand high-school-boy investigators had been learning about the police department, including Lieutenant Becker and his accomplices, the city of New York might not have to employ William J. Burns today. But the prevention of graft would be only a by-product. The social thinking and the standards of community righteousness would be tremendously improved, not only in the future voters in school but also in their parents and elder associates.

Suppose our high-school pupils were studying the postal, telegraph and telephone systems of Europe and comparing them with our express extortion and our telegraph and telephone monopolies. Suppose they were looking into the "pork-barrel" appropriations of Congress, our log-rolling tariff revision, and the abuses of the Bureau of Pensions. Suppose, in addition to this, that the schoolhouses were the centers of civic discussion and enlightenment portrayed by Frederic C. Howe in a recent article—well, suppose we order our national ascension robe and halo! Why don't we do some of these things? Sh! It isn't cultural and the colleges won't accept it for entrance!

The high school can hasten the process of social thinking in other ways however. Its institutional democracy can become a habit of life in the youths who are just forming their life habits. To this end it must first abolish every kind of snobbish society and fraternity.

What Mazie Knew

MAZIE was the daughter of a mill foreman who had the American faith in an education. This faith, we ought to observe in passing, was pretty much all based on a blind belief that somehow an education would enable his girl to have an easier time than had fallen to the lot of her father and mother. He loved Mazie and was glad to sacrifice for her. The girl entered the high school, and at first was dazed and then charmed by the fine equipment, the systematic organization, the new studies and the crowds of strangers all intent upon a variety of interests novel to her. After a month or two, however, Mazie began to be aware that she was not "in it." Friends of the grammar-school days dropped her. New acquaintances suddenly became absorbed in other friends. She heard rumors of secret societies and fraternities and saw former companions wearing the mystic badges. When she made advances to these girls she was repelled with those sly, covert, cattish jabs by which the daughters of Eve time out of mind have vented their disapproval. Mazie did not tell even her mother why she left school; but her soul was scarred and hardened, and she was not helped along the road toward culture. Were the members of the societies and fraternities?

Mazie's experience illustrates the social training of the wrong kind that is going on in thousands of American high schools. The school fraternity and many of the exclusive literary societies are efficient schools of snobbery. Often they are worse. A certain fraternity in one high school was an example only a little worse in degree than hundreds of chapters all over the country. By confession of its members gambling, drunkenness and even worse evils were incidental to the free access to private rooms by a group of boys too young to exercise proper self-control. When a boy began to show an indifferent attitude toward his work and an insolent arrogance toward authority the teachers of that school always knew that he was being rushed by this fraternity.

The worst feature of the high-school "frat" is the rooms. At best they become loafing-places and schools of cards and smoking. At worst they become schools of vice as dangerous as Fagin's. Here the ex-member who has time to loaf has time to teach to younger boys the evils that his leisure has learned. Freed as these rooms are from all effectual supervision, even if parents or teachers are invited to come, they foster snobbishness, loafing and insubordination, if not gambling, drunkenness and licentiousness.

Democracy or Despotism

WHEN the high school in its organization and discipline can teach the necessity of social thinking by means of the common interests of the school. Athletics, school publications, the lunchroom and, in skillful hands, a large share of the school discipline can be made daily object-lessons in social coöperation. Formal plans, such as the school city, have often failed in high schools because they were substituted *ex cathedra* for the benevolent despotisms almost universal in school management. The history of such experiments often bears a close analogy to that of the Central American republics. But the valuable part of any such plan is the spirit of democracy and social coöperation at its basis; and this can be secured gradually, either with or without any formal organization.

Even the *ex-cathedra* type of social coöperation will work if the principal and the faculty of the school enjoy the confidence of the student body. Last year the school board of an Eastern city decreed, without consulting the principal, that the study rooms of the high school should be placed on a self-governing basis, and that all teachers should be withdrawn the following Monday. For a few days chaos reigned. Then the principal placed the problem fairly before the pupils. "There are to be no teachers in the study halls," said he. "Some of you want to do your work; it is up to you to see that disturbances cease." They ceased, and the pupils incidentally learned a valuable lesson in social coöperation.

In a certain high school the athletics and the school paper had fallen into the hands of a gang of grafters who were following Tammany methods of political bossism for individual profit. The principal got the facts and showed up the whole practice to the school. A new organization was effected and money that had formerly gone for graft was put into decorations for the building. In a couple of years over twelve hundred dollars was thus spent.

In another school a reception was given to the wife of the governor of the state. Numerous pageants, pantomimes and allegories were given, every one of them originated, costumed and executed by the pupils, with only

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THE BOOM AT WAYNE

II

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

MR. DOVER, the heavy bank examiner, with his apple-red cheeks, bushy mustache and one dead eye, was speaking in a kind of funereal complacency: "Yes, the Government is relentless nowadays when it comes to prosecuting embezzlers from national banks. A man would better go out and hold up a railroad train in broad daylight than rob a bank. There's one chance in a hundred that the train robber may get away, but there isn't one chance in a thousand that the bank thief will escape."

This was at the Chesters' dinner table on Sunday. Peter Disbrow, the bank president, and Albert Jenks, the bank's attorney, were there. Katharine had got Mr. Jenks' daughter Amy to come over, also, and help entertain the men.

She hadn't at all been able to manage affairs as she had wished. Leaving Fred Bane on Saturday afternoon, the task before her had seemed quite simple. It was sad and even terrible, of course, that Fred had yielded to temptation; but thousands upon thousands of men yielded to temptation—or, without any particular yielding, grossly took advantage of a trust: laid hands on what was not theirs. It was a most common thing; and very often if they won they were admired. As she stated it to herself, then, Fred owed the bank twelve thousand dollars. The money must be restored at once, whereupon all would be as it had been before.

Getting the money to save from ruin and misery four people whom she loved, three of whom at least—the wife and the two little children—were perfectly innocent, had not seemed difficult. She had, in a way, almost enough money of her own. Her father, Judge Kilgore, had willed her these seven acres of wooded land on the hill, the house and the furnishings, which comprised his small fortune. To be sure, Jack had rebuilt the house, bought new furnishings, improved the grounds. Yet the value of several thousand dollars, perhaps even the whole twelve thousand, that was truly her own must still be there. She would take it and ransom her friends.

Jack hadn't come home to dinner Saturday evening. There was a deal on, it seemed—something about a consolidation of the First National Bank and its rival, the Wayne National. When he did come, at half past ten, he was full of his deal. It was probable that Peter Disbrow would retire and he would be made president of the consolidated bank—the chief, in a way, of the little business world in which his ambition lay, at only twenty-eight. "Why, that would be fine, dear—of course, that would be fine," she had said; yet was oddly disconcerted. His heady efficiency, his zest for victory, his heat for the man's battle, seemed to make it difficult to deal with him as she wished. She had put it off until Sunday; but Sunday morning he was again away busy with his deal. And he was to bring Peter Disbrow, Albert Jenks and the bank examiner to their half-past-one Sunday dinner. He liked to play the host, having guests there to admire his smart new house and charming wife. Katharine knew this amiable weakness well enough and secretly laughed at it in a fond sort of way; but this day it was inconvenient. She must wait until the guests left.

"It's simply amazing," Mr. Dover continued with his solemn complacency; "simply amazing that men will keep on embezzling from banks when they must know they're sure to be caught and get a long sentence. It sometimes seems to me," he added, smiling apologetically for the flight of fancy, "that every bank embezzler must be insane."

"What's the use of sending them to prison if that doesn't keep any one else from stealing?" Amy Jenks whipped in. She inherited her caustic tongue.

Mr. Dover smiled tolerantly at her, for Amy was a rather pretty girl, and explained patiently: "Society must protect itself. The law must be upheld. The only way to stamp out embezzlement is to prosecute every case vigorously. That's the Government's policy."

"It's right too," said Jack Chester decisively. "A thief is a thief, and there's only one way to deal with him. If I were running a bank and a man stole from it I'd prosecute him if it took a leg."

Peter Disbrow turned to Albert Jenks with a grin, observing: "So you see, there's no use of my hanging on."

The men laughed and Katharine understood this was some veiled reference to the deal and to Jack's promotion.

Chester himself laughed, flushing with amiable embarrassment. "It's true, all the same," he declared, laughing and flushing amiably. "If I'm running a bank and anybody catches me compounding a felony against it I give you my word I'll resign next day. Men don't embezzle because they're insane," he added, turning to the bank examiner. "They do it because they think they'll not be found out; or, if they are found out, that they'll escape somehow. A bank officer has no more right to compound a felony against the bank than he has to commit one."

Katharine understood, with pain, that her capable husband was expressing the able man's instinctive contempt for weaklings who resorted to such furtive, dangerous methods as embezzlement.

"That's proper doctrine," said Albert Jenks in his rasping way. "I'm opposed to this stealing by hand because it's in derogation of my trade. If a man wants to steal—blast him!—let him hire a lawyer." The men laughed again.

With Fred Bane in mind, this laughter sounded repulsive to Katharine. She spoke almost solemnly. "I've heard my father say—and so have you, Jack—that he could never look William Hogan in the face without a secret sense of guilt and personal shame."

"It's Just Twelve Thousand Dollars That Fred Owes the Bank. I'll Pay the Money"

She succeeded admirably, at any rate, in disconcerting her guests. Her father, a Southerner who had come to that little northern town in the sixties because he adhered to the Union, and had become a judge of the United States Court, had been a rather tremendous figure in Wayne. To bring him in was a bit like starting a hymn. Moreover, the case of William Hogan, to which Katharine boldly referred, was more or less personal to at least two of those present.

"That may be true," Jack replied rather nervously; "but his private feeling didn't prevent him from doing his duty. When he was on the bench, and Hogan was convicted of embezzlement before him, he sentenced him to prison."

Katharine had turned a little pale. Her eyes rested upon her husband with a kind of pleading solemnity. "He said it was one of those cases that made him think the legal formula should be changed," she answered, "so that when a judge sentenced a man to be hanged he should say: 'I sentence you to be hanged; and may God have mercy on my soul.' He believed that Hogan, although he pleaded guilty, was much less to blame than some others who were not punished."

Chester frowned slightly, looking at his plate. He thought Katharine was displaying wretchedly bad taste. Peter Disbrow sat beside her.

It was Peter who spoke—very mildly—in his grumbling voice: "I hardly agree with him there, Katharine. Hogan was weak, and you can't trust a weak man to commit a crime. He's sure to make a botch of it and get everybody else into trouble. You see, two practical courses were open to him. Three men had been helping themselves to the bank's funds by making outrageous loans and using the money to speculate in wheat. Hogan was cashier and rather owed his job to those three men. Now he might have said to them: 'These loans are outrageous. You're practically looting the bank, although you may not be openly violating the law. You've got to stop it or I'll call on the Government: I'll raise a tremendous row.' He might have done that; or he might have said to them: 'These loans may not be actually illegal, but you're practically robbing the bank. Take me in with you. I want some of the loot. I propose to speculate, myself. You've got to help me make some crooked loans.' Either of those courses would have been practical; but Hogan hadn't the sand to follow either. So he took some of the bank's money by plain embezzlement. Thereby, when the row came on, he had simply elected himself scapegoat. As I understand it, the law doesn't attempt to say who is really to blame or how much any man is to blame as compared with any other. How could it when judges are merely human beings? It only lays down certain crude rules of the game. It does not say 'Thou shalt not steal' as the Commandments say it—meaning all kinds of immoral taking of money. It says: 'Thou shalt not steal'—in such-and-such ways. The basic principle, as I understand it, is: 'You shall not steal unless you can get away with it!' Hogan couldn't get away with it."

"And you'd have him punished, then?" she cried, her brows knit as though his words cut her.

The ugly man looked at her a moment and laughed contentedly.

"I wouldn't have anybody punished, Katharine," he said, "if it was going to get you down on me."

That seemed to end the subject; but it came up again over an hour later. They had gone out on the lawn, where the men loitered, smoking their cigars. The bank examiner and Peter Disbrow were standing in the shade by the edge of the woods.

"Mrs. Chester seems quite interested in Hogan's case," Mr. Dover observed with a soft, fat little sigh.

Peter answered absently: "Her sympathy is easily touched."

The bank examiner stared into the woods very gravely with one dull and one dead eye, and inquired: "You're to be away tomorrow?"

Still absently, Peter answered: "I'm going over to Primrose on the early train. I've got a day's business over there. I suppose you'll be pulling out in the morning."

"Why, no," said Mr. Dover, his funereal eyes coming around to his companion's face. He sighed again softly. "I may as well tell you, Mr. Disbrow—there's something odd about the Chicago bank statement—the statement from the Cereal National. I was quite sure I got it in yesterday forenoon's mail and put it in Mr. Chester's desk and locked the drawer; but I found the drawer unlocked and the statement wasn't there. When I went back to the hotel in the afternoon the statement was in my mail; and when I examined the statement I saw the figures had been altered. A glass showed very plainly that the original figures had been erased and some others substituted. Of course," he added sadly, "the figures may have been altered before the statement left Chicago. A lazy bookkeeper may have set them down wrong and erased them rather than make out a fresh statement. Doubtless that was the case; but I consider it necessary to find out. I wired Chicago for a new statement, which ought to come in on the three-thirty mail tomorrow. I shall stay over. I think it proper to tell you this."

Peter was leaning on his stout cane, his tall, bony body bent forward from the hips, peering earnestly into the bank examiner's face. Another defalcation in the bank—and just at this critical juncture! Scarcely any possible suggestion could have been less welcome; but Peter was blessed with a cool head. He put up his lean hand and plucked thoughtfully at the unbecoming goatee; then gently cleared his throat.

"H'm! No doubt, as you say, the figures were altered before the statement left Chicago," he commented.

"No doubt," Mr. Dover assented funereally. Until they knew, there was nothing to be done and they strolled back across the lawn.

When the guests were leaving, Jack Chester walked a little way down through the woods with Peter and the bank examiner. "I suppose I'll see you in the morning before you leave?" the cashier remarked genially to the bank examiner as they were about to part.

"Oh, yes; I shall see you," Mr. Dover replied sadly.

Peter considered an instant, then said quietly to Mr. Dover: "I think you'd best tell Jack what you told me."

Mr. Dover slightly elevated his eyebrows; but Peter, of course, was the bank and competent to judge who should be told. Resignedly, therefore, the examiner repeated his account of the Chicago statement, concluding, with a tomblike cheer: "No doubt it's all right and the figures were altered in Chicago."

Startled and questioning, Jack stared at Peter Disbrow, unwelcome thoughts swarming into his mind. "Oh, it must be—as you say. The figures must have been altered in Chicago. It couldn't be any other way! It couldn't!" he repeated wrathfully. "See here!" He turned sharply upon Mr. Dover in a kind of smoldering rage, his fair face flushed and his eyebrows drawn together. "It must be all right. But, if it shouldn't be—you understand—why, don't come to me with it. Understand? I don't want to be consulted. I don't want to know a thing about it. Just go ahead and do what's necessary without coming near me!" He gave a savage little nod and added grimly: "You know what's necessary."

The bank examiner looked at him in sedate gloom and replied softly: "Yes; I know what's necessary." He was, indeed, quite familiar with the rather gruesome steps to be taken in such contingencies.

"Well, go ahead then—if it turns out that way," said the cashier wrathfully. He turned to Peter Disbrow and demanded: "Isn't that right?"

Peter plucked very thoughtfully at his goatee a moment, examining the ground, and answered dryly: "I suppose there'd be only one course to take; but I can't believe anything's wrong."

All three of them took occasion to assure one another of their belief that nothing was wrong. So they separated. Walking back to the lawn, however, the cashier's sandy eyebrows contracted again; his face flushed slightly; the embers of wrath smoldered in his bright gray eyes. He couldn't help thinking: "Is it possible that Hogan has been such an incredible old idiot—such a perfectly unbelievable, doddering old ass—as to have gone and embezzled a second time, dragging us all into a disgusting mess?" Of course Hogan hadn't; yet the very thought that he might have done it put Chester in a rage against the man. A man so weak, so fatuous, so silly—if Hogan were indeed such a man—ought to be taken out and killed! The thought was disgusting. It annoyed him to be obliged to entertain such a thought just when everything seemed going splendidly.

He came up out of the woods frowning, his eyes smoldering. Then he saw his wife at the farther side of the lawn. Instantly, like the competent man he was, he tossed the disturbing thought away from him, his face cleared, his eyes brightened. Katharine was stooping a little over a shrub, the twigs of which her fingers abstractedly broke,

"I've No Doubt I Can Get the Money for You—as Alimony"

and she was looking down rather dreamily—perhaps rather wistfully—in the general direction of the Bane cottage. The trees threw long shadows eastward; the air was mellow. Her profile and tall figure in that creamy dress—Chester thought honestly and loyally that she was the most beautiful woman in the world. It came to him again, with a touch of fond admiration, that she gave him something to live up to which was very good for him.

"Hello, Kit!" he sang out in sudden cheer.

She lifted her head finely at the call. The strong, brisk voice broke in upon her sad preoccupation comfortingly. She crossed over to him swiftly, her heart beating high. This was the moment she had waited for and he had never pleased her more than now, when she felt him to be her able, generous man, capable of vanquishing at a blow the fears that beset her. She felt at the moment quite humbly grateful to him.

"I want to talk to you, Jack," she said quickly and gravely. Slipping a hand under his arm she led him toward a rustic bench, collecting herself. Yet she did not begin at all as she had meant. Standing in front of the bench, she said abruptly, with almost tremulous earnestness:

"I want to know—— It's really hard for a woman to know when a man is kind and generous as you are. You wouldn't find fault. But—have I really pleased you, Jack?"

He saw that she was absolutely in earnest, asking the question with a kind of solemn humility—and it fairly took his breath.

"I've been your wife five years now," she continued. "I can know—only what I've meant; but you know, John—you know whether I've done what I could—to make it a success. You know."

Evidently this was no shallow complacency, but a positive question that weighed upon her mind. "Why, Kitten, what's the matter with you?" he cried. "You've been the best wife a fellow ever had! I'd be a dog if I didn't know I never deserved you!" In a swift excess of emotion, regardless of the place, he caught her in his arms. Regardless of the place, also, she rested a moment in his arms and drew a long, sighing breath of content that ended in a happy little laugh.

"I want something from you," she said, and laughed a little again in confusion, with a faint blush, as his merry eyes accused her. "Yes—really, Jack," she affirmed earnestly, and gravely disengaged herself, making him sit down on the bench with her. "I want something. I suppose it's my own, too, in a way. You know my father left me this place. I don't know just how much it may have been worth; but I want you to take it over and give me twelve thousand dollars."

He stared at her as incredulously as though she had asked for the moon.

"I don't think ours was meant to be just a bread-and-butter marriage, John, or just a marriage for fair weather," she went on very gravely, remembering now something of what she had intended saying. "I never understood it that way. I don't think you did. Anything might come up, you know—sickness, for example, where you would say: 'Katharine, I need your strength and health now.' Or an accident, where you would give your limbs or life to help me. Or there might be a calamity, where one would say to the other: 'Now you must give up your happiness!' You know what I mean, dear—to stand true and loyal and ready—a real marriage."

This was certainly very grave talk. Something ominous vaguely shaped itself in his mind. He met it steadily. "But what is it, Katharine? What troubles you?" he asked soberly.

"I must have twelve thousand dollars at once," she replied gravely.

He knit his brows slightly as though she were treating an important subject with unseemly levity. "But what for?" he asked with a faint touch of impatience.

She colored slightly, but looked him steadily in the eye. "I can't tell you that, John. It isn't mine to tell," she replied.

"Can't tell me?" he asked, lifting his eyebrows as though that were manifestly absurd.

Her color rose a little higher, but she answered gravely and steadily. "No; you mustn't ask me."

"Just hand over the money!" he suggested—and it was really so absurd that he couldn't help smiling a little.

The sarcastic little smile cut her and she waited a moment to keep herself steadily in hand. "Say the money wasn't mine, Jack—as it really is," she reminded him. "We've been very prosperous, haven't we?—or you have, if you prefer. You've made a good deal of money. How much?"

There was a certain irrelevance in the question, yet he treated it respectfully. "I suppose, if I cashed in and settled up now it would be something like seventy-five thousand dollars, besides the place here," he said.

"Yes," she said; "and I want twelve thousand. You can trust me that much, can't you, John? It just comes to that, you know. I trust you, John. If you should say to me, 'There is a thing I must do for my self-respect, for my honor! My conscience, my integrity, everything that I hold noble and precious, demand that I do this thing—if I fail to do it I shall feel degraded!'—If you said that to me, truly, John, I would say: 'Do the thing your honor and conscience require.' I wouldn't demand that you let me judge this thing too. It would be enough for me that your highest feeling demanded it. I would ask no question. I would trust your manhood. So you must trust my womanhood when I say to you: 'My self-respect, my honor, my integrity, require that I do this.' Surely you can trust me—can't you, John?"

The question was rather difficult and he regarded her with frank perplexity. "Why, as to trusting you, Katharine——" he began. "But, look at it reasonably now. You've no experience in handling money. When it comes to that, you see, I can reasonably enough say I don't trust your judgment. I haven't any ground for trusting it in a matter like this—the use of twelve thousand dollars. How do I know what sort of swindle you might be getting into? Wouldn't you say I was a poor sort of husband if I sat back and let my wife go ahead alone on ground that she knew nothing about and I knew a good deal about? I wouldn't be doing my duty by you."

"But this isn't that case at all," she pleaded. "This case is my doing my own duty by my own self—something no one can do for another. Don't you see? It's I, my very own self—this woman that's done her best to please you for five years. She's now in desperate need, John. Her very own integrity demands that she do something—all apart from you. You mustn't hinder. You mustn't question me. You must let me do what I need to do. And it's truly my money. My own father left it to me. You must give it to me, John! I tell you I must have it. I tell you, with all my heart, all my honor, all my sincerity, I am in desperate need of it."

Her passionate insistence deeply disturbed him. How could she be in desperate need of money? The vague foreboding in his mind took another shape, indefinite, yet sinister. "Katharine," he said quickly, "is anybody demanding this of you? Is anybody troubling you? Trust me."

She caught the hint of something like blackmail. An unexpected curiosity prompted her to ask a question which she knew would better remain unasked: "And if somebody were demanding it? If it were needed to save my reputation—twelve thousand dollars?"

For a moment they studied each other intently. She saw the wounded, sick look come into the man's eyes. For that moment he saw her beauty, alluring to men, and her separateness from him; as she herself had said, an independent being, living her own inscrutable life within her shell. How could he know what thoughts went on behind that brow or what acts the thoughts prompted out of his sight? He felt his powerlessness over her and her terrible power to hurt him—but this was for only a moment. He made a little gesture of tossing something aside. "But that's absurd! I know you too well!" he said with assurance.

"Yes! You're sure enough of me in the one grand particular—so you needn't bother much about other particulars!" That bitter speech flashed out, as it were, of itself; and at once she bit her lip, regretting it. Then she pleaded again passionately: "I tell you I must have the money,

John! There's something I must do. It will spoil my life if I don't do it. The money is really mine. My father gave it to me. I want it now."

He had no idea of doing anything so wild as hand over twelve thousand dollars. She was not a fool. Something, certainly, had set her on to make this strange demand. So he began to fence with her.

"When do you want the money?" he asked soberly.

"At once!" she replied eagerly as he seemed to be yielding.

"But at once might mean five minutes; a day; a week," he objected, probing for a clew.

"Oh, I mean tomorrow morning," she said; "tomorrow, when the bank opens."

"In cash?" he inquired.

"No; not cash," she replied promptly. "It would be a draft on Chicago for twelve thousand dollars—a draft on the Cereal National Bank of Chicago."

He thought, "By Jove, she's been well coached!" and puzzled over it in the back of his head. "A draft to your order?" he asked soberly.

That detail baffled her. "Just a draft, Jack," she repeated, at a loss and uneasy under his questioning. "It would be just a draft on Chicago for twelve thousand dollars—on the Cereal National Bank of Chicago."

It was the second time she had mentioned the Chicago bank's name. Regarding her thoughtfully and intently searching for the clew, it suddenly flashed upon him. She saw the gleam of understanding come into his eye and a sudden change and hardening that made her heart quail.

"So!" he said harshly. "I understand now! I know what you want the money for and I won't give it to you! There's been an embezzlement at the bank. Old Hogan, the pup, has stolen again—and comes appealing to you to save his hide. I won't give it to you."

His sudden thrust at her secret and his harshness threw her into complete confusion. "Oh, no, Jack!" she cried in poignant bewilderment. "It isn't Hogan at all! It's Fred!"

So there it was, abruptly dragged into the light between them. She trembled and seized his hand, bursting forth:

"The poor boy was tempted, dear! It was awfully wrong, dreadfully wrong; but he was tempted. Bertha was ailing. She ought to go away and rest. Little Billy ought to go to a specialist. There was this miserable oil business, with so many people making money right and left. The temptation overwhelmed him. He took the money. He must be saved, Jack. I love him very much. I love Bertha and the children. You love them too. We must save them!" Her shaking voice broke in a sob, penetrating in its sweet helplessness. For a moment she bent over his hand, which she kissed, weeping.

It was, of course, appealing; and Chester swallowed a lump in his throat. For the rest he was passive, staring rather gloomily down at her bent head.

She looked up in a moment mistily, controlling herself, and told him more collectedly all she knew of the affair; how Fred had confessed to her the day before in the bank, repeating what he had said. He saw how her heart yearned with love and pity over the confused, stumbling, entrapped man.

"He was always an unlucky boy," she said, low and mournfully; and she told him more than ever before about her old playmate—how fond they had always been of each other. There were Bertha and the children—with their poor luck, too, and the worry of the doctor's bills. "It was awfully wrong—dreadfully wrong; but you see how he was tempted," she pleaded—still loyally defending the culprit against her husband's judgment.

Chester said hardly anything—listening to her with a kind of gloomy passiveness. She understood from his brooding eyes that the thing was very repugnant to him. No doubt it was shocking enough to him, as a bank officer, to find that his employee—who was also his friend—had embezzled. He had declared positively he would never shield an embezzler and now he must do it. That, of course, was painful.

"I didn't want to tell you at all, dear," she said gently. "I knew it would embarrass you and wound you—especially with your strict idea of a bank officer's duty. I didn't mean to tell you. I wanted just—to bury it myself. That would have been better."

"Yes, that would have been better," he murmured vaguely in the same way that he had said once or twice, "It's a very sad business. I wouldn't have believed it."

"They had to be saved, of course," she continued as though there could be no possible doubt about that. "I wanted it done—cleanly, at a stroke, with nothing the least bitter or self-accusing left over in your mind. Now we've told each other, heart to heart"—she nestled a little toward him—"let's forget all about it—bury it between us. I'll go on and do what I meant to do—and it will be as though it never happened, except just between us." Her low voice, so to speak, nestled toward his heart. She yearned to engulf the trouble in her love and pay for it—her friend's trouble and her husband's trouble.

"That's the only way," he murmured dully as before.

She saw it was bitter and repugnant to him; understood that he wished not to discuss it much. The grand point of Fred's salvation being gained, she, too, wished to refrain from pressing talk upon him. If some bitterness was in his mind, that might be left to time and love.

She sat quietly beside him a little longer, then kissed his cheek and went away quickly without speaking.

Later on she sent a maid to tell him the Sunday-evening supper was ready. Returning, the maid said he was nowhere on the lawn; she believed she had caught sight of him moving off through the woods toward town, but in the twilight she could not be sure.

Katharine thought: "Then he must have gone to Peter Disbrow's to arrange it with him."

It was after ten o'clock when he returned to the house—composed, but silent; evidently not inclined to talk. Almost at once, in fact, he said he was going to bed. Katharine respected his disinclination to talk. The thing he had to do was, of course, painful to him and she was sorry for the pain. She supposed he had been to Peter Disbrow's arranging the thing that must be done; but, as a matter of fact, he had not been beyond their own woods.

III

MONDAY morning they ate breakfast silently. Chester, preoccupied and slightly pale, scarcely raised his eyes from his plate. Katharine watched him sympathetically. What he had to do was, of course, repugnant to him. Strictly speaking, perhaps, it amounted to compounding a felony, which he had declared on his honor he would never do. It must be painful to him, also, to know that a trusted employee of the bank, who was his friend, had embezzled. She understood all that and was sorry for him.

He finished his coffee slowly and put the cup down. It was time for him to go and they must have a little word.

"When shall I come to the bank for the money, dear?" she asked gently.

He replied very gravely in a low but steady voice, his eyes on his plate: "I'm afraid there's nothing you can do, Katharine. I've found that the case is already in the hands of the Government. There was some trouble about the Chicago statement—the statement of our account with the Cereal National. The bank examiner missed it and then found it, and discovered that the figures had been altered. He's sent to Chicago for a new statement. When that arrives he'll see—at once—there's something wrong. It will then be a matter for the Government to handle. No one can stop the Government."

Still he did not look up; so did not see that she had gripped the edge of the table with both hands, that the color had been washed out of her face, her lips were parted and her eyes full of terror. For a moment, in fact, she could not speak.

"No, Jack! No!" she gasped, striving, as it were, to gain a foothold.

Patiently and reasonably, in his low, steady voice, he repeated the argument. The case was already practically in the hands of the Government; the Government was absolutely inexorable with bank embezzlers; she and he were completely powerless to stop it.

"That isn't true, Jack!" she cried out. "That's not true! The Government is always being stopped. There is a way—with influence and effort—men who know how. It's just twelve thousand dollars that Fred owes the bank. I'll pay the money. You can—you and Peter Disbrow and Mr. Jenks—you know how!"

"But what would you do, Katharine?" he argued reasonably and patiently. "Would you go to the bank examiner and say: 'Here's twelve thousand dollars, stolen from the bank; overlook it; make a false report; forget your duty; swear to a lie.' What would he say to you?"

Bringing in the bank examiner—the heavy, dull, official man with his dead eye—baffled her. "But this thing can't happen, Jack! It can't!" she moaned. "What! Your bank send Fred Bane to prison!" She poured forth, then, a tumultuous flood of entreaty, argument, protest. Fred Bane, whom she had known and loved since they were children together; Bertha, his gentle wife, of whom Jack had always been fond; their innocent little children—Billy, whom Jack had held on his knee a hundred times, and small Millie! Fred to go to prison; to be locked up for years with his head shaven, in striped clothes, not daring to lift his eyes except by order! What would become of Bertha and the children then—without means, shamefully branded, their hearts broken! And long afterward, when Fred came from prison with all the life ground out of him, a mere broken shell of a man—rejoining his ruined family, he and Bertha creeping through the rest of their lives in the shadow, like mortally wounded things, knowing that even their children were stigmatized!

"You don't know what you're saying, Jack! Think of it! What would you say to Bertha when you saw her going by with her head down, broken-hearted, leading her children? What would you say to Billy when he asks for his father?" She was struggling fiercely to keep back the tears and her voice choked.

The picture she drew did, indeed, wring Chester's heart savagely. It burned like fire. And all the pain it cost him—so strange and terrible is a man's rigorous will—simply hardened his determination; made him still more ruthlessly resolved to go on in the way he had chosen.

"It's very sad, Katharine," he said gravely; "but nothing can stop the Government." He had a dreadful kind of joy in saying it—the joy of knowing that if the fire burned his hand he could thrust the suffering member more deeply into the coals.

Katharine was struggling with all her might for self-control—biting her lip, angrily shaking away the little spray of tears that came again and again into her eyes. "Jack—what will you do? What—would you propose doing?" she cried as though the only answer must be her answer.

Chester nervously moved the coffee spoon and cleared his throat: "Way, as to

(Continued on Page 64)

"He Took the Money. He Must be Saved, Jack. I Love Him Very Much"

A FRIEND OF THE MASSES

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

MRS. AYERS sat by Clara Pikyune in the retirement of a clump of sacred celluloid lotus plants. "It's a wonderful evening—isn't it?" she observed, glancing about her at the animated throng of ladies in the Egyptian temple.

"Very," acknowledged the veteran from whom Cordelia Blossom had snatched the reins of social leadership. "One would never recognize this as the Hotel Gilder banquet hall."

Mrs. Ayers cast at her a half-smile, which might or might not have meant anything or nothing.

"Clever as she is," went on Mrs. Ayers, "I don't believe any of Cordelia's affairs have ever been so brilliant as this."

The ex-president of the Isis Club thinned her nose.

"This is not one of Cordelia's affairs," she sharply reminded Mrs. Ayers. "As our president, she is extending the honors of the local organization to the president of the State Federation of Isis Clubs, and is doing so with a success of which we should all be proud."

Again Mrs. Ayers cast upon her that little half-smile.

"We all are," she acquiesced. "Mrs. Longmere Pierce said to me just a moment ago that not even the national entertainments were conducted on so lavish a scale. She asked a great many questions about Cordelia."

The three thin lines in Clara Pikyune's forehead and cheeks, and down the bridge of her nose, sharpened and sprang closer together.

"Most people do," she dryly stated.

Mrs. Ayers was silent for a moment.

"Naturally Mrs. Longmere Pierce is anxious about the more influential members of the various local branches," she mused. "She is quite frankly campaigning for reëlection."

That was a shrewd smile which brightened the keen old eyes of Clara Pikyune.

"Cordelia Blossom is a genius!" she admitted, half to herself; and Mrs. Ayers, remembering some of Clara's notable defeats, wondered and wondered.

Mrs. Longmere Pierce, on her stately throne of green burlap, bent forward gracefully as two gauzily clad girls pranced in to flutter the Dance of the Sacred Ibis as the Ptolemies no doubt saw it on the banks of the Nile!

The ladies of the Isis Club flocked in, their chatter rising in a shrill little crescendo, to enjoy the historical treat. A flood of green light filled the space before the dais. Even the funny-legged black slave girls, who in private life were Cordelia Blossom's maids, bent forward eagerly and forgot to wave their peacock fans over Mrs. Longmere Pierce.

Everybody was keyed up to the highest possible pitch of excited interest except one person, and that person—the creating genius of the splendor—stood in a corner, four feet from the Pyramids and three from the Sphinx, trying to analyze the vague trace of dissatisfaction that had intruded into her very hour of triumph.

"Do you really think it a successful evening, Georgia?" she asked her nearest friend and confidante and ally, thoughtfully.

"Why, Cordelia, it's glorious!" exclaimed the slender and dark-haired Georgia Fleecer. "Everybody is perfectly mad about it! It's the very stunningest thing you ever did! Mrs. Longmere Pierce was just saying that this evening alone makes her office worth a determined campaign."

A faint smile of satisfaction curved Cordelia's red lips; but it did not last so long as it might have done. Her rounded face expressed happy content, her round brow was smooth, her round eyes were smiling; but in her heart there was a tiny twinge of something that was at least unrest.

"How sweet of her!" she murmured. "She tells me that her campaign has been a continuous ovation—like this; just one brilliant affair after another."

Something in the tone made Georgia study Cordelia thoughtfully.

"She seems to enjoy it thoroughly," she suggested.

"Anybody would," agreed Cordelia, again with that trace of vague disquiet. She introduced an entirely new subject:

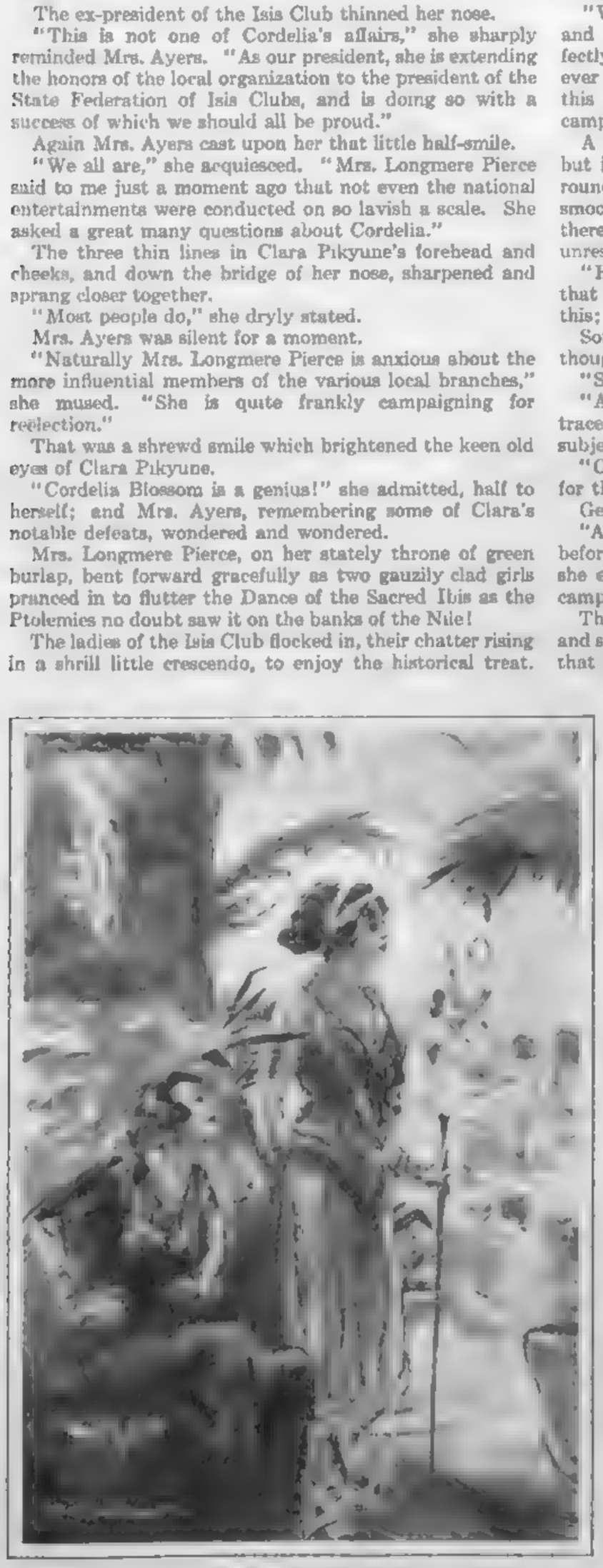
"One must be local president before one is eligible for the state presidency."

Georgia Fleecer brightened visibly.

"And one must serve three terms as state president before one is eligible to office in the national federation," she excitedly supplemented. "Mrs. Longmere Pierce is campaigning for her third term."

The German orchestra, grinning sheepishly in red fezzes and striped cambric tunics, struck into the wild, mad music that marked the climax of the Dance of the Sacred Ibis; but Cordelia, her round eyes focused far, far beyond the flood of green light, never heard.

"It isn't really necessary, but it is customary," she mused, "for the state president to have a residence at the state capital."



"It's the Very Stunningest Thing You Ever Did!"

II

"WATT dear!" opened Cordelia the next morning at breakfast.

Colonel Watterson Blossom came up out of his brown study with a jerk.

"Yes, my dear!" he replied to the most charming woman in the world.

"Have you noticed how dreadfully dull it is here in the winter?" she queried, clasping her hands adorably under her chin.

The soft folds of her pink dressing gown fell away from her forearms, revealing them in their fair white roundness, and the Colonel, admiring, needed to collect his scattered wits for reply.

"Dull?" he considered. "Why, my dear, I thought that under your able and brilliant leadership we were accounted the chief social center of the state."

"With the exception of the capital—yes," she granted. "I was just wondering whether it wouldn't be a relief to have a winter residence up there."

Trouble laid its chill hand on the Colonel and claimed him for a hostage. This was the first hint that he would ever have a winter residence away from his comfortable home city, but somehow he knew he would have one.

"Anywhere you are happy I shall be happy," he gallantly assured her with the fervent eyes of a newfound lover. "However, Cordelia, we are unfortunately bound to remain here this winter—and, I hope, the next."

Cordelia's round eyes bore no trace of disappointment; indeed, she even dimpled.

"How dismal you look over the prospect!" she laughed. "Why must we remain here?"

"Why Does Cordelia Blossom Want to Leave Town?"

The troublesome thought that had oppressed Colonel Blossom for days now sat again upon his brow.

"Because of my forthcoming campaign," he gravely told her.

In spite of her superb equanimity, Cordelia could not suppress a little start of surprise.

"Watt!" she exclaimed. "You are not going to try for a reëlection!"

The Colonel smiled on her forgivingly. After all, she was but a woman, and a child in the stern affairs of men!

"It is imperative," he explained, stiffening his already straight neck and protruding his neat little gray goatee. "It is due to the party of Jefferson and Jackson, to the family of which I have the sad honor to be the last representative, and to myself."

Cordelia accepted the inevitable with a sweeter smile than ever.

"I see," she mused, realizing that the way to a summit is always uphill. "If you have only one term, then it would look as if you were not popular."

The Colonel winced at that.

"That is my difficulty," he acknowledged, telling himself that he was brave in confessing this flaw to the woman whose esteem he so much desired. "I am not by any means popular."

His tactful wife most skillfully concealed her knowledge of that fact.

"Impossible!" she indignantly denied, and was rewarded by his grateful smile. "Why, Watt, you are the soul of honor—and so noble!"

"It is kind of you to believe that, Cordelia; but those qualities are not political assets," he told her out of the bitterness of his experience, "particularly in these extremely troublous times."

The most charming woman in the world removed her hands from beneath her chin and folded her arms on the edge of the table. She leaned forward and, for the first time in a busy week, concentrated on the Colonel.

"I've been wondering why you have seemed so concerned of late," she said, remembering with compunction that she had been forced rather to neglect him. "What is the matter?"

"The strike," he answered, looking intensely worried. "It is becoming extremely serious. There are ten thousand men out of employment. Between four and five thousand have been imported to take their places. Naturally there have been many fights. The condition is rapidly approaching that of anarchy. The safety of the city is in danger."

"I thought the police had the situation under thorough control," Cordelia pondered. "Oh, it's dreadful!" and

her tone was one distinctly of annoyance. "No wonder you are so bothered."

"It is right that I should be," he replied. "As chief executive of the city it is my duty to preserve order, and I shall do so; but"—then he sighed heavily—"it is a thankless task."

Her appreciation of that was instantaneous. She knew how impossible the Colonel would find it to satisfy either faction.

"Mr. Fleecer says that the side with the most voters is always right," she laughingly advised him with a flash of those delightful dimples. The dimples faded, however, as she noted the Colonel's face.

"James Fleecer, though aggravatingly agreeable as a companion, is a totally unscrupulous politician," he rather warmly stated, quite innocent of the fact that the notorious opposition gang leader had elected the Colonel to his high office.

"Which side is right?" hastily inquired Cordelia by way of changing the subject.

The Colonel's countenance stiffened.

"Neither," he declared. "It is a case of unbridled prejudice and greed on the part of both labor and capital, so far as I am able to judge. However, I am not taking sides in the controversy. It is my duty to establish peace and I shall do so. Yesterday afternoon the strikers attempted to mob the imported workmen and to set fire to the Taylor factories. I have decided to add the Blossom Grays to the police department, with instructions to stop the rioting at all hazards!"

Cordelia's eyes widened, but she stood the shock with a calmness that won her own admiration. "Why, Watt!" she protested. "Isn't that taking sides? It's precisely what the factory owners would want you to do."

"I cannot help that," replied the Colonel quietly, serene in his own virtue. "I am sworn to keep the peace—and Chief of Police Baxter will receive the aid of the Blossom Grays."

She strove desperately to control her dismay. Here was a case where open protest was useless. There were times when the Colonel would have his way if he went to Hades for it. One ray of light, however, broke in on her. "I know you have done the right thing," she complimented him; "but really, I don't see how you can expect to be reëlected mayor, for this act will antagonize all the workpeople in the city, and they are the majority of the voters."

The Colonel, having finished his coffee, rose, tall and slender and straight in his official Prince Albert.

"Nevertheless, I shall put myself in nomination," he firmly stated. "If I am defeated I shall remain right here, and run again and again until I am vindicated by a reelection!"

He took his customary carnation from its vase. He presented it, with a gallant bow, to the most charming woman in the world. She pinned it on his coat and gave him his customary kiss. "I am so proud of you, Watt!" she breathed into his ear.

III

CORDELIA sought Georgia Fleecer in a deliberative frame of mind. "I'm in desperate trouble, Georgia," she stated. "You'll have to drop everything and help me."

"I certainly will," promised Georgia readily, arranging the folds of her breakfast gown to make a prettier fall of lace. "Is it another birthday present to select?"

"Not quite so bad as that, thank goodness!" laughed Cordelia. "It's whether I shall have a black walking frock or not. I've always wanted one, you know; but I've never had the audacity to order it."

This being a really vital problem, Georgia, who had been preparing to arrange some flowers while she talked, sat down and pondered deeply. Was Cordelia really going in for that state presidency?

"Well, Mrs. Ayers always has a black walking frock, you know," she finally suggested, and both ladies were silent again.

"I'm afraid it might be too somber for me," decided Cordelia at last. "Mrs. Longmere Pierce rather frightened me away from beechnut brown; but, after all, that shouldn't make any difference to me here!"

Here? It was not like Cordelia to give up her plans so easily.

"Do you intend to remain at home this winter?" inquired Georgia, waiting.

"Watt's business affairs unfortunately compel us to stay in the city." And Cordelia blandly sniffed the fragrance of one of Georgia's roses.

Colonel Blossom's business affairs! Georgia knitted her brows for a second. Why, the Colonel had no business affairs! His income was as settled as the phases of the moon.

"How disappointing!" she sympathized. "I understand there is to be so much gayety at the state capital this winter."

"Yes," granted Cordelia listlessly. "However, Watt can't possibly consider it this year." She paused for effect, and then she added quietly: "He intends to run for mayor again, you know."

The glances the ladies cast into each other's eyes were void of expression, fleeting—almost furtive. They sat in silence for a full minute.

"I see," said Georgia with a sigh, and with a puckered brow. "Pardon me a moment, Cordelia." And she went upstairs to the telephone.

She caught Jim Fleecer at his office, where he sat in grave deliberation on the public weal, with fox-faced old Dan Dickson, the distressed leader of Colonel Watterson Blossom's noble old political party. They had been talking politics, as usual.

"Oh, hello, Gimcracks-and-Gewgaws," hailed Fleecer heartily, recognizing his wife's voice. "Yes, I mailed your letter. Got you that time—didn't I?"

"I'm so glad you didn't forget it," she replied, genuinely relieved. "Jim, Cordelia is downstairs."

"Oh, is she!" he grinned. "Well, what's my share in the frameup?"

"Ah, you're mean!" she charged him with an embarrassed little laugh. "Jim, the Colonel is going to run for mayor again." She was quite patient while he had his chuckle out.

"Chief of Police Baxter Has Accepted the Blossom Grays, With Instructions to Return to Our Pink Armory and Drink Tea Until Sent For"

"Wait till you get this and you'll choke, Dan," observed Jim in an aside to his fellow patriot. "Why, Tumpelly, what a cheerful way to start the morning!" he said into the 'phone. "No wonder you had a caller!"

"Cordelia is very much interested," went on Georgia, her friendly worry reflected in her voice. "Do you think the Colonel has any chance of reëlection?"

Jim threw his hat on his desk and ran his fingers through his hair while he laughed again.

"He has the chance of a crippled canary at a cat show!" he assured her.

"Thanks," Georgia told him happily, beginning to help Cordelia plan her campaign.

"Dan, take a good grip of your cigar, because I'm going to shock you feeble," advised Jim, hanging up the receiver. "Colonel Blossom says he's going to run again for mayor."

Dan Dickson, holding his faded brown derby in both hands, nearly pulled its brim off; and his fox-whiskered countenance turned purple. He choked for about two minutes, and then he called the last of the Virginia Blossoms by all the harsh names a distorted mind could invent or profanity could embellish.

"Why, Jim, that confounded old pinhead couldn't land a nomination with a whale-net! I wouldn't mention his name in the primaries without the ambulance corps handy! I hope he blisters himself to death!"

"You talk like a loose shutter," chided Fleecer with a happy grin. "You don't appreciate a good thing when you get it, Dan! The Colonel is a candidate without a flaw in his record."

Dan Dickson almost screeched in the violent knowledge of his wrongs.

"You handed us that dill!" he hotly charged. "My party waits sixteen years to get a crack at the crib—then you pass us an old squeeze like this and queer us forever! We elect him and gather round for our share of the gravy, and this infernal old icetank kicks us all off the back doorstep. We can't get near enough to a dollar to tell whether it's three-cornered or has warts. We ——"

The smile faded from Jim Fleecer's eyes, though it remained on his lips. He leaned forward with his big jaw protruding.

"Wait till you get outside to splatter!" he ordered. "I think I'll hand you the Colonel again."

Dan Dickson drew back and looked at him with terror-stricken eyes.

"I'll poison him first!" he viciously declared.

"Just look that way and breathe on him and you'll do it," commented Fleecer, studying curiously the wrath-wrought countenance of his political opponent. "Why, you anemic cheese, don't you remember my reason for giving you the Colonel in the first place? I wanted to cut the broken gears out of my own machine; so I framed up a defeat for myself and tossed you this nice old party, who was too innocent to do anything himself and too honest to let you do anything. He queered the whole game, just as I planned. I've built up an organization that's a hummer. This fall the Grand Old Party goes back, and you'll see a jubilee bonfire on every vacant lot."

Dan Dickson looked sadly into his hat.

"It was our only chance and we didn't cop a dollar," he spiritlessly mourned, coming back again and again to that unbelievable disaster.

"I always told you you were better off working in with me," Fleecer reminded him. "The trouble is, you're greedy. Your bunch want the pay of good men—and they haven't the ability; otherwise you'd be in control. Now, you're to be soaked this fall; so you might as well take the Colonel and be soaked good."

Even Dan Dickson laughed; but there was no mirth in it.

"We'll get it proper," he grimly decided. "The only voter in town the Colonel hasn't queered himself with is Watterson Blossom. If he ever had a chance he's scratched it in this strike. If he marches those Blossom Grays down into the tall-chimney zone, some lumpy-armed striker will toss a pebble through that cute little file of toy soldiers and break a hundred mothers' hearts."

Fleecer grinned at him contemplatively. "How you roughnecks do misjudge a clean collar!" he commented.

IV

GEORGIA FLEECER came down from the telephone in a thoroughly contented frame of mind.

"I've just been talking politics with Jim," she laughed. "From what he said, I gather that this will be a most disastrous year for any one in the Colonel's party."

"That's what Watt thinks," worried Cordelia. "I do wish he would stay out of politics this year."

"I shouldn't think a man like the Colonel would like it at any time," guessed Georgia. "In any event, a two years' rest from public office should be very agreeable to him."

"Yes, poor fellow, it is so wearing on him!" instantly agreed Cordelia. "I wish he would see the inadvisability of making this present campaign."

"You can go away for the winter anyhow," laughed Georgia—"that is, judging from what Jim says. Fate is in your favor."

"Not at all," protested Cordelia. "Either a defeat or a reelection would keep us here."

"I see," mused Georgia. "The Colonel must himself decline the nomination. Will you be in telephone reach after dinner?"

"I think I shall," returned Cordelia, much happier. The dimples flashed in her rounded cheeks.

When Jim Fleecer came home to dinner Georgia greeted him with a perfectly simple proposition.

"Jim, couldn't a renomination for mayor be offered to Colonel Blossom in such a way that he would decline it?" she triumphantly suggested.

"It's a good guess," he applauded. "I haven't fingers enough to count the ways that trick could be done, but he has to be induced to accept."

"I'm so sorry for Cordelia," regretted Georgia, still confident. "She's very much interested, because if the Colonel is to step out of public life she wants to go away for the winter; so of course she'd like to know."

Jim put his arm round Georgia's shoulders to lead her upstairs with him while he made ready for dinner.

"You can tell the Boss to make her Pullman reservations right now," he grinned. "The Colonel, right after election, will step out of public life with a loud squash!"

"But that won't do at all!" protested Georgia. "You see, to go away after a defeat would seem like running; so it must just be arranged to have him refuse a renomination."

Having reached a landing, Jim stood his wife against the wall and backed off to look at her.

"Now give me the secret facts," he demanded. "Why does Cordelia Blossom want to leave town?"

Georgia ensconced herself comfortably in the landing seat and laughed up at him.

"Because she wants to make a campaign for the presidency of the state Isis Club," she confessed. "That office is customarily bestowed only on ladies of social distinction who have a residence in the state capital."

"She's a star performer!" Jim admiringly commented. "If that little lady ever goes in for suffragetting I'll step out of politics. What do you get out of it?"

"Me!" the wife of the eminent gang leader rejoined, with widening eyes. "Why, Jim ——"

"What—do—you—get—out—of—it?" Jim Fleecer wanted to know, with a most aggravatingly confident grin.

"Well," she shyly admitted, "of course the local presidency will be vacated, and even if Clara Pikyune should care to try for the office I think that Cordelia's influence, added to the fact that I am fairly popular ——"

She left the remainder of that thought to be filled in by her astute husband, but she saw him turn suddenly grave.

"By George, I'm up against it, Tumpelly," he confessed, scratching his head in perplexity. "I guess you're right about the Colonel. His stubbornness makes the will of a mule as flabby as a fishworm. Elected or defeated, he'll stay right here and make a nuisance of himself; but, just the same, we have to have him at the head of his ticket."

Georgia's heart sank, but she did not entertain even the most remote idea of protest. The larger interest must rule. That was the friendly nature of the partnership between herself and Jim.

"How unfortunate for Cordelia!" she pondered.

"Well, yes; and it's rotten for you, Georgia girl. But we have to consider business. I can defeat his party for this time without the Colonel, but with him at the head of his ticket I can make it a mere fragrant memory."

V

THE ten thousand employees of the immense Taylor Manufacturing Company had been entitled to a vacation and diversion. They had worked for three years without a break; they had kept up the installment payments on their cottages with monotonous regularity, and life had become unbearably dull. In consequence one fine morning they demanded a ten-per-cent increase of pay—which they knew they would not get—and, being refused, defied the bloated oppressors of honest labor and walked out in a body.

The Taylor Manufacturing Company, refusing to be dictated to—by thunder!—imported all the broad-shouldered soldiers of fortune it could secure and prepared to do business at the old stand.

Every morning five thousand reckless workmen dashed by devious routes inside the Taylor Manufacturing Company's gates, assisted by ten thousand of the striking workmen, and the man who could not show a black eye or a dented scalp was accounted listless.

At first this was more or less a pastime; but the play began to be considered rough after three imported laborers had been killed, and the game, in place of being individual and desultory, became organized and kept scores. It was a different matter when bodies of fifty or more met in battle. It was so wasteful of building materials! Any contractor with a brickpile in that vicinity had to collect it every morning before he could start operations—and so many of the bricks were broken!

It was then that Chief of Police Ben Baxter increased his forces to the full limit allowed by law and coped with the situation! He massed groups of reserves in that direction, and every time there was an engagement a flying wedge of police appeared on the scene and stumbled over the bricks. The policemen sent the maimed to the hospital, turned in written reports, and were in other ways highly useful and amusing.

Unfortunately, however, the police reserves in time lost their tempers through having appeared on the scene too soon; and they "beat up" a few persons—strikers and strikebreakers impartially.

This put another face on the matter at once. The strikers and strikebreakers understood each other minutely, but they could not understand the interference of the police; so they joined forces and hammered every brass-buttoned minion of the law in reach. This constituted a condition of riot; and it was at this juncture that the chief executive of the city sent to Ben Baxter the pet young military organization that its name-father had fostered and armed and drilled.

With the band playing and banners flying, the Blossom Grays marched blithely down Main Street, round the Plaza, up Calhoun Avenue and across to the City Hall, where pink-cheeked young Captain Williamson halted his brave forces and clanked into the presence of the chief of police, whom he saluted.

"Chief Baxter, according to the orders of Mayor Blossom, I have the honor to offer you the services of the Blossom Grays as deputy police."

Ben Baxter was a two-foot-thick man, with a face the color of a copper kettle and a red mustache that jumped straight out, and he glared at neat little Captain Williamson standing there with his heels clicked together, and with a grim smile that was all snarl:

"All right, you're deputized!" he said. "Now go back to your little pink armory and drink tea till I send for you."

"Very well, sir," accepted Captain Williamson coolly, and saluted and wheeled, clanked out of the place and led his gallant troops back to the little pink armory, where they cursed Ben Baxter until they were tired—after which they inaugurated a pool tournament!

The mere news of their massing, however, was sufficient to settle the Colonel's status in the minds of all right-thinking people who made less than so much a week. He was, by birth and wealth and association, the friend of the classes and the enemy of the masses; a protector of monopolies and an oppressor of the poor; a supporter of imperialism and a foe to the proletariat—and he could not collect enough votes to be elected flycatcher!

VI

MAYOR WATTERSON BLOSSOM, sitting in his stiff mahogany chair at his stiff mahogany desk, viewed fat-lipped Joseph J. Taylor with a courtesy closely akin to aversion. Whatever else the man might be he was, at least, not fit company for gentlefolk!

"I understand you perfectly, sir," stated the Colonel coldly. "You take the city to be an employee of the Taylor Manufacturing Company."

Joseph J. Taylor was crude enough to lay his puffy fist on the edge of the Colonel's desk.

"I do not!" he expostulated. "I only expect the city to protect me in my rights as a citizen. I demand that my workmen be permitted to come to their place of employment without interference from loafers! I intend to have protection if I have to appeal to my friend, Governor Truckle, for state troops!"

A red flush stole up under Colonel Watterson Blossom's clean-shaved cheeks.

"This city is thoroughly adequate to take care of itself!" he asserted. "I have just added the Blossom Grays to the police department. However, Mr. Taylor, I have been investigating the merits of your strike. You should compromise."

Mr. Taylor, who had accumulated a vast fortune by standing out to the last for everything he could get, flushed purple.

"That is my business," he stated. "Colonel Blossom, from what I have heard of your justice, I expected you to take an absolutely non-partisan view of this affair. Will you protect my property rights or must I call on Governor Truckle?"

The Colonel had the hardest struggle of his life between his sense of pride and his sense of duty, and the red flush left his cheeks.

"I shall preserve the peace at all hazards!" he declared, talking laboriously past his Adam's apple.

A colored boy, with a nose that started at his ears, came into the private office and leaned over toward the Colonel.

"Mrs. Blossom, suh!" he announced with a white-toothed flash that followed the curve of his nose.

"Immediately, Jickey," ordered the Colonel, rising instantly. He stalked to the side door and opened it. "I believe our interview is over, Mr. Taylor," he hinted, bowing stiffly with his hand on the doorknob.

Mr. Taylor puffed out like a donkey-engine going down for another load, and the glare he cast at the Colonel would have melted a Bessemer furnace. It was characteristic of the Colonel that, after he had closed the door on Mr. Taylor, he opened the windows.

"The Blossom Grays are out, Watt!" exclaimed Cordelia, hurrying into the private office. "I just saw them leaving the City Hall. Has the situation become so serious?"

The Colonel placed the softest leather chair for his wife and pushed a footstool carefully under her feet.

"I should regard it so, particularly if you saw the Grays leaving the City Hall," he replied. "That should mean my boys have gone into action."

For a moment Mrs. Watterson Blossom forgot Cordelia. There was something in the thrill of that "my boys" which had originally attracted her to the Colonel.

"I do hope it's only a demonstration," she worried. "Young Captain Williamson and all his clean-looking soldiers were so nice that it seems a pity to mix them with those rough men."

"They can all shoot," proclaimed the Colonel proudly. "I taught them myself."

Jickey grinned his way into the room and leaned over the Colonel confidentially.

"Cap'n Williamson, suh!" he announced in the formula the Colonel had carefully taught him.

"With your permission, my dear," bowed the Colonel.

"I'll wait in the other room," offered Cordelia.

"By no means," insisted the Colonel—"that is, if you have no objection to meeting Captain Williamson."

"Show him in, Jickey," smiled Cordelia.

Captain Williamson, who revered a lady as a man with a mother should, nevertheless paid no attention to Cordelia Blossom until he had properly saluted his commanding officer; then he bowed to the fairest of her sex then present with the military grace found in the best fiction.

"I have the honor to report, sir," he stated, "that Chief of Police Baxter has accepted the Blossom Grays as deputy police, with specific instructions to return to our pink armory and drink tea until sent for."

Almost the Colonel had apoplexy.

"It is an insult!" he declared.

Both Cordelia and Captain Williamson feared some radical action,

(Continued on Page 38)

Supremely Happy in the Triumph of Justice

HIS MAJESTY BUNKER BEAN

By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

IX

THE evening of Bean's last day came. Breede, in a burst of garrulity, had said: "Had enough of this; go in town tomorrow!" The Flapper, and even the Demon, had seemed to be stirred by the announcement. Bean resolved to be more than ever on his guard. But they caught him fairly in the open.

"How do you like his hair parted that way in the middle?" demanded the Flapper with the calculating eye of one who ponders changes in a dwelling house.

"Um-m-m!" considered the Demon gravely. "Not bad. Still, perhaps ——"

"Exactly what I was thinking!" said the Flapper cordially. Then to Bean: "Which way?"

"Got to get off a bunch of telegrams," lied Bean.

"Oh, all right! We'll wait for you," said the Flapper. "Right there," she added, pointing to the most expensive pergola on the place.

In the dusk of an hour later he slunk stealthily down a rear stairway and made a cautious détour into the grounds. He earnestly meant to keep far from that pergola. Wait for him, would they? Well, he'd show them! Always spying on a man, hounding him! What business was it of theirs whether he had habits or not—any kind of habits?

But he was to find himself under a spell such as is said to bring the weak-willed bird to the serpent's maw. His traitorous feet dragged him toward the trap. The odor of a cigarette drew his revolted nostrils. He could hear the murmurous duet.

Talking about him! Of course! He would like to break in on them and for a little while be a certain Corsican upstart in one of his most objectionable moods. That would take them down a bit. But instead he became something entirely different. With the stealth of the red Indian he effaced himself against a background of well-groomed shrubbery and crept toward the murmur. At last he could hear words above the beating of his heart.

"How can you know?" the Demon was saying—"a child of your age?"

The Flapper's tone was calm and confident, as one who relates a phenomenon that has become a commonplace. "I knew it the very first second I ever saw him—something went over me just like that. I can't tell how, but I know."

"Well, how can you know about him?"

"Oh, him!" The words implied that the Flapper had waved a deprecating hand. "Why, I know about him in just the same way; you can't tell how. It comes over you."

The Demon: (A long-drawn) Um-m-m!

The Flapper: And he makes me perfectly furious sometimes too!

There was a stir as if they were leaving. Bean retreated a dozen feet before he breathed again. So that was their game, was it? He'd see about that!

He waited for them to emerge, but they had apparently settled to more of this high-handed talk. Then, like an icy wave to engulf him, came a name—"Tommy Hollins." It came in the Demon's voice, indistinguishable words preceding it. And in the Flapper's voice came "Tommy Hollins!" gently, caressingly, it seemed. In truth the Flapper had sniffed before uttering it, and the sniff had meant good-natured contempt; but Bean had lost the sniff.

Now he had it! Tommy Hollins! He identified the youth—a yellow-headed, pink-faced lout in flannels, who was always riding over and seemed to go in for nearly everything. He had detected a romping intimacy between the two. So it was Tommy Hollins. At once he felt a great relief; he need worry no longer over the singular attentions of this young woman. Let Tommy Hollins worry! He could admit now how grave had been his alarm. And there was nothing in it. He could meet her without being afraid. He was almost ready to approach them genially and pass an hour in light conversation. He advanced a few steps with this intention, but again came the voice of the Flapper, replying apparently to some unheard admonition. It came, cold and terrible:

"I don't care. I've got the right to choose the father of my own children!"

He blushed for this language—a blush he could feel mantling his very toes. He fled from there. He saw that the moment was not for light conversation. And even as he fled he caught the Demon's prolonged "Um-m-m!"

Yet when he left in the morning the Flapper lurked for him as ever, materializing from an apparently vacant corridor. He greeted her for the first time without ulterior questioning. He thought he liked her pretty well now. And she was undeniably good to look at in the white of her tennis costume. The hair, like Nap's spots in its golden brown, was filleted with a scarlet ribbon, and her eyes shone from her freshened face with an unwonted sparkle—decision, certitude, what was it? He deemed that he knew.

"How Can You Know?" the Demon Was Saying—"a Child of Your Age?"

"Tommy Hollins is coming to play," she vouchsafed in explanation of the racquet she carried. "Are you glad to go?"

"Glad to see my dog again." He smiled as a man of the world. He was on the verge of coquetry now that he knew it to be safe.

"We'll bring him along, too, next time."

"Oh, the next time!" He put it carelessly aside.

"You'll be out again soon enough. I simply know Pops is going to have another bad spell—in a week or so."

He could have sworn that the eyes of Breede's daughter gleamed with cold, anticipatory malice. He shuddered for Breede. And he wished Tommy Hollins well of his bargain. Flirt indeed! All alike!

"Chubbins!" called the unconscious father from afar.

"Yes, Pops!" She gripped his hand with a well-muscled fervor. "Oh, he'll have another in a little while, don't you worry!" And she was off, with this evil in her heart, to a father but now convalescent.

Marveling, he walked on to the Demon's ambuscade. She pounced upon him from behind a half-opened door:

"I want to say one word, young man. Oh, you needn't think I don't see the way things are going—I'm not blind if I am seventy-six! If you're the tender and innocent thing you say you are, you look out for yourself. I know you all! If you don't break out one time you do another. I'd a good deal rather you'd had it over before now and put it all behind you. Don't interrupt—but you're sound and clean as far as I can see and you've got a good situation. I don't say it couldn't be worse. But if you are—well, you see that you stay that way. Don't try to tell me. I've seen enough of men in my time."

He broke away from her at Breede's call. The Flapper jerked her head twice at him, very neatly, as the car passed the tennis courts. She was beginning a practice volley with Tommy Hollins, who was disporting himself on the court like a young colt.

"Chubbins!" he thought. Not a bad name for her, though it had come queerly from Breede. For the first time he was pricked with the needle of a suspicion that Hollins might not be the right man for the Flapper. Hearing her called Chubbins somehow made it seem different. Maybe Hollins, who seemed all of twenty, wouldn't "make her happy." He thought it was something that the family ought to consider very seriously. He was conscious of a willingness to consider it himself, as a friend of the family and a wellwisher of Chubbins.

. . . . . .

He was back in the apartment and in the presence of a document that swept his mind of all Breedes. Never had he in fancy ceased to be King Ramtah, cheated of historic mention because of his wisdom and goodness. He had looked commiseratingly upon Breede's country house, thinking of his own palace on the banks of the slow-moving Nile. "Probably made this place look like a shack!" he had exultantly thought. And the benign monarch had ended his reign in peace, to be laid magnificently away, to repose undisturbed while the sands drifted over him, *until* ——

The hour had come. "My men have succeeded after incredible hardships," wrote Professor Balthasar. "The goods will be delivered to you Thursday night, the tenth. I trust the final payment will be ready, as, relying on your honor, I have advanced ——"

The rest did not matter. His honor was surely to be relied upon. The money had been richly earned. An able man, this Balthasar! He had achieved the thing with admirable secrecy. Bean had feared the hounds of the daily press. They might discover who It was, to whom It was going—discover the true identity of Bunker Bean. The whole thing might come out in the papers! But Balthasar had known how. Bean approved the caution that had led him to speak of "the goods"; there was something almost witty about it.

He leaned far out a window, listening, straining his eyes up and down the lighted avenue. There was confusion in his mind as to how It could most fittingly be brought to him. The sable vision of a hearse drawn by four lordly black horses at first possessed his mind. But this was dismissed—there was no death! And the spectacle would excite comment. The idea of an ambulance, which he next considered, seemed equally impracticable. It would have to be done quietly; Balthasar would know. Trust Balthasar!

He heard the rhythmic clump-clump of a horse's hoofs on the asphalt pavement. This was presently accompanied by the sound of wheels. An express-wagon came under the street lights, Balthasar rode beside the driver. Back of them in the wagon he could distinguish the lines of an object. It had come to him in a common express-wagon, in a common crate, and the driver did not even wear a black mask. Balthasar had cunningly eluded detection by pretending there was nothing to conceal.

He drew back from the window and with fast-beating heart went to open the door. They were already on the stairway. Balthasar was coming first. With sublime effrontery he had impressed Cassidy to help carry It, and Cassidy was warning the expressman to look out for that turn "an' not tear inta th' plasther."

It was lowered to the floor in the throneroom. Cassidy and the expressman puffed freely and looked at the thing as if wondering how two men had ever been equal to it.

"'Twould be brickybac," said Cassidy gentally.

"That there hall's choked with dust," announced the expressman with seeming irrelevance.

"I noticed it meself," said Cassidy.

"Clogged me throat up fur fair," continued the expreer-man huskily.

"Pay the men liberally and let them be on their way," said Balthasar.

Bean pressed money upon both and they departed.

"You couldn't get me to do it again for twice the money," said Balthasar; "the nervous strain I've been under! A custom-house detective was on our trail, but one of my men took care of him—at a dark corner."

Bean shuddered.

"They didn't ——"

"Oh, nothing serious. He'll be as well as ever in a few days. Got a hatchet?" He gestured significantly toward the crate.

But this was too precipitate for Bean. He could not disinter himself—it seemed like that—under the eyes of Balthasar.

"Not now! Not now! You've done your part—here!" He passed Balthasar the check he had already written.

"I'll leave you then," said the professor. "But one thing: don't handle it much. It might disintegrate. I bid you farewell, my young friend."

Bean, at the door, listened to his descending steps. The professor was whistling. He recognized the air—Call Me Up Some Rainy Afternoon! It was a lively air, and the professor rendered it ably but quite softly.

The door locked, Bean was back staring at the crate that concealed his dead self. He was helpless before it. The fleshly tenement of a great king who had later flashed upon the world as Napoleon I and was now Bunker Bean! Could he bear to look? He trembled and knew himself weak. Yet it would be done sometime.

There was a vigorous knock at the door. All was discovered!

The crime of assault at the dark corner had been traced to his door. Balthasar had betrayed him. The Egyptian authorities had discovered their loss. The thing was there. He was caught red-handed.

He reached the door and cautiously opened it an inch. Cassidy stood there, armed with a hatchet. They would use violence!

"Hatchet!" said Cassidy, genially extending the weapon. He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. The aroma of beer stole into the room.

"F'r brox brickybac!" insinuated Cassidy.

"Thanks!" said Bean, accepting the tool.

"We kem frum th' sem County Mayo, him an' me," volunteered Cassidy. "G'night!"

Once more Bean faced the crate. It must be done at once. Discovery was too probable. Gingerly he forced the blade under one of the boards and pried. The nails screeched horribly as they were withdrawn. The task was simple enough; the crate was a flimsy affair to have withstood so difficult a journey. But after each board was removed he peered to the street from behind the closed blind, half expecting to find policemen drawn to the spot.

A smoothly packed layer of excelsior greeted his eyes. It was rather reassuring. He felt that he might be unpacking any casual object. Exposed at last was the wooden case that enveloped him!

Awestruck, he looked down at it for a long time. He recognized the workmanship, having seen a dozen such in the museum in the park. He knelt by it and ran a reverent hand over its painted surface. In many colors were birds and beasts and men in profile; queer marks that he knew to be picture writing; processions of slaves and oxen, reapers and water-bearers. The tints were fresh under their overlying lacquer. There was even a smell of varnish. He wondered if the contents—if It—were in the same remarkable state of preservation. He rapped on the thin wood; it was cedar, he thought, or perhaps sycamore. The sound was musical, resonant; the same note that had vibrated how many thousands of years before!

"If You're the Tender and Innocent Thing You Say You are, You Look Out for Yourself"

Nap came up to smell, seeming to suspect that the box might contain food. He stretched his forepaws to the top of the case and betrayed eagerness.

"Napoleon!" cried Bean sternly, putting the dog's complete name upon him for the first time. He was banished to his couch and made to know that leaving it would entail unpleasantness.

The thought of the Corsican came back with a new significance. In that embodiment he had felt, perhaps dimly recalled, his Egyptian life. Had he not been drawn irresistibly to Egypt? "In the shadow of the Pyramids," he had read in a history, "the conqueror of Italy dreamed of the pomp and power of a crown and scepter, and, upon his return to France from the Egyptian expedition, with characteristic energy he set himself to work to bring the dream to pass." It was plain enough. He knew now the inner meaning of that engraving he had bought, in which Napoleon stood in rapt meditation before the Sphinx. They had all—king, emperor, Bean—been dreamers that brought their dreams to pass. He mused long, staring down at the case—a queerly shaped thing, fashioned to follow the lines of the human form. From the neck the shoulders rounded gracefully. They might have been cut to give the wearer the appearance of perfect physical development; at least they seemed to fit him neatly.

It occurred to Bean that the case should not lie prone. It suggested death where death was not. He pulled out more excelsior until he could raise the case. It was surprisingly light, and he leaned it upright against the wall. He now tried to pretend that everything was over. He gathered boards, excelsior and the crate and piled them in the kitchenette, which they approximately filled.

But inevitably he was brought back. He stood with hands upon the cover of the upreared case, drew a long, shivering breath and gently lifted it off. His eyes were upon the swathed figure within; then slowly they crept up the yellowed linen and came to rest upon the bared face.

He had tried feebly to prefigure this face, but never had his visioning approached the actual in its majestic, still beauty. The brow was nobly broad, the nose straight and purposeful, the chin bold yet delicate. The grimness of the mouth was relieved by a faint lift of the upper lip, perhaps an echo of the smile with which he greeted death. There was a gleam of teeth from under the lip. The eyes had closed peacefully; the lids lay light upon their secrets as if they might flutter and open again. On cheek and chin was a discernible growth of dark beard; the hair above the brow was black and abundant. It was a kingly face—a face of command, though benign. It was all too easy to believe that a crown had become it well. And there had been no weakening at the end, no sunken cheeks or hollowed temples. The lines were full. The general color was of rich red mahogany.

He ran a tremulous hand over the face, smoothed the thick hair, fingered the firm lips that almost smiled. Under the swathing of linen he could see where the hands were folded on the breast. Low down on the right jaw was unmistakably a mole—a thing that had strangely survived on Bean's own face.

Again he ran a hand over the features, then a corroborating hand over his own. Intently and long he studied each detail—nostrils, eyebrows, ears, hair, the tips of the just-revealed teeth.

"Lord!" he breathed. It was hardly more than a whisper and was uttered in all reverence.

Then, "Lord, how I've changed!"

x

ON THE following afternoon among the Sunday throng in the Metropolitan Museum of Art a slender young man of inconsiderable stature, alert as to movement but with an expression of absent dreaming, might have been observed giving special attention to the articles in those rooms devoted to ancient Egypt. Doubtless, however, no one did observe him more than casually, for though of singularly erect carriage he was garbed inconspicuously in neutral tints, and his behavior was never such as to divert attention from the surrounding spoils of the archeologist.

Had his mind been as an open book he would surely have become a figure of interest. His mental attitude was that of a professional beauty of acknowledged preeminence. He was comparing the self at home in the mummy-case with the remnants of other kings there exposed under glass, and he was sniffing in spirit at their lack of kingly dignity and their inferior state of preservation. Their wooden cases were often marred, faded, broken. Their shrouding linen was frayed and stained. Their features were unimpressive and in too many instances shockingly incomplete. They looked very little like kings, and the laudatory recitals of their one-time greatness, translated for the contemporary eye, seemed to be only like the vaporings of third-class pugilists.

"Pay the Man Liberally and Let Them Be on Their Way," Said Balthasar

Sneering openly at a damaged Pharaoh of the fourth dynasty, he reflected that some day he would confer upon that museum a relic transcending all others. He saw it enshrined in a room by itself; it should never be sullied by association with those rusty cadavers. This would be when he had passed on to another body in accordance with the law of Karma. He would leave a sum to the museum authorities specifically to build this room, and to it would come thousands for a glimpse of the superior Ramtah, last king of the predynastic period, surviving in a state calculated to impress every beholder with his singular merits. Ramtah, cheated of his place in history's pantheon, should here at last come into his own, serene, beauteous, majestic, looking every inch a king where mere Pharaohs looked like—like the coffee-stained, untidy fragments they were.

He left the place in a tolerant mood. He had weighed himself with the other great dead of the world.

That night he sat again before this old king, staring until he lost himself, staring as he had before stared into the depths of his shell. The shell, when he had looked steadily at it for a long time, had always seemed to put him in close touch with unknown forces. He had once tried to explain this to his Aunt Clara, who understood nearly everything, but his effort had been clumsy enough and had brought her no enlightenment. "You look into it and you have emotions" was all he had been able to tell her.

But the shell was now discarded for the puissant person of Ramtah. The message was more pointed. Bean drew power from the old dead face that seemed so living. He was himself a wise and good king. No longer could he play the coward before trivial adversities. He would direct large affairs; he would live big. Never again would he be afraid of death or Breede or policemen or the mockery of his fellows—or women! He might still avoid the latter, but not in terror—only in a dignified dread lest they talk and spoil it all.

He would choose in due time a worthy consort, and a certain crown prince would in further due time startle the world with his left-handed pitching. It was a prospect all golden to dream upon. His spirit grew tall and its fiber toughened.

To be sure, he did not achieve a kingly disregard for public opinion all in one day. There was the matter of that scarlet cravat. Monday morning he excavated it from the bottom of the trunk, where it lay beside Napoleon, Man and Lover. He even adjusted it, carelessly pretending that it was just any cravat, the first that had come to hand. But its color was still too alarming. It—so he usually thought of the great Ramtah—would have worn the cravat without a tremor, but It had been born a king. One glance at the thing about his neck had vividly recalled the awkward circumstance that, to the world at large, he was still Bunker Bean, a youth incapable of flaunt or flourish.

Let it not be thought, however, that his new growth showed no result aboveground. He purchased and wore that very morning a cravat not entirely red, it is true, but one distinguished by a narrow red stripe on a backing of bronze, which the clerk who maneuvered the sale assured him was tasty. Also he commanded a suit of clothes of a certain light check, in which the Bean of uninspired days would never have braved public scrutiny. Such were the immediate and actual fruits of Ramtah's influence.

There were other effects perhaps more subtle. Performing his accustomed work for Breede that day, he began to study his employer from the kingly or Ramtah point of view. He conceived that Breede in the time of Ramtah would have been a steward, a keeper of the royal granaries, a dependable accountant; a good enough man

in his lowly station, but one who could never rise. His laxness in the manner of dress was seen to be ingrained, an incurable defect of soul. In the time of Ramtah he had doubtless worn the Egyptian equivalent for detached cuffs, and he would be doing the like for a thousand incarnations to come. All too plainly Breede's Karmic future promised little of interest. His degree of ascent in the human scale was hardly perceptible.

Bean was pleased at this thought. It left him in a fine glow of superiority and sharpened his relish for the mad jest of their present attitudes, a jest demanding that he seem to be Breede's subordinate.

Naturally this was a situation that would not long endure. It was too preposterous. Money came not only to kings, but to the kingly. He troubled as little about details as would any other king. Were there not steel kings and iron kings, railway kings and oil kings—even money kings? He thought it was not unlikely that he would first engage the world's notice as an express king. He had received those fifty shares of stock from Aunt Clara and regarded them as a presage of his coming directorship. But he took no pride in this thought. Baseball was to be his life work. He would own one major-league team at least; perhaps three or four. He would be known as the baseball king and the world would forget his petty triumphs as director of the express company.

He deemed it significant that the present directors of that same Federal Express Company one day held a meeting in Breede's office. It showed, he thought, how life worked round. The thing was coming to his very door. With considerable interest he studied the directors as they came and went. Most of them, like Breede, were men whose wealth the daily press had a habit of estimating in rotund millions. He regarded them knowingly, thinking he could tell them something that might surprise them. But they passed him, all unheeding, moneyed-looking men of good round girth, who seemed to have found the dollar game worth while.

The most of them, he was glad to note, were in dress slightly more advanced than Breede. One of them—a small but important-looking old gentleman with a purple face and a white parted beard—became on the instant Bean's ideal for correctness. From his gray spats to his top hat he was "dignified yet different," although dressing, for example, in a more subdued key than Bulger. Yet he was a constantly indignant-looking old gentleman and Bean guessed that he would be a troublemaker on any board of directors. It seemed to him that he would like to take this person's place on the board; oust him in spite of his compelling garments.

And Breede would know then that he was something more than a machine. On the whole he felt sorry for Breede at times. Perhaps he would let him have a little of the baseball stock.

So he sat and dreamed of his great past and of his brilliant future. Perhaps, after all, Bean as the blind poet had been not the least authentic of Balthasar's visions.

And inevitably he encountered the Flapper in this dreaming; Chubbins, he liked to call her. More and more he was suspecting that Tommy Hollins was not the man for Chubbins. He would prefer to see her the bride of an older man, two or three or even four years older, who was settled in life. A young girl—a young girl's parents—couldn't be too careful.

He was not for many days at a time deprived of the sight of the young girl in question. She had formed a habit of calling for her father at the close of his day's hard work. And she did not wait for him in the big car; she sat in his office, where, after she had inquired solicitously about his poor foot, she settled her gaze upon Bean. And Bean no longer evaded this gaze. She was a clever, attractive little thing and he liked her well. He thought of things he would tell her for her own good at the first opportunity.

He wondered guiltily when Breede's next attack might be expected, and he had a lively impression that the Flapper, too, was more curious than alarmed about this. He seemed to feel that she was actually wishing to be told things by him for her own good.

However that may be, his next summons to the country place came without undue delay, and it is not at all improbable that Breede fell a victim to what the terminology of one of our most popular cults identifies as "malicious animal magnetism."

On this occasion he was not oppressed by those attentions which the Flapper and Grandma the Demon still bestowed upon him. Where he had once fled, he now put himself in the way of them. He listened with admirably simulated interest to Grandma's account of the suffrage play for which she was rehearsing. She was to appear in the mob scene. He was certain she would lend vivacity to any mob. But he was glad that the Flapper was not to appear. Voting and smashing windows were bad enough.

He tried at first to talk to the Flapper about Tommy Hollins, whom he airily designated as "that Hollins boy." It seemed to be especially needed, because the Hollins boy arrived after breakfast every day and left only in the late afternoon. But the Flapper declined, nevertheless, to consider him as meat for serious converse.

Bean considered that this was sheer flirting, whereupon he flung principle to the winds and flirted himself.

"You show signs of life," declared Grandma, who was quick to note this changed demeanor. And Bean smirked like a man of the world.

"She never set her mind on anything yet that she didn't get it," added Grandma, naming no one. "She's like her father there."

And Bean strolled off to enjoy a vision of himself defeating her purpose to ensnare the Hollins youth. Once he would have considered it crass presumption, but that was before a certain sarcophagus on the left bank of the Nile had been looted of its imperial occupant. Now he merely recalled a story about a King Cophetua and a beggar maid. It was a comparison that would have intensely interested the Flapper's mother, who was this time regarding Bean through her glazed weapon as if he were some queer growth the head gardener had brought from the conservatory.

Grandma the Demon deftly probed his past for affairs of the heart. She pointedly had him alone, and her intimation was that he might talk freely as to a woman of understanding and broad sympathy. But Bean made a wretched mess of it from beginning to end.

"How I've Changed!"

Certainly there had been affairs. There was the girl in Chicago two doors down the street, whom he had once taken to walk in the park, but only once, because she talked; the girl in the business college, who had pretty hair and always smiled when she looked at him; and another who, he was almost sure, had sent him an outspoken valentine—yes, there had been plenty of girls, but he hadn't bothered much about them.

And Grandma, plainly incredulous, averred that he was too deep for her. Bean was on the point of inventing a close acquaintance with an actress, which he considered would be scandalous enough to compel a certain respect he seemed to find lacking in the old lady, but he saw quickly that she would confuse and trip him with a few questions. He was obliged to content himself with looking the least bit smug when she said:

"You're a deep one—too deep for me!"

He tried hard to look deep and at least as depraved as the conventions of good society seemed to demand.

He was beginning to enjoy the sinful thing. The girl was, of course, plighted to the Hollins boy, and yet she was putting herself in his way. Very well! He would teach her the danger of playing with fire. He would bring all of his arts and wiles to bear. True, in behaving thus he was conscious of falling below the moral standards of a wise and good king who had never stooped to baseness of any sort. But he was now living in a different age, and somehow ——

"I'm a dual nature," he thought. And he applied to himself another phrase he seemed to recall from his reading of magazine stories. "I've got the artistic temper!" This, he gathered, was held to explain if not to justify many departures from the conventional in affairs of the heart. It was a kind of licensed madness. Endowed with the artistic temper, you were not held accountable when you did things that made plain people gasp. That was it! That was why he was carrying on with Tommy Hollins' girl and not caring what happened.

In his times of leisure they walked through the shaded aisles of those too-well-kept grounds, or they sat in seats of twisted iron and honored the setting sun with their notice. They did not talk much, yet they were acutely aware of each other. Sometimes the silence was prolonged to awkwardness, and one of them would jestingly offer a penny for the other's thoughts. This made a little talk, but not much, and sometimes increased the awkwardness; it was so plain that what they were thinking of could not be told for money.

They did tell their wonderful ages and their full names and held their hands side by side to note the astonishing differences between the lines. A palmist had revealed something quite amazing to the Flapper, but she refused to tell what it was—refused with a significance that left Bean in a tumultuous and pleasurable whirl of cowardice. Their hands flew apart rather self-consciously. Bean felt himself a scoundrel, leading on a young thing like that who was engaged to another. It was flirting of the most reprehensible sort. But there was his dual nature; a strain of the errant Corsican had survived to debauch him.

And if she didn't want to be led on, he thought indignantly, why did she so persistently put herself in the way of it? She was always there! Serve her right then! Serve the Hollins boy right too!

Grandma eyed them shrewdly with her Demon's glance of questioning, but did nothing to keep them apart. On the contrary, she would often brazenly leave them together after conducting them to remote nooks. She made no flimsy excuses. She seemed indifferent to the fate of this tender bud, left at the mercy of one whom she affected to regard as a seasoned roué.

There were four days of this regrettable philandering. On the fifth Breede manifested alarming symptoms of recovery. He ceased to be the meek man he was under actual suffering and was several times guilty of short-worded explosions that should never have reached the ears of good women.

Said the Flapper in tones of genuine dismay that evening:

"I'm afraid Pops is going to be well enough to go to town tomorrow!"

Even Grandma, pacing a bit of choice turf near at hand, rehearsing her lines in the mob scene, was shocked at this.

"You are a selfish little pig!" she called to the Flapper.

"But he will have to go away if Pops goes," said the Flapper in magnificent extenuation.

The words told. Grandma seemed to see things in a new light.

"You come with me," she commanded, "both of you."

Ahead of them she led the way to that pergola where Bean had once overheard their talk.

"Sit down," said Grandma, and herself sat between them.

"You are a couple of children," she began accusingly. "Why, when I was your age——" She broke off suddenly and for some moments stared into the tracery of vines.

"When I was your age," she began once more, but in a curiously altered voice—"Lord! What a time of years!" She spoke slowly, softly, as one who would evoke phantoms. "Why, at your age," she turned slightly to the Flapper, "I'd been married two years and your father was crawling about under my feet as I did the housework."

She was still, looking intently ahead to make her vision alive.

"What a time of years and how different! Sixty years ago—why, it seems further back than Noah's ark. The log

(Continued on Page 44)

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Who Pays the Bills?

THERE was a good deal of conservation talk during the campaign, but not much was said on the subject of stopping a yearly waste of three or four or five hundred million dollars caused by politics.

Some time ago Senator Aldrich, who knew as much about the Federal Government as anybody, startled the country by declaring that the Government was wasting three hundred million dollars a year. Later, President Taft appointed an Economy and Efficiency Commission to study the subject. Recently the able chairman of the commission, after extensive inquiry, asserted that Senator Aldrich's statement was by no means so wide of the mark as many people had supposed. By ten years' persistent effort to establish businesslike methods at Washington, something like the sum named might, he thinks, be saved.

Now three hundred millions is approximately a third of the Federal Government's gross revenue, and there is every reason to assume that state and city governments on the whole are as wasteful as Uncle Sam. There is no late official summary of the gross revenue collected yearly by the various state and minor governments, but it has been estimated at approximately two thousand million dollars. If you add a thousand millions for the Federal Government and take thirty per cent of the total, you have the staggering sum of nine hundred million dollars, and the still more staggering suggestion that we waste in politics considerably more than the total value of the wheat crop. Cut that figure in half, and you still have an annual waste more than sufficient to support all the public schools in the United States.

And this waste is almost wholly due to politics in government. Efficiency commissions from now to the end of time will never stop it until the running of the Government is regarded as a business, with the tenure of office and promotions dependent solely upon merit.

The Rival Tobacco Kings

EVERYTHING is bound to be quite right in the tobacco trade, now that D. G. Reid and H. C. Frick, of the Steel Trust, President Ryan, of the Amalgamated Copper Company, President Hine, of the First National Bank of New York, President Prosser, of the Liberty National, Vice-President Cochran, of the Astor Trust Company, and a number of other determined friends of industrial democracy, have come to the rescue by organizing an independent and competing cigarette company. The promising infant is capitalized at fifty million dollars, and its sponsors collectively are good at the bank for several times that sum.

The official explanation of the motive for organizing this new concern is both simple and convincing. The old Tobacco Trust controlled eighty or ninety per cent of the trade and was excessively profitable; but, after it resolved itself into a number of separate and competing units in compliance with the Supreme Court's decree, it became more profitable than ever, as the market price of its stocks showed. Perceiving that competition enhanced the profits of the business, Messrs. Frick, Reid and Ryan sagely concluded that the more competition there was, the more profitable the business would be; and so they started their own competitive concern. That sounds reasonable—only, if competition increases the manufacturer's profits how does it benefit the consumer?

We have pointed out before that every trust always faces potential competition. If its prices are so unreasonably high that much profit may be made by competing with it, a competitor will eventually be found. We may also point out that this competitor of the Tobacco Trust is itself what many persons would call a trust. Only an organization of trust size and power could compete; but we do not believe competition in tobacco will last much beyond the point where the competitors come to a realization that greater profit can be made by combining.

The Costly Plum Tree

IN SPITE of civil-service reform, the spoils system is pretty largely in control of the Federal Government, and virtually in complete control of many state governments. Naturally heads of departments, who are the president's political advisers, change with a new Administration; but many subordinates in the most responsible positions, who ought to stand or fall solely by the value of their work, are turned out for political reasons. Civil-service rules protect the clerk in his humble job, but not in his ambition to reach the more responsible position that is still a spoil of politics. Marshals, revenue officers and postmasters by the thousand are appointed because of their politics, or fail of reappointment on the same ground. The public is taught to regard Government office as a "plum," to be won by political service. The same rule obtains in state and city. Deputy treasurers, assistant auditors, gamewardens and oil inspectors get and hold their jobs through politics. Citizen Jones, of Oskamoosa, is congratulated and envied by his fellow townsmen upon having landed the fish inspectorship—because it pays more than he could earn in any other way by the same effort.

There will be no genuine or lasting economy and efficiency until the spoils idea is extirpated; and our civil-service reform, so far, has merely scratched the surface. As long as thousands of purely administrative offices, including most of the more responsible ones, are plums of politics, government in nation and state will cost hundreds of millions more than it should. When an ambitious village postmaster has the same chance to become a city postmaster that an ambitious village station agent has to become a city station agent we shall have economical and efficient government—but not before.

Women's Heartless Reading

WOMEN, we learn with pleasure, no longer read love stories. "Fiction is declining, and more serious books, generally of a sociological character, are taking its place," says the New York Times' review of autumn publications. For a long time this tendency has been evident. In publishers' lists, works on economics, socialism, hygiene, eugenics, crowd into the leading place once reserved for novels. A collection of this year's titles would contain more references to ballots than to courtship. In the year's literary output you would find the word "sirloin" repeated more often than "heart."

Women have always been the best bookbuyers; so the explanation is obvious. "The suffrage movement is largely responsible for increased interest in public problems," observes a prominent publisher. "Women are reading serious books; they are keenly interested in all public problems, all social conditions. Whatever the suffrage movement may do in the future, it has already done that."

The novel, at its best, has always been more or less a social survey; but if the suffrage movement has really somewhat weaned women from love stories it has thereby abundantly justified itself. It is doubtful whether women should read love stories anyway. The younger ones are too much love stories already, and the older can probably extract more useful inspiration from other sources. Telling a woman that a maiden's heart burns when her lover appears can scarcely help her, for she knows that; but directing her thoughtful attention to the heartburn which is a sign of indigestion may make her a better cook.

Personally, however, we have a suspicion that the magazines have prepared an audience, both male and female, for books of a sociological character.

Blue Sky Laws Needed

FROM Eastern bondhouses we hear considerable criticism of Kansas' famous Blue Sky Law; but most of it goes wide of the mark by assuming that the Eastern States, in legislating against fake stock swindlers, must copy the Kansas model. Naturally the Kansas law, though it works admirably in that state, would need modification for communities where a great and complex investment business exists.

Nobody wants a state functionary to sit in judgment upon investments brought out by J. P. Morgan & Company or the National City Bank. True, those institutions might float issues that would turn out unsatisfactorily; but Kansas never dreamed that infallibility in business judgment could be procured by an act of legislature. The object is to bar so-called securities that are offered with the plain intent to defraud or deceive, and that can be secured in New York, with its thousands of millions of investment business, as well as in Kansas.

The first question is as to the record and reputation of the men behind the enterprise, and of the men who are offering its securities to the public. Certainly the state that cannot frame a law and get a commissioner who will draw the line between a reputable bondhouse and the wildcat financial corporation must be badly off for legislative and administrative talent.

Blue Sky Laws are aimed at swindlers, and the mere fact that a law is aimed at them will discourage nine stock swindlers out of ten. The Post-Office Department has done much to keep fake stock thieves from using the mails, without in any way hampering legitimate investment business. A Blue Sky Law must provide severe penalties and vest considerable discretion in the officials charged with its enforcement; but it need not burden honest business. It wouldn't hurt Morgan or the City Bank to register and receive a state license as dealers in securities, or to file a statement describing any new issue brought out by them. We are convinced that any state can have an effective Blue Sky Law without hurting legitimate investment.

Food for Balkan Powder

BULGARIA, Servia, Greece and Montenegro about equal the state of New York in total population and possibly Oklahoma in total wealth. Their combined revenues fall much below the yearly receipts of a first-class American railroad system, and the sum of their exports and imports is barely ten per cent of Belgium's foreign trade, though they considerably exceed Belgium in population. Yet in October, according to the cables, these four states had nearly four hundred thousand soldiers in the field—over three times as many as France sent to Waterloo, and virtually equal to the combined French and Prussian forces at the most important battle of the Franco-Prussian War. This is a much larger force than the Northern states, with twenty million inhabitants, were able to send to the front in the spring of 1861; and as Turkey will doubtless match soldier for soldier we may eventually see battles of the dimensions of Gettysburg.

This illustrates that the first and last thing any nation can do is to fight. The Sick Man of Europe has waged an unsuccessful war with Italy for many months; but, when this Balkan trouble became so acute that Turkey was confronted with a second war, Turkish government bonds sold only about five points below the best price of recent years. The Sick Man might be defeated abroad, distracted at home, and stone broke; yet he could manage to scrape up a few hundred thousand soldiers and a few million pounds Turkish for further military purposes.

We think poorly of elaborate "preparedness for war" among men. It is too much like going to enormous trouble and expense in order to secure preparedness for biting among dogs. When Montenegro, with the area of a trans-Missouri county, the population of a New York City ward, and the wealth of one medium-sized coal mine, puts thirty thousand men on the firing line, it is time to preach preparedness for peace.

Lo, the Poor Astors!

VERY likely the junior branch of the Astor estate has been transmitted in bulk to a single beneficiary for the last time. The preliminary inventory shows a total value of seventy-eight million dollars, of which, under the will, sixty-eight millions go in a block to William Vincent Astor. It is well understood there is no natural right of transmitting property by will. Colonel Astor bequeathed this estate and his son received it only by permission of society; and if the young man reaches the normal expectancy of life we hardly believe society at that time will be granting permission for a similar transaction. True the estate paid an inheritance tax of three million dollars—considerably less than a year's income; but that is a low price for permission to perpetuate so anti-democratic and anti-social an institution as the Astor fortune. It is perfectly feasible, constitutional and just to frame such an inheritance tax that the cost of handing on a huge estate to a single beneficiary would be prohibitive, thereby compelling the testator to split it up.

We believe everybody should have every encouragement to produce as much wealth as possible; but endowing a young man with a great fortune is not a good way to make him a productive member of society. We do not think any one's productive capacity would be lessened by forbidding him to bequeath sixty million dollars, or even twenty, to an individual. The original John Jacob Astor would have pursued the fur trade just as assiduously if he had known he could not transmit his Manhattan farms to a single heir.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Dignity Rewarded

A DIGNIFIED subject must be approached with dignity. And who can deny that the Honorable Whitelaw Reid, at present and until next March at the very least our ambassador at the Court of St. James, is dignified? He has position, he has money, he has whiskers—the three vital elements of true dignity. Also, he has recently returned to this country in a dignified manner, which fact gives him a place among the events of current interest, though it is scarcely compatible to class him as an event. He is more of a result. Indeed, it would be just to refer to him as a sequel. Perhaps duration would be better. It is, distinctly! The Honorable Whitelaw Reid is a duration.

Is not that a dignified approach? It is. It disposes of any thought that Mr. Reid is episodic in character, gives him an atmosphere that abides, endows him with that rare quality of immutability, and hints tactfully at his permanence. The Honorable Whitelaw Reid is more than an ambassador. He is an institution. Just what the Republican party, now approaching dissolution, would have done without the Honorable Whitelaw Reid is as impossible of conjecture as is the surmise that exists on the other hand and embodies the inquiry: What would the Honorable Whitelaw Reid have done without the Republican party?

Together they have accomplished much—much for the party and much for the Honorable Whitelaw. But always in a dignified manner. Make no mistake about that. To be sure, when the Honorable Whitelaw first began to do things for the Republican party and the party first began to do things for the Honorable Whitelaw, there was not so much dignity as was later attained, because the jobs were smaller of necessity; and no small job can be as dignified as a big one, as is well known. But, such as they were, they were secured in a dignified manner, and held likewise.

Years ago—years and years and years ago—when the question of reward for party services was being separated into its component parts and the various hires allotted to the various laborers, it was agreed and came to be the custom that the way to pay an editor for his service in extolling one party and its candidates and deprecating the other party and its candidates was to send the editor abroad whenever his party came into power. The philosophy of this was never quite apparent, for it would seem that if an editor was of service in getting a party into power he would be doubly efficient if he stayed at home and helped to keep that party in power; but the patronage providers apparently did not think so, and they shipped editor after editor away as consuls and ministers, and later, when we grew up a bit, as ambassadors. Many and many an editor has flourished for a brief day at a foreign court, or has let his consular clerks do the work for him while he spent the salary investigating the various aspects of such territory as could be reached handily.

Jacob or Joseph Lost or Mislaid

THE acute appreciation of foreign affairs long noted in the American press is largely due to this fact. Not a few scathing editorials concerning the Sublime Porte have been scathing because the editor once had a consular job in the East and knew of conditions at first hand, making excellent use of his knowledge after his term had expired and being reasonably immune from criticism, inasmuch as it is always safe to attack the Sublime Porte, as it is safe to tell the burning truth about the Standard Oil Company.

Now Whitelaw Reid is an editor. He has been an editor all his life. So early as 1858 and 1859 he edited the News at Xenia, Ohio, and since that time, except for two years when he essayed cotton-planting in Louisiana, he has been on the tripod—not actually on the tripod, of course, but his main lines of endeavor have been editing and ambassadoring. And the reason he has been so frequently put forth in an ambassadorial sense is because he primarily had that editorial qualification. Seeking recognition from his party, he was accorded the editorial acknowledgment usually made and provided.

Xenia, Ohio, is notable for several things, but for nothing so notable as this—Xenia, Ohio, is the birthplace of Mr. Reid. The late Charles A. Dana used to make merry over the claim that when Mr. Reid lived and labored in Xenia he was Jacob Whitelaw Reid—or was it Joseph?—but that disturbed nobody—least of all Mr. Reid. And as it seemed to please Mr. Dana there was no complaint. At any rate, Mr. Reid, whatever he may have been christened, was born in Xenia on October 27, 1837, and, as narrated, edited the Xenia News in 1858 and 1859.

The Man Who Put Xenia on the Map

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

It may be recalled by some of our older citizens that a certain war began in 1861, and it was most natural that the young Xenia editor should go to that war as a war correspondent. He was selected by the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette as one of its staff at the front and served as an aide to Generals Morris and Rosecrans while in the field. Presently he was sent to Washington by the Cincinnati paper and became a Washington correspondent. By this time he was far enough along in his chosen line of endeavor to begin realizing on his efforts, and he had himself made clerk of the Military Affairs Committee of the House of Representatives, and later librarian of the House, where the duties were not so arduous and the salary was a trifle more adequate.

Along about this time he received his call back to the land. Every man who writes for a living is imperatively called back to the land at one time or another, and most of those who listen are landed back to the place where the call was originally heard in short spaces of time—that is, they try it and then return to their desks. It was so with the cotton planter. He tried it for two years, 1866 and 1867, and then he resumed his career and laid the foundations for his various ambassadorships, the real foundations. Horace Greeley summoned him to come to the Tribune in New York. He came. He has been there ever since. It was inevitable, as some other things I have pointed out, that Reid would become an ambassador. That was his fate.

From Xenia to Dorchester House

GREELEY ran for president in 1872 against General Grant. He was defeated and died. Soon after Greeley's death it was announced that Whitelaw Reid had become chief owner of the Tribune, and such was the fact. Mr. Reid picked the late D. O. Mills as a father-in-law. This helped to a marked extent. Also, he had been a Republican and presently was to collect what the party owed him.

They tried to give him the ministry to Germany—before the important foreign representatives of this country had reached their full importance—tried to tempt him in 1877 and again in 1881; but he refused. He was saving himself for a real place. The opportunity came in 1889 and he was sent to France as minister there. He remained until 1892. That was the year when the Republican party undertook to reëlect Benjamin Harrison, and Mr. Reid was nominated for the vice-presidential office.

The results of that 1892 election, from a Republican viewpoint, have been sufficient to bring on a most violent attack of shuddering whenever considered. The details are unnecessary. Suffice it to say, Mr. Reid never acted as president of the Senate. But that matters not, for the subsequent election of Mr. McKinley as President of the United States brought Mr. Reid into full bloom as an ambassador. He was special ambassador to England when Queen Victoria held her diamond jubilee, a member of the Spanish-American Peace Commission in 1898, and special ambassador to the coronation of King Edward in 1902.

These were merely preliminary experiences and emoluments. The real reward came in 1905 when Mr. Reid was made ambassador to the Court of St. James and the United States came into its rightful position in Great Britain. Fully cognizant of what was required of him, Mr. Reid proceeded to the seat of the Court of St. James, which is London, England, and looked about. Inasmuch as he was the first ambassador to Great Britain we had had for some time who had been endowed with position, with money and with whiskers, he sought a suitable setting for all three, and hired Dorchester House, which is by way of being a large stone building approximating a castle, on a fashionable street and has a total population of the Reids and more servants than Xenia, Ohio, would consider possible to collect in one place.

Since that time we have had a most acceptable position in England; for, in addition to Dorchester House, our ambassador has maintained a country establishment fully up to our standards. It has been noted on many occasions that there is not a butler or footman or other servant about the place whose regalia is not most correct. And with this long service has come a keen appreciation on the part of Mr. Reid of our obligations to the mother country, the deference to be paid to her desires, the necessity of remaining on terms of dignified intercourse with the nobility—to say nothing of that broad understanding of the real spirit of all British institutions as compared with our younger and necessarily cruder efforts at government. So perfect has this understanding become, so closely has our ambassador sensed the requisites, so happily has he fitted in his important post—that there is none of that vulgar, boastful Americanism about him and his establishment or his embassy that so frequently causes the aristocracy of the older countries to hold us up to ridicule and scorn. Indeed, it has been said that he has so successfully submerged that crass, rude, commercial Americanism—long the jeer of our English cousins—that about the only time the American flag floats over the American embassy in London is on the king's birthday!

Next to Nothing

THE Des Moines papers covered a recent municipal campaign in an extensive manner, usually printing a good deal of the speeches of the leading candidates.

One of the papers was bitterly opposed to the reëlection of Zell G. Roe as member of the City Council.

At meetings where Roe appeared the speeches of the other candidates were quoted at some length, but Roe received only one paragraph. This was the paragraph at the end of each story.

"Z. Roe also spoke."

Stripping for Action

WHEN J. Sloat Fassett was running for governor of New York some years ago he took off his coat at a meeting on the East Side in the city of New York, thereby thinking to get on terms with his audience, and was unmercifully berated for it by the opposition papers.

One time when William J. Bryan was speaking on a hot day in the West he melted down his collar—which was natural, as Mr. Bryan heats up considerably in the course of a speech. He tugged at it a few times and then tore it off and threw it on the floor, exclaiming dramatically: "I will wear no man's collar!"

During the recent campaign for governor in New York Oscar S. Straus, the Progressive candidate, at a meeting where he was to speak, ostentatiously removed his black gloves before he began, explaining that it was his desire to "handle the bosses without gloves."

Whereupon an innocent bystander was moved to remark that, as Colonel Roosevelt had thrown his hat in the ring, it seemed up to President Taft to do something in the haberdashery or clothing line, and suggested the President might throw an old shoe at himself for luck.

THE HALF OF THE LOAF

It Floats Back to Todd With the Turn of the Tide

By KENNETT HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE P. HOSKINS

THERE is always something we want that we never get; some ambition never to be realized that obsesses us; some dream that haunts us, undispelled by cold reality, until the last long sleep. Mirages of living waters and waving palm fronds are pictured afar as we plod through heat-quivering deserts, and, floundering in our bogs, we stretch our hands toward the dancing ignis fatuus even as the ooze bubbles at our lips. Yet without our dreams, illusions and Jack-o'-lanterns to sustain us we should never get very far along. This is incontrovertible, also platitudinous; but our sagest conclusions are by way of being platitudes, and in the proper adornment of a tale a moral that is more or less of a truism is unavoidable. Todd Scoffield dreamed of collar-buttons.

Todd was getting pretty well along—which is not at all the same as getting along pretty well. To approach exactness, he was considerably on the shady side of forty, and he found his salary of thirty dollars a week altogether inadequate to the needs of his family; and it was, as Todd often remarked, only a comfortable-sized family at that—to wit: Todd, Junior, Willie, Jim, Eudora, Emmeline and little Fred—exceptionally bright children, if Todd did say it himself.

And so Todd's clothes, or certain sections of them, were usually threadbare, and when he went downtown to the office there was an unsightly bulge in each coat pocket caused by a fried-ham-and-egg sandwich on one side and an apple or the like on the other. Sometimes he thought he would buy himself a neat lunchbox in the semblance of a camera, just as he contemplated the purchase of a new brier pipe with a genuine amber mouthpiece, or of a book that he loved, or as he debated within himself the propriety of putting an extra dollar in his far-between hats—the dollar that makes the difference; but all these longings were occasional or periodical; the craving for collar-buttons was upon him always. At each cuff-reversal and collar-removal he was pained excessively—being a naturally neat man—by the greenish-black stain that his studs and sleevelinks left at the buttonholes of his linen, and as often he resolved that next payday he would treat himself to a new set.

The expenditure of a dollar and a half, Todd figured, would do it—seventy-five cents for the buttons and another seventy-five cents for the links, all quadruple-plated and guaranteed for ten years' ordinary wear. Yet when it came to the pinch there was always some pressing necessity for that dollar and a half elsewhere; so Todd, Senior, would heave a patient sigh and once more rub studs and links on the inside of his coat until they attained a certain meretricious brightness.

The Scoffields lived at Park Manor. That may seem like an extravagance, for even at the commutation rate it cost a fraction over two surface-carfares to get out there and the same amount to get back. But then it was soothing to sit on the porch of an evening and listen to the bullfrog chorus from the pond that lay over by the truck farms; and the garden in which Todd labored during leisure hours and half-hours and the chickens Mrs. Scoffield superintended helped out quite substantially. Todd conceded that the suburb had its disadvantages, but he was always glad to get back to it at the close of his day's work, and though it took some lively sprinting from the office to catch the five-thirty-six, he had never missed it once up to the time he met Bill Ritchie.

He had stopped at the foot of the stairway that led to the trainshed to buy a paper and, at the same moment, Bill hurried away from the Pullman ticket window, preceded by a porter who carried an imposing and expensive-looking Gladstone bag and a suitcase equally splendid and substantial. Bill himself was expensively attired. From the crown of his rakish hat of imported velours to the tip of his seal-leather, silk-laced brown shoes he was prosperity personified. His smooth, red face with its double dependence of chin spoke eloquently of high living and the careful manipulation of the barber; the cigar he grasped in one corner of his wide, good-humored mouth diffused the agreeable aroma of twenty-five-cent goods, at least. Todd caught a whiff of it as Bill passed him and began, with large-bodied deliberation, to ascend the staircase, and if the shabby commuter experienced a feeling of anger and resentment it must be urged that he had some reason.

The same reason might have impelled him to accost his old-time acquaintance. If Bill had been a thought less sumptuous, a shade less well-conditioned, he would have done so, but, contrasting his own seedy insignificance with the gorgeous figure before him, his delicacy took alarm and his courage failed. As he neared the top of the staircase his only thought was to avoid this—this skate, and he cleared the last steps two at a time and, with averted head, hurried toward the traingate. He was within twenty feet of it when suddenly a heavy, half-gloved hand fell on his shoulder and a rich, fruity voice, spirituous and slightly husky, fell upon his ear.

"Why, Todd Scoffield, you old pirate!"

"What the deuce do you mean by running past me?" Ritchie continued in the same hearty manner. "Give an account of yourself!"

"I—I didn't think you knew me," Todd stammered. "I'm glad to see you, Bill."

"You look it," laughed the big man. "Not sore on me, are you, Todd?"

"Why, no," Todd replied, uneasily conscious of the other's appraising look.

"You've a right to be," said Ritchie, showing a little embarrassment in his turn. "The fact is—well, at first I couldn't, and then when things began to come my way a little I put it off. Then I lost track of you and finally I forgot it." His hand went down into his trousers pocket and emerged with a billbook. "Fifteen years' interest," he went on, laughing half shamefacedly as he opened it.

The porter who stood at a respectful distance interrupted: "Ain't no time to lose, colonel."

"That's right, by George!" said Ritchie. "Come along with me, Todd. I've got to make this train." As they hurried along he grasped Todd's arm and then released it to fumble with some yellow-backed bills.

"I don't want any interest," said Todd; "but if ——"

Ritchie whipped out a couple of the bills and stuffed them into Todd's waistcoat pocket.

"I'll do better than that," he declared. "Great Scott! how gray you've got, old man! Give me your card or—never mind! Here, what I wanted to say was buy Rio Cuyabá rubber with that money—common stock. Get that? Rio Cuyabá—and hang on to it. I'm ——"

He stopped at the gate to get his ticket punched. The porter was already running.

"I'm on the inside with the Cohn-Beverly crowd," he resumed. "Up to the eartips!" He himself began to run as the train started slowly out of the station. "Write me, old man. Rio Cuyabá common. I ——"

He broke away and made a rush and a desperate leap for the carsteps.

. . . . . .

Todd went back into the waiting room. In a secluded corner, screened from observation by the high back of a bench, he took the bills from his waistcoat pocket. As he looked at them his face fell.

"Why—darn—his—hide!" he exclaimed. "He's only paid me sixty!"

It was true. There was one fifty-dollar bill and one ten, and the amount Todd had lent Bill Ritchie fifteen years before was a hundred dollars even. It had been a squeeze even in those days of comparative affluence. Todd had then rejoiced in a bank account, with a balance of three hundred and fifty dollars; but a hundred out of that made quite a hole. Still he had liked Bill and believed in him. He had felt confident that Bill would succeed. Well, he had succeeded; but why had he held out—why?

In the car he began to brighten up. After all, sixty dollars was sixty dollars. Well, yes! Sixty absolutely free and unincumbered dollars. That would buy—Todd happily considered what it would buy; but the purchase of Rio Cuyabá was, oddly enough, the last thing that occurred to him, and with the sudden realization of what Ritchie's parting injunction might mean there came a total revolution of his plans. He had intended, of course, to tell Mrs. Scoffield of the good fortune that had befallen him.

It was evident, after all, that Ritchie meant well; otherwise he would have dodged instead of hastening to pay up. Perhaps he had forgotten the amount of the loan and had supposed it to be fifty dollars, adding the ten by way of interest. That was the most probable explanation Todd could think of. But Ritchie had meant well and his tip had doubtless been given in good faith. That being the case, it would be foolish to disregard it. At the same time Todd knew that Mrs. Scoffield would be opposed to speculation and that she would distrust Ritchie. Women are naturally cautious and distrustful, he reasoned. He turned to the market reports in his paper and looked for Rio Cuyabá. The stock was not listed, so far as he could see. Nevertheless he made up his mind that he would buy fifty dollars' worth and say nothing. As for that extra ten ——

"By jiminy!" said Todd. "I'll buy me a set of collar-buttons."

Accordingly Todd merely explained that he had just missed his train. He went round that evening with his newly acquired wealth guiltily hidden in his breast pocket and feeling nervously apprehensive that the bulge of it would be detected. As he sat out on the porch with his pipe, listening to the frogs, Mrs. Scoffield, who had just put the last of the children to bed, drew up her chair beside him and began to croak a little herself. Her voice was musical enough, for that matter—soft and low if plaintive. It sounded sweetly in Todd's ears, for all the years they had been together, but on the question of ways and means it could, under the circumstances, hardly be anything but a croak. It was then Todd's resolution faltered. He wanted to say: "Oh, hang the grocer's bill! To thunder with the cobbler! Let the doctor go to grass if he can't wait until next week! Here, let's pay 'em all off and buy yourself a new dress and get the children what they need"—and then toss the sixty dollars into her lap. He resisted the impulse, however, and didn't sleep very well that night.

The next day, with a great deal of diffidence, he entered a broker's office on the ground floor of the building in which he slaved for his thirty a week and asked one of the clerks for a member of the firm. He was shown to an inner room where a slightly built, middle-aged man with a boyish face greeted him pleasantly and inquiringly. Todd recognized this Mr. Delane as a bowing acquaintance of the corridors and street of some years' standing, and Mr. Delane recognized him. Haltingly Todd made his business known and the stockbroker looked at him curiously and seemed to hesitate.

"You're not in the habit of speculating—are you, Mr. Scoffield?" he asked. . . . "No? Well, if I were you I wouldn't. You'll pardon me for the unsolicited advice I hope. I don't mean it impertinently."

"I'm sure I'm much obliged and I'm not in the least offended," Todd answered; "but I've some—well, some inside information about this stock and I'm confident it's going to rise. Of course this is a small order."

"Well!" Mr. Delane smiled pityingly and pushed an order slip over. "At the market, I suppose?"

"Certainly," replied Todd trustfully.

Fifteen minutes later he left the office with a memorandum certifying that he had bought ten shares of Rio Cuyabá common, of a hundred dollars par value each, at twenty on a five-point margin. Mr. Delane had taken particular pains to explain to Todd Scoffield just what this transaction meant—also its probable result.

"And you won't mind if I call you up now and then to ask about it?" Todd asked hesitatingly.

The stockbroker laughed.

"Call me up as often as you like," he said kindly. "I don't think it will be for long."

Todd's fingers were closed about the extra ten-dollar bill as he left the office, and almost without thinking he made for the south entrance where on one side of the corridor was the show window of a haberdashery. There was a brave display in the window of prismatic neckties gracefully looped about harmonizing shirts, of smart walking-sticks and befrogged pajamas of delicate hues and striking pattern, together with gloves of dogskin and silk and the last cry in handkerchiefs and hosiery; but Todd gave these only a hasty glance, fixing his gaze hungrily on carded sets of studs which, with sleevelinks and scarfpins, were scattered the length of the window. After contemplating this bijouterie for a moment or two Todd laid his hand on the latch of the door, but even as the door opened he caught sight of the clock within, and turned and ran back to the elevator, arriving at his desk a full ten minutes late.

He had promised Mrs. Scoffield he would be home on time, so he did not attempt his purchase after the closing hour. It could wait another day he decided.

Fatal procrastination!—for as he walked up the graveled path of his little front yard he heard a sound of weeping within the house—of blubbering—that outpouring of juvenile grief mixed with inarticulate and disjointed exclamations of complaint that is so calculated to arouse parental sympathy—or irritation. This wail was smothered and choked to silence at the instant of Todd's footfall on the steps, and when he entered the room from whence it proceeded he found Eudora and her mother in attitudes of exaggerated composure; but the little girl's eyes were red and swollen and Mrs. Scoffield could not entirely disguise a look of concern.

"Why, what's the matter with my chicken?" Todd asked solicitously as he noted the situation.

"Oh, nothing, daddy," replied Mrs. Scoffield. "Just nonsense! Eudy's not feeling very well—that's all."

"Come and tell daddy," said Todd, opening his arms. Eudora ran into them and returned his hug convulsively, then struggled away and ran out of the room, making throaty little noises as she went.

"What is the matter with her?" asked Todd.

Mrs. Scoffield laid a hand on his shoulder.

"I didn't want to bother you about it, dear," she said. "It's this school commencement. She and Emmeline are just broken-hearted, poor young ones! All the other little girls are going to have new dresses for it and white shoes and stockings and I don't see how I can contrive a thing. I've just made over and made over, and their white stockings are all darned."

"H'm!" said Todd; and then after a pause: "How much would it take?"

"Oh, it would take ten dollars at least."

Todd sighed and pulled out the extra ten.

"Well, there's one grief spared them," he said with a wry smile. "You didn't know I was a capitalist—did you, Mary? Well, I used to be and once on a time I lent a man—as much as ten dollars and—well, he returned it. I was thinking of buying"—he hesitated—"a diamond tarara for you."

Mrs. Scoffield kissed him with fervor.

"Dear," she said, "I'd rather have this now than a hundred tararas."

. . . . . .

Mr. Delane was wrong in one respect. Todd's little speculation was not to be wound up so quickly as he had imagined. For nearly a week Rio Cuyabá stood at twenty, as Todd ascertained by telephone at nine o'clock each morning. Then it rose a point and within two days had reached twenty-three—an ominous quotation, as Mr. Delane laughingly informed the anxious inquirer.

"But I have made something, haven't I?" asked Todd.

"Thirty dollars," Delane answered. "Better take your profit and quit. Shall I sell?"

Todd hesitated. Then Bill Ritchie's admonition flashed across his mind.

"No, I'll hang on, thank you," he answered. "I think it's going higher."

It went higher. By points and half-points it climbed to twenty-eight and there lingered for another anxious week. Todd was now in a state of feverish suspense that had a particularly bad effect on his nerves. His sleep became broken and his work in the office suffered noticeably.

Then a day came when a sensational advance of five points was recorded between opening and closing. A hundred and thirty dollars' profit, Todd calculated he had made. If it continued to rise —— Then came a revulsion of feeling—a dread of what the morrow might bring forth and that it might already be too late to draw out without loss. That passed, and by the next day he had determined to hold on until the stock reached fifty, and then sell—positively. He was reckoning on his gains at that figure when there was a sudden drop of two points. Here he rushed to the telephone and asked Mr. Delane's advice.

"Sell," said the broker.

"But isn't there a chance that it may go up again?"

"Oh, of course, it *may* go up," came the response—a little wearily.

"Well," said Todd, "I guess I'll wait a little longer."

He hung on and Rio Cuyabá dropped to twenty-nine, and then to twenty-six, twenty-two and eighteen. At eighteen it stopped, and then went up one, two, three points; but the recovery was arrested there and within two days its relapse had taken it to fifteen.

Todd received this information with despair.

"Then I'm wiped out?" he stammered.

"That's the situation," replied Mr. Delane at the other end of the wire. "Really it's the best thing that could happen to you, Mr. Scoffield."

Todd persisted.

"You couldn't hold it for me—just a little longer—a couple of points—one point? You see I'm sure it's going up."

"It would be altogether out of the usual course of business," Delane answered. "If I made an exception for you—it's absurd, but suppose I did! You would only stand to lose ten or twenty dollars more. I should have to protect myself, you know. Can you come down and see me for a minute?"

"I'll be right down," said Todd.

He hurried down, and Mr. Delane rose from his desk and shook hands with him with much kindness. The stock-broker had taken a fancy to this shabby little man with the honest brown eyes. Todd spoke first.

"I'm sorry to have given you all this trouble, Mr. Delane," he said. "It was a little disappointment, but I realize now that it would be foolish to keep on, so I'll just let it go."

"Mr. Scoffield," said the broker in his soft, agreeable voice, "I am sure that is the proper conclusion. Stock speculation demands a certain temperament—and capital; and without these a man is courting financial and moral destruction to attempt it; with them, however successful he may be, there is never a time when he is not on the brink of disaster. It's a poor thing at the best. If you get a little money ahead, Mr. Scoffield, just you buy a good bond. Goodby."

"I've had my lesson," said Todd.

. . . . . .

It was not completed however. When he returned to the office he was discharged.

. . . . . .

The day following Rio Cuyabá common closed at sixteen and a half, and thereafter went kiting.

It would be painful to follow Todd Scoffield through the days that succeeded. Until the end of the week he concealed his dismissal from his wife, for his salary was paid up to that time and his commutation ticket was nearly new. He went to the city as usual and tramped the entire loop district from end to end and across, in search of the employment that is so hard to find when a man has more than a little gray in his hair, no other than shabby clothes on his back—and, thereto, a diffident manner. Then came Sunday, when he broke down and confessed. It was less miserable after that. Mrs. Scoffield avowed and reaffirmed her belief—first in Todd; then in a Divine Providence; thirdly, she had a feeling in her bones of a highly comforting nature. Fourthly, fifthly, and finally, she was not going to worry until she had to.

"Oh, God bless the woman!" cried Todd in a fervor of admiration and gratitude, and for the rest of that day he was in fairly good spirits. It was not until the second week of what he called his idleness that the sickening feeling of futility, of cold-sweating despondency, again seized him, and this time it held him until Bill Ritchie's note came. Then hope smiled once more.

"It means forty dollars, dear," he told Mrs. Todd, his face beaming.

. . . . . .

Bill Ritchie—more splendid and imposing than ever—greeted him in the hotel lobby. Bill was more than cordial. Todd felt dazed by the exuberance of his welcome and had hardly recovered his self-possession when he presently found himself seated on one side of a table in a marvelous café, and Bill dictating a sumptuous repast to a deferential waiter.

"Now," said Bill suddenly as the waiter departed, "in the first place, you old rip-roaring ruffian, I want you positively to understand one thing—and that is, I mean well. Get me? All right. Now you don't need to say anything; I'm doing the talking. I always do mean to do the right thing—when I've got time. I've got time to burn now. Understand? Fine! Now don't you open your head. I feel like—well! When I look at you ——" Ritchie expelled his breath violently and drained his glass. "I'll tell you, Todd, old man"—he resumed in a quieter tone—"I ought to have stayed with you when I saw you last, but I'd got a fool notion that I had to make that train and I got rattled. I wasn't clear of the station before I realized that I hadn't even an idea where to find you. I'd have got out at the first stop and come back if I'd thought you would have been there still. That's right. The next thing I discovered was that I had made a misdeal and paid you half what you lent me. Well, I fixed that part of it. Remember the tip I gave you? I know you do. Well, I played it fifty dollars' worth on your account the next day, and do you know what that stock of yours is worth now? Well, I'm going to give eleven hundred dollars for it and rob you at that.

"Listen," Ritchie growled as Todd began to protest. "You've nothing to say about this—not even a thank-you. The money was yours. I invested it fair and square. Now we pass on to the next subject. What are you doing?"

"Not much of anything," Todd admitted.

"Would you take a job of forty a week, with a prospect of a raise if you make good? That's right. Nod your head. Well, it's waiting for you in the Cuyabá Rubber Company's office on Michigan Avenue. I'm a director and I got it for you without any trouble. I'm sorry I couldn't get anything more worth while just now, but half a loaf's better than no bread, eh? Here, take a swallow of water. Brace up! Better? Gad! I thought you were going to keel over. Here's lunch now. You'll be all right in a minute."

Todd managed to recover himself. "Bill," he began, when the waiter had effaced himself, "I—I can't begin ——"

"You'd talk a dog's hind leg off if you had a chance," interrupted Ritchie savagely. "It's settled, ain't it? Very well, then! What's the use of making a speech? Let me get in a word edgewise. The money you lent me gave me my start and all I have done is to pay it back, and I didn't even do that like a man. If I hadn't happened to meet Delane, and if Delane hadn't told me about the poor devil who bought fifty dollars' worth of Cuyabá and lost his money and his job—oh, well! Now eat, blame you!"

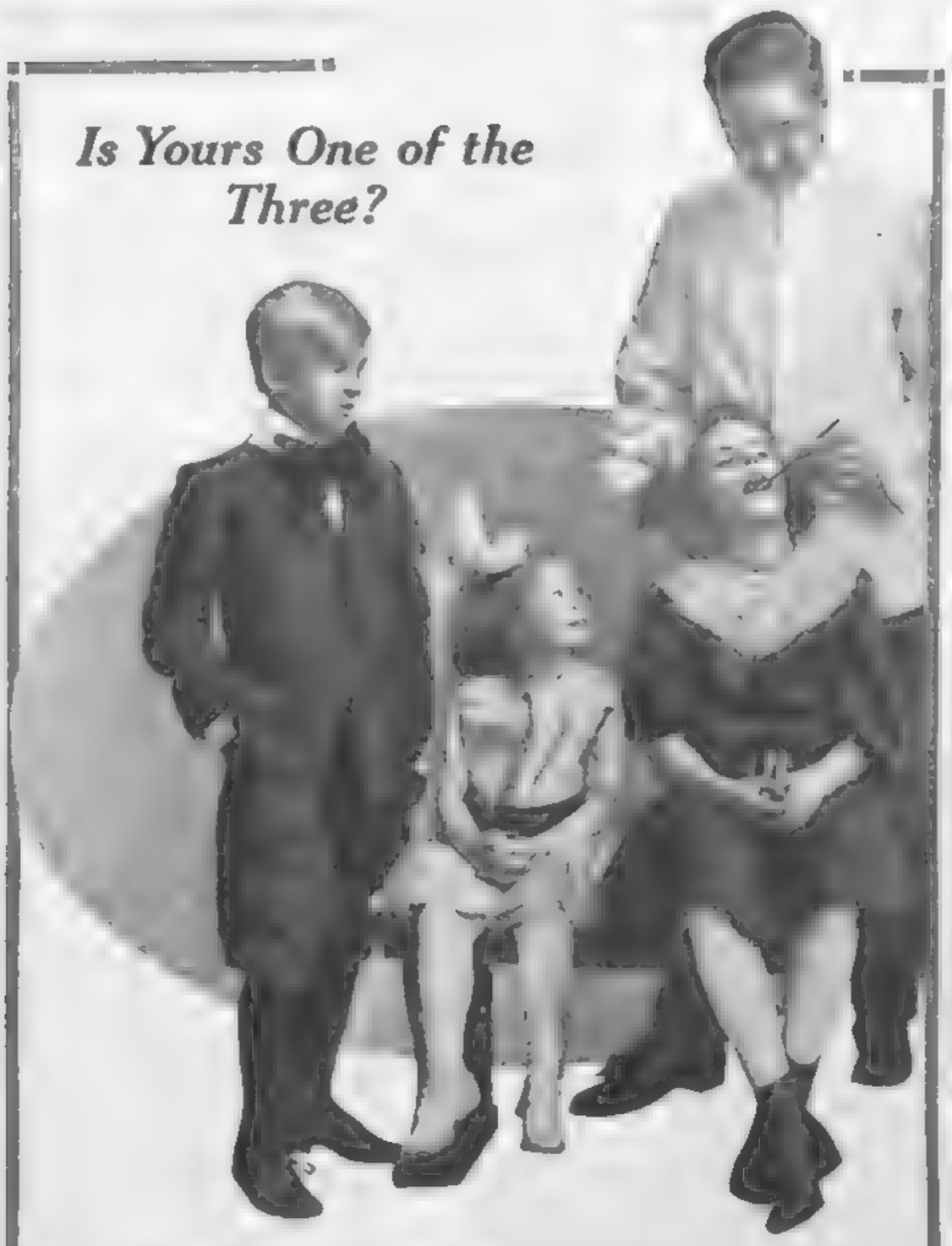
"Just a moment," said Todd. "If you're bound to do this write it for ten dollars less and give me ten in cash."

"Just as you say," agreed Ritchie—then with sudden curiosity: "What do you want with it?"

"I—I want to buy some collar-buttons," said Todd.

She Had a Feeling in Her Bones of a Highly Comforting Nature

Is Yours One of the Three?



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All this you can give your children when you teach them to use Dr. Lyon's each morning and night, *especially at night*.

Only a dentist is competent to do what Dr. Lyon's will not do.

Sold Everywhere

IN THE PAVILION

(Continued from Page 5)

and is achieved by rising first into a sitting posture by pulling oneself up by the bars of the bed, and then by slipping first one leg, then the other, over the side. Properly done, even the weakest thus find themselves in a position that by the aid of a chairback may become, however shaky, a standing one.

He got to his feet better than he expected, but not well enough to relinquish the chair. He had made no sound. That was good. He would tell her in the morning and rally her on her powers as a sleeper. He took a step—if only his knees

He had advanced into line with the doorway and stood looking through the open door of the room across.

The Nurse was on her knees beside the bed, in her nightgown, crying. Her whole young body was shaken with silent sobs: her arms, in their short white sleeves, stretched across the bed, her fingers clutching the counterpane.

Billy Grant stumbled back to his bed and fell in with a sort of groan. Almost instantly she was at the door, her flannel wrapper held about her, peering into the darkness.

"I thought I heard—are you worse?" she asked anxiously.

"I'm all right," he said, hating himself; "just not sleepy. How about you?"

"Not asleep yet, but—resting," she replied.

She stood in the doorway, dimly outlined, with her long braid over her shoulder and her voice still a little strained from crying. In the darkness Billy Grant half stretched out his arms, then dropped them, ashamed.

"Would you like another blanket?"

"If there is one near."

She came in a moment later with the blanket and spread it over the bed. He lay very still while she patted and smoothed it into place. He was mustering up his courage to ask for something—a curious state of mind for Billy Grant, who had always taken what he wanted without asking.

"I wish you would kiss me—just once!" he said wistfully. And then, seeing her draw back, he took an unfair advantage: "I think that's the reason I'm not sleeping."

"Don't be absurd!"

"Is it so absurd—under the circumstances?"

"You can sleep quite well if you only try."

She went out into the hall again, her chin well up. Then she hesitated, turned and came swiftly back into the room.

"If I do," she said rather breathlessly, "will you go to sleep? And will you promise to hold your arms up over your head?"

"But my arms ——"

"Over your head!"

He obeyed at that, and the next moment she had bent over him in the darkness; and quickly, lightly, deliciously, she kissed—the tip of his nose!

IV

SHE was quite cheerful the next day and entirely composed. Neither of them referred to the episode of the night before, but Billy Grant thought of little else. Early in the morning he asked her to bring him a hand mirror and, surveying his face, tortured and disfigured by the orderly's shaving, suffered an acute wound in his vanity. He was glad it had been dark or she probably would not have —— He borrowed a razor from the interne and proceeded to enjoy himself.

Propped up in his chair, he rioted in lather, sliced a piece out of his right ear, and shaved the back of his neck by touch, in lieu of better treatment. This done, and the ragged and unkempt hair over his ears having been trimmed in scallops, due to the work being done with curved surgical scissors, he was his own man again.

That afternoon, however, he was nervous and restless. The Nurse was troubled. He avoided the subject that had so obsessed him the day before, was absent and irritable, could not eat, and sat in his chair by the window, nervously clasping and unclasping his hands.

The Nurse was puzzled, but the Staff, making rounds that day, enlightened her.

"He has pulled through—God and you alone know how," he said. "But as soon as he begins to get his strength he's going to yell for liquor again. When a man has been soaking up alcohol for years —— Drat this hospital cooking anyhow! Have you got any essence of pepsin?"

The Nurse brought the pepsin and a medicine glass and the Staff Doctor swallowed and grimaced.

"You were saying," said the Nurse timidly—for, the stress being over, he was Staff again and she was a Junior and not even entitled to a Senior's privileges, such as returning occasional badinage or reminding the Staff bluntly—"every atom of him is going to crave it. He's wanting it now. He has been used to it for years." The Nurse was white to the lips, but steady. "He is not to have it?"

"Not a drop while he is here. When he gets out it is his own affair again, but while he's here—by-the-way, you'll have to watch the orderly. He'll bribe him."

"I don't think so, doctor. He is a gentleman."

"Pooh! Of course he is. I dare say he's a gentleman when he's drunk too; but he's a drinker—a habitual drinker."

The Nurse went back into the room and found Billy Grant sitting in a chair, with the book he had been reading on the floor and his face buried in his hands.

"I'm awfully sorry!" he said, not looking up. "I heard what he said. He's right, you know."

"I'm sorry. And I'm afraid this is a place where I cannot help."

She put her hand on his head, and he brought it down and held it between his.

"Two or three times," he said, "when things were very bad with me, you let me hold your hand, and we got past somehow—didn't we?"

She closed her eyes, remembering the dawn when, to soothe a dying man, in the presence of the mission preacher, she had put her hand in his. Billy Grant thought of it too.

"Now you know what you've married," he said bitterly. The bitterness was at himself of course. "If—if you'll sit tight I have a fighting chance to make a man of myself; and after it's over we'll fix this thing for you so you will forget it ever happened. And I —— Oh—don't—take—your—hand—away!"

"I was feeling for my handkerchief," she explained.

"Have I made you cry again?"

"Again?"

"I saw you last night in your room. I didn't intend to; but I was trying to stand, and ——"

She was very dignified at this, with her eyes still wet, and tried to take her hand away unsuccessfully.

"If you are going to get up when it is forbidden I shall ask to go back to the house."

"You wouldn't do that!"

"Let go of my hand."

"You wouldn't do that!!"

"Please! The head nurse is coming."

He freed her hand then and she wiped her eyes, remembering the "perfect, silent, reliable, fearless, emotionless machine."

The head of the training school came to the door of the pavilion, but did not enter. The reason for this was twofold: first, she had confidence in the Nurse; second, she was afraid of contagion—this latter, of course, quite *sub rosa*, in view of the above quotation.

The head nurse was a tall woman in white, and was so starchy that she rattled like a newspaper when she walked.

"Good morning," she said briskly. "Have you sent over the soiled clothes?" Head nurses are always bothering about soiled clothes; and what becomes of all the nailbrushes, and how can they use so many bandages!

"Yes, Miss Smith."

"Meals come over promptly?"

"Yes, Miss Smith."

"Getting any sleep?"

"Oh, yes, plenty—now."

Miss Smith peered into the hallway, which seemed tidy, looked at the Nurse with approval, and then from the doorstep into the patient's room, where Billy Grant sat. At the sight of him her eyebrows rose.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed. "I thought he was older than that!"

"Twenty-nine," said the Nurse; "twenty-nine last Fourth of July."

"H'm!" commented the head nurse. "You evidently know! I had no idea you

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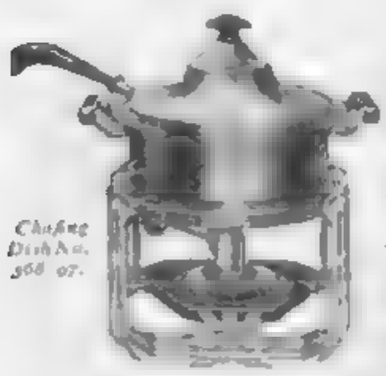

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were taking care of a boy. It won't do. I'll send over Miss Hart."

The Nurse tried to visualize Billy Grant in his times of stress clutching at Miss Hart's hand, and failed.

"Jenks is here, of course," she said. Jenks being the orderly.

The idea of Jenks as a chaperon, however, did not appeal to the head nurse. She took another glance through the window at Billy Grant, looking uncommonly handsome and quite ten years younger since the shave, and she set her lips.

"I am astonished beyond measure," she said. "Miss Hart will relieve you at two o'clock. Take your antiseptic bath and you may have the afternoon to yourself. Report in L Ward in the morning."

Miss Smith rattled back across the courtyard and the Nurse stood watching her; then turned slowly and went into the house to tell Billy Grant.

Now the stories about what followed differ. They agree on one point: that Billy Grant had a heart-to-heart talk with the substitute at two o'clock that afternoon and told her politely but firmly that he would none of her. Here the divergence begins. Some say he got the superintendent over the house telephone and said he had intended to make a large gift to the hospital, but if his comfort was so little considered as to change nurses just when he had got used to one, he would have to alter his plans. Another and more likely story, because it sounds more like Billy Grant, is that at five o'clock a florist's boy delivered to the head nurse a box of orchids such as never had been seen before in the house, and a card inside which said: "Please, dear Miss Smith, take back the Hart that thou gavest."

Whatever really happened—and only Billy Grant and the lady in question ever really knew—that night at eight o'clock, with Billy Grant sitting glumly in his room and Miss Hart studying typhoid fever in the hall, the Nurse came back again to the pavilion with her soft hair flying from its afternoon washing and her eyes shining. And things went on as before—not quite as before; for with the nurse question settled the craving got in its work again, and the next week was a bad one. There were good days, when he taught her double-dummy auction bridge, followed by terrible nights, when he walked the floor for hours and she sat by, unable to help. Then at dawn he would send her to bed remorsefully and take up the fight alone. And there were quiet nights when both slept and when he would waken to the craving again and fight all day.

"I'm afraid I'm about killing her," he said to the Staff one day; "but it's my chance to make a man of myself—now or never."

The Staff was no fool and he had heard about the orchids.

"Fight it out, boy!" he said. "Pretty soon you'll quit peeling and cease being a menace to the public health, and you'd better get it over before you are free again."

So, after a time, it grew a little easier. Grant was pretty much himself again—had put on a little flesh and could feel his biceps rise under his fingers. He took to cold plunges when he felt the craving coming on, and there were days when the little pavilion was full of the sound of running water. He shaved himself daily, too, and sent out for some collars.

Between the two of them, since her return, there had been much of good fellowship, nothing of sentiment. He wanted her near, but he did not put a hand on her. In the strain of those few days the strange, gray dawn seemed to have faded into its own mists. Only once, when she had brought his breakfast tray and was arranging the dishes for him—against his protest, for he disliked being waited on—he reached over and touched a plain band ring she wore. She colored.

"My mother's," she said; "her wedding ring."

Their eyes met across the tray, but he only said, after a moment: "Eggs like a rock, of course! Couldn't we get 'em raw and boil them over here?"

It was that morning, also, that he suggested a thing which had been in his mind for some time.

"Wouldn't it be possible," he asked, "to bring your tray in here and to eat together? It would be more sociable."

She smiled.

"It isn't permitted."

"Do you think—would another box of orchids ——"

"This will fetch them!"

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She shook her head as she poured out his coffee. "I should probably be expelled."

He was greatly aggrieved.

"That's all foolishness," he said. "How is that any worse—any more unconventional—than your bringing me your extra blanket on a cold night? Oh, I heard you last night!"

"Then why didn't you leave it on?"

"And let you freeze!"

"I was quite warm. As it was, it lay in the hallway all night and did no one any good."

Having got thus far from wedding rings, he did not try to get back. He ate alone, and after breakfast, while she took her half-hour of exercise outside the window, he sat inside reading—only apparently reading however.

Once she went quite as far as the gate and stood looking out.

"Jenks!" called Billy Grant.

Jenks has not entered into the story much. He was a little man, rather fat, who occupied a tiny room in the pavilion, carried meals and soiled clothes, had sat on Billy Grant's chest once or twice during a delirium, and kept a bottle locked in the dish closet.

"Yes, sir," said Jenks, coming behind a strong odor of *spiritus frumenti*.

"Jenks," said Billy Grant with an eye on the figure at the gate, "is that bottle of yours empty?"

"What bottle?"

"The one in the closet."

Jenks eyed Billy Grant, and Billy eyed Jenks—a look of man to man, brother to brother.

"Not quite, sir—a nip or two."

"At," suggested Billy Grant, "say—five dollars a nip?"

Jenks smiled.

"About that," he said. "Filled?"

Billy Grant debated. The Nurse was turning at the gate.

"No," he said. "As it is, Jenks. Bring it here."

Jenks brought the bottle and a glass, but the glass was motioned away. Billy Grant took the bottle in his hand and looked at it with a curious expression. Then he went over and put it in the upper bureau drawer, under a pile of handkerchiefs. Jenks watched him, bewildered.

"Just a little experiment, Jenks," said Billy Grant.

Jenks understood then and stopped smiling.

"I wouldn't, Mr. Grant," he said; "it will only make you lose confidence in yourself when it doesn't work out."

"But it's going to work out," said Billy Grant. "Would you—would you mind turning on the cold water?"

Now the next twenty-four hours puzzled the Nurse. When Billy Grant's eyes were not on her with an unfathomable expression in them, they were fixed on something in the neighborhood of the dresser, and at these times they had a curious fixed look not unmixed with triumph. She tried a new arrangement of combs and brushes and tilted the mirror at a different angle, without effect.

That day Billy Grant took only one cold plunge. As the hours wore on he grew more cheerful; the look of triumph was unmistakable. He stared less at the dresser and more at the Nurse. At last it grew unendurable. She stopped in front of him and looked down at him severely. She could only be severe when he was sitting—when he was standing she had to look so far up at him, even when she stood on her tiptoes.

"What is wrong with me?" she demanded. "You look so queer! Is my cap crooked?"

"It is a wonderful cap"

"Is my face dirty?"

"It is a won—— No, certainly not."

"Then would you mind not staring so? You—upset me."

"I shall have to shut my eyes," he replied meekly, and worried her into a state of frenzy by sitting for fifty minutes with his head back and his eyes shut.

So—the evening and the morning were another day, and the bottle lay undisturbed under the handkerchiefs, and the cold shower ceased running, and Billy Grant assumed the air of triumph permanently. That morning when the breakfast trays came he walked over into the Nurse's room and picked hers up, table and all, carrying it across the hall. In his own room he arranged the two trays side by side, and two chairs opposite each other. When the Nurse, who had been putting breadcrumbs on the window-sill, turned round Billy Grant was waiting to draw out one of the chairs, and there was something in his face she had not seen there before.

"Shall we breakfast?" he said.

"I told you yesterday ."

"Think a minute," he said softly. "Is there any reason why we should not breakfast together?" She pressed her hands close together, but she did not speak. "Unless—you do not wish to."

"You remember you promised, as soon as you got away, to—fix that ——"

"So I will if you say the word."

"And—to forget all about it."

"That," said Billy Grant solemnly, "I shall never do so long as I live. Do you say the word?"

"What else can I do?"

"Then there is somebody else?"

"Oh, no!"

He took a step toward her, but still he did not touch her.

"If there is no one else," he said, "and if I told you that you have made me a man again "

"Gracious! Your eggs will be cold." She made a motion toward the egg-cup, but Billy Grant caught her hand.

"Damn the eggs!" he said. "Why don't you look at me?"

Something sweet and luminous and most unprofessional shone in the little Nurse's eyes, and the line of her pulse on a chart would have looked like a seismic disturbance.

"I—I have to look up so far!" she said, but really she was looking down when she said it.

"Oh, my dear—my dear!" exulted Billy Grant. "It is I who must look up at you!" And with that he dropped on his knees and kissed the starched hem of her apron.

The Nurse felt very absurd and a little frightened.

"If only," she said, backing off—"if only you wouldn't be such a silly! Jenks is coming!"

But Jenks was not coming. Billy Grant rose to his full height and looked down at her—a new Billy Grant, the one who had got drunk at a club and given a ring to a cabman having died that gray morning some weeks before.

"I love you—love you—love you!" he said, and took her in his arms.

. . . . . .

Now the head nurse was interviewing an applicant; and, as the h. n. took a constitutional each morning in the courtyard and believed in losing no time, she was holding the interview as she walked.

"I think I would make a good nurse," said the applicant, a trifle breathless, the h. n. being a brisk walker. "I am so sympathetic."

The h. n. stopped and raised a reproving forefinger.

"Too much sympathy is a handicap," she orated. "The perfect nurse is a silent, reliable, fearless, emotionless machine—this little building here is the isolation pavilion."

"An emotionless machine," repeated the applicant. "I see—an e——"

The words died on her lips. She was looking past a crowd of birds on the window-sill to where, just inside, Billy Grant and the Nurse in a very mussed cap were breakfasting together. And as she looked Billy Grant bent over across the tray.

"I adore you!" he said distinctly and, lifting the Nurse's hands, kissed first one and then the other

"It is hard work," said the head nurse—having made a note that the boys in the children's ward must be restrained from lowering a pasteboard box on a string from a window—"hard work without sentiment. It is not a romantic occupation."

She waved an admonitory hand toward the window, and the box went up swiftly. The applicant looked again toward the pavilion, where Billy Grant, having kissed the Nurse's hands, had buried his face in her two palms.

The mild October sun shone down on the courtyard, with its bandaged figures in wheel-chairs, its cripples sunning on a bench, their crutches beside them, its waterless fountain and dingy birds.

The applicant thrilled to it all—joy and suffering, birth and death, misery and hope, life and love. Love!

The head nurse turned to her grimly, but her eyes were soft.

"All this," she said, waving her hand vaguely, "for eight dollars a month!"

"I think," said the applicant shyly, "I should like to come."

The Unaccountable Sex

By BLANCHE GOODMAN

"DE FEMALE sect," remarked Uncle Peter to Viney as they sat on the little cabin porch enjoying the sunshine of Indian summer, "am de cur'ousest an' mos' un'countables' folkses in de worl'."

"Hit always amusifies me," responded Viney dryly, "to heah dat remahk observated by de menfolkses, Uncle Peter. Dey ain't nothin' cur'ous ner un'countable in de female sect. Hit's de male whut answers dat puhscription. When hit comes to doin' whut's to be did, a woman do hit er she don' do hit—one er de odder. Dat's all dey is 'bout hit. Hit's lak playin' a game er cyards wid a deck whut's bavided in half, an' you jes' nachully knows det ef you ain't got de ace er di'mon's de odder pusson's holdin' hit.

"But, wid a man, you's playin' a game whah paht er de deck am on de table, an' ef you ain't got big casino you don't know ef hit's in his han' er in de widdah. A man cain't count on hisse'f, let alone 'spectin' a woman to count on him. He jes' nachully finds a stoppin'-off station between 'gwine to' an' 'ain't gwine to' an' he's ez li'ble to plant hisse'f in de middle er de seesaw ez he am on one end er de odder. Wid de male sect dey ain't no tellin' at all.

"Tek de case er de preachah an' Ros'bel. Dat gal had done laid herse'f out fo' to marry him goin' on dese pas' fo' yeahs, an' she wuz holdin' on to huh intention fine twel sumpin come along whut give hit a consid'able jar. Lindy Jackson's niece, Mirella, had come to town one Sunday on a 'scurdgeon train fum Mar'etta, Georgy, an' she changed huh min' 'bout goin' back dat night 'count er Beelzebub's goat—Beelzebub am Lindy's boy. De way hit happen Mirella wuz standin' on one side er de fence tryin' to coax de goat to come on up to huh, when one er dese heah no-'count li'l' windpuffs come erlong an' whipped huh 'scurdgeon ticket clean outen huh jacket pocket right thoo de fence under de goat'ses ve'y nose. By de time Mirella had clum de fence hit twuz too late. De goat wuz jes' standin' dere lookin' ez peace'ble lak ez ef all dem miles fum heah to Mar'etta didn' mek no mo' diff'ence on de inside of him dan dey did on de out. So hit twuz owin' to de windpuff or de goat—whichevah way you wants to look at hit—dat Mirella met de preachah, fo' she had to p'olong huh visit an' mek nuff money fo' rai'road fare.

"Lindy got huh a temp'rary place ez chambermaid up at Gen'l Poindextah's an', ez de preachah had chu'ge er de lawn-mowin' at de Gen'l's, dat wuz de commencement er de beginnin' wid him an' Mirella. An' po' Ros'bel wuz clean fo'got.

"Hit twuz tek Mirella to church an' de strawbe'y festibles, an' go walkin' wid Mirella, an' settin' on Lindy's po'ch steps o' a evenin' wid Mirella, twel hit looked plum' ridic'lous. Whut in de worl' he evah seed in huh is mo'n I kin tell, fo' she wuz mos'ly clothes. I don' believe de whole gal weighed ninety pounds. An' she hadn' no mo' sense'n a cricket. Always put me in mind er a mess o' greens whut seem lak sumpin when you puts hit on de fiah in de pot, but jes' nachully boils down to no mo'n a han'ful. I reckon ef Mirella had 'a' been boiled down de onlies' thing whut would 'a' been lef' in de kittle would 'a' been de gol' toof dat niggah had in de front er huh mouf, fo' she didn' 'mount to a row er pins, no way you tuck huh. An' ez fo' sfandin' up 'longside er Ros'bel when hit come to washin' er cookin' er bein' able to shout when she come thoo at revival se'vices, why, Uncle Peter, Mirella'd have to tek de hi'most seat in de room.

"But fo' all dat she had de preachah goin', an' when Ros'bel 'd come ovah in de aft'noons to he'p me wid de i'nin' I could tell hit twuz on huh min' pow'ful bad. She tuck hit out mos'ly comin' down on de boa'd—kabang!—wid a hot i'n, but I ain't said nothin' 'cause I knowed she'd have to wuk hit off someway.

"'Hit's de gol' toof whut has cotched him,' says I one day jes' aftah she had slambanged de i'n down on one er Mis' Fanny Slocum'ses pillowshams; 'an' ef I was rich, Ros'bel, I'd sen' you on down to a den'ist man an' pay fo' a moufful er gol' ones fo' you—five up an' five down. I sholy would.' I has wondered many a time sence den whut would 'a' happened ef I had helt my mouf shet 'stid er sayin' dem ve'y words, fo' I cain't tell yit ef hit twuz fo' de bes' er de wusst. But whut-evah come in my haid aftahwahds 'bout hit don' mek no diff'ence, an' dey ain't no use tryin' to pick up spilt milk.

"Ros'bel didn't seem to want to say much mo' dat aft'noon. She 'peared to be thinkin' 'bout sumpin pow'ful hahd, an' she lef' kinder soon. I nevah sot eyes on huh fo' three er fo' days when one aft'noon while I wuz sprinklin' down some clothes I heerd Ros'bel's feetsteps on de po'ch an' she come on in. I didn' tu'n roun' right off ez I wuz jes' finishin' a dress.

"'Howdy, Ros'bel,' says I, though I ain't hearn huh call out lak she mos' usually do when she come on thoo to de back er de house. 'Sence when is you got so hightoned dat you cain't pass de time er day?' I rolled de dress up when I said dat, den I tu'n roun' an'—'Lawd have mussy on my soul!' I says. Hit 'twuz Ros'bel I wuz lookin' at an' yet hit wa'n't Ros'bel.

"'Ros'bel,' I says in a minute er two, aftah I had done got my breff a little, 'tek dat mask'rade offen yo' face.' I wuz mad, bein' skeered lak dat. She sorter say sumpin I ain't un'erstan'. 'Stop dat tryin' to talk fool talk, Ros'bel,' says I, 'an' tek off dat falseface.' An' den all o' a suddent hit come ovah me dat hit wa'n't no falseface at all. Dat gal's gums an' huh lips wuz swoll up so, dat 'stid er huh mouf lookin' lak hit twuz paht er huh face, huh face look lak hit wuz de outside aidges er huh mouf. 'You's been an' got pizen oak on you!' I hollered. Ros'bel shuck huh haid an' open up huh mouf fo' to say sumpin. Dey wa'n't nary a front toof in dat niggah's haid!

"Uncle Peter, hit'd tek too long to tell you how I come at de whole story, fo' let alone dat she wuz backwahd an' 'shamed to tell me, hit twuz all I could do to mek out whut she wuz sayin'.

"She had tuck huhse'f down to a den'ist man, an' give him ten dollahs down an' promise mo' on de 'stallment plan ef he'd pull out huh front teef an' mek huh a set er gol' ones instid, whut she could put away when she wuz wukkin'. He tol' huh dat aftah de swellin' an' so'ness would go 'way he'd put in de teef. An' heah de swellin' wuz gittin' wusser an' wusser an' Ros'bel scared plum' outen huh wits 'cause de hurtin' wuz turrible. She had figgahed dat ef Mirella's one gol' toof fotched de preachah, ten o' her'n would git him back strong; but she discalculated on de desult. An' heah she wuz settin' in my kitchen rockin' back an' fo'th, an' all I knowed wuz to poultice huh mouf twel I could go on down to de den'ist man an' ax him whut to do.

"I went right straight to de numbah Ros'bel gimme, an' de place wuz all closed up. De gen'l'man whut had de awffice nex' do' say hit had done been close up dataway fo' de las' two days an' he reckoned de den'ist had gone somewhahs. 'So dat's de end er Ros'bel's money,' says I to myse'f; an' ez I had to pass Mis' Fanny's house on de way home I stopped in fo' to tell huh 'bout hit an' ax whut to do. She tol' me to bring Ros'bel on up to de house an' she'd have a reg'lar den'ist look at huh face; so wid dat I hurry on home.

"I wuz walkin' ez fas' ez I could when I heahs some one call out back er me: 'Hol' on, Sistah Hen'erson, whah is you boun' fo' so fas' dis fine aft'noon?' An' heah come de preachah sailin' aftah me. He wuz all duded up an' grinnin' lak a chessy cat, an' when I 'membered all de mis'ry he had brung on Ros'bel an' all de teef an' night's res' she had los', not to say nothin' o' dat ten dollahs, I 'spon's to him ez col' ez ice: 'Aft'noon, Brothah Johnson.' He stepped up 'longside er me. 'You hasn't no be-jections to my comp'ny—has you, Sistah Hen'erson?—'cause I is boun' on yo' d'rection.' 'No,' says I ez stiff ez a pokah; 'I ain't got no bejections,' fo' I seed my chancet.

"Hit wa'n't but a minute 'fo' hit came. 'I ain't seed Sistah Ros'bel dese heah las' few days,' says he, sweet ez sugar. 'Brothah Johnson,' says I, lookin' him hahd in de face, 'fo' a 'sponsible lawnmowah an' a man er de Gospel hit suttenly do pass my time how you kin wuk lies.' He drew

(Concluded on Page 36

What Prof. Anderson Did for Your Breakfast

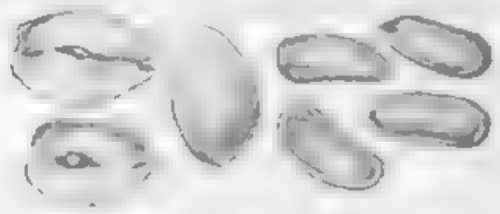
He took grains like these

both of wheat and rice.

He sealed them up in bronze-steel guns. Then revolved the guns for 60 minutes in a heat of 550 degrees.

Thus the moisture in the grain was turned into steam, and brought to tremendous pressure.

Then the guns were shot, and the grains exploded. They came out eight times normal size—like these



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The blast broke every food granule, so the grains could easily digest. That was this expert's object.

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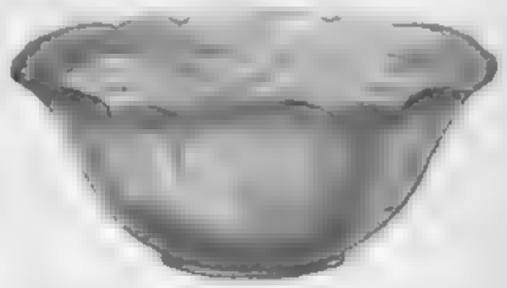
The terrific heat gave a taste like toasted nuts.

Prof. Anderson found that he had created the most fascinating foods in existence.

Now countless people every morning eat them with sugar and cream. Or they mix them with fruit.

And legions of happy children, every night, eat them in milk—like this



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The flavor lasts!

A Proverb of Bell Service

Once upon a time there dwelt on the banks of the holy river Ganges a great sage, by name Vishnu-sarman.

When King Sudarsana appealed to the wise men to instruct his wayward sons, Vishnu-sarman undertook the task, teaching the princes by means of fables and proverbs.

Among his philosophical sayings was this:

"*To one whose foot is covered with a shoe, the earth appears all carpeted with leather.*"

This parable of sixteen hundred years ago, which applied to walking, applies today to talking. It explains the necessity of one telephone system.

For one man to bring seven million persons together so that he could talk with whom he chose would be almost as difficult as to carpet the whole earth with leather. He would be hampered by the multitude. There would not be elbow room for anybody.

For one man to visit and talk with a comparatively small number of distant persons would be a tedious, discouraging and almost impossible task.

But with the Bell System providing Universal Service the old proverb may be changed to read:

To one who has a Bell Telephone at his lips, the whole nation is within speaking distance.

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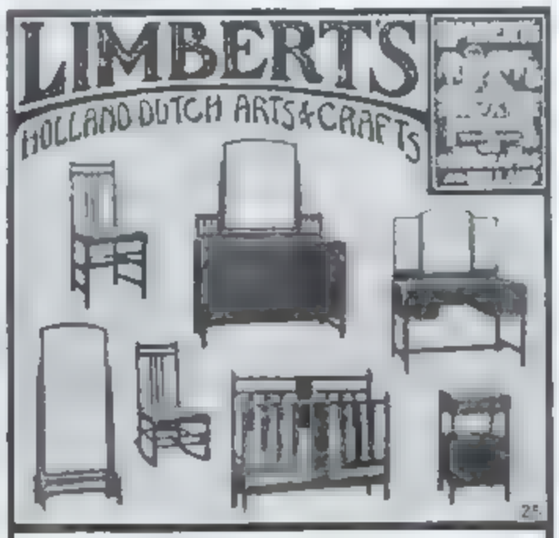

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(Concluded from Page 33)

hisse'f up at dat. 'I don't un'stan' whut you's tryin' to insingerate,' says he. 'Don't you go handin' me no Bible words, Brothah Johnson,' says I, 'fo' hit ain't goin' to git you nowhahs wid me aftah whut you's gone an' done.'

"He drawed back lak I wuz gwine to come at him wid a lick. 'Heah you is axin' 'bout dat po' lamb aftah de way you's treated huh! Puttin' on a in'cent face when you's lef' Ros'bel to run aftah dat puny li'l' string Mirella whut ain't wuth shucks outside er de price she paid fo' dat gol' toof er her'n!'

"Mos' usually de preachah 'spon's to talk wid a tex' fotched up outen de Bible, but dis time I had him an' his tex'es backed up in a cornder an' all he could do wuz jes' to look sheepish. 'An' now,' says I, 'when Ros'bel's done gone an' got huh looks sp'iled an' huh face all messed up 'count er you ——' At dat he broke in: 'Huh face! 'Count er me!' An' I tol' him de whole business 'bout dem gol' teef. Laws! You ought 'a' seed de preachah. He looked lak you could 'a' knocked him down wid a feathah an' I could see hit hit him sorter hahd.

"'Sistah Hen'erson,' he say presen'ly, 'dese pas' fo' yeahs I has had intentions er ma'yin' dat gal, on'y I jes' hadn' come to 'em yit; but now de Lawd has showed me my mistake an' I's agwine to ax huh to ma'y me dis ve'y aft'noon. Whah is she?'

"'She's down at my house, Brothah Johnson,' says I, 'an' you kin come 'long ef you wants to, but ef I knows anything 'bout menfolkses you ain't agwine to want huh when you sees huh face. You ain't agwine to think 'bout de qualities she's got—you's jes' nachully gwine to tu'n an' run.'

"'Sistah Hen'erson,' he says, awful earnes'lak, 'tek me on down to yo' house wid you,' an' sho nuff, Uncle Peter, he come. We walked on in de house an' thoo to de kitchen whah Ros'bel wuz settin', waitin' fo' me. She caught sight er de preachah befo' he seed huh, an' quick ez a flash she grab a pillowslip offen a cheer an' drawed hit ovah huh haid. An' dar she set when we come in, jes' lak one er dese heah Kukluxes. 'Ros'bel,' says I, marchin' up in front er huh, 'de preachah has come heah to ax you to ma'y him.' Hit was sorter suddentlak to come at de po' gal dataway, but I b'lieves ef you's got to do sumpin whut ain't 'greeable de sooner hit's ovah de better. 'You says you wants to ma'y huh no matter whut she look lak?' says I to de preachah. He come on ovah an' tuck Ros'bel's han'. 'Dat I do,' says de preachah. 'Den,' says I to Ros'bel, 'tek dat pillowslip offen yo' haid an' look Brothah Johnson square in de face.'

"Ros'bel done ez I tol' huh. Uncle Peter, I had seed huh a'ready, but when she come out er dat slip hit wuz mos' ez bad ez de fus' time I had looked at huh. 'Heah is whah de preachah lose his backbone,' went thoo my min'. I give one look at him. Dere he stood lookin' in huh eyes lak ez ef he wuz gazin' at de Queen er Sheby an' holdin' huh han' lak hit 'twuz made er di'mon's.

"'Ros'bel,' he says sof'lak, in de kin' er voice he uses when he prays low in chu'ch, 'will yo' have me?'

"An' Ros'bel, not bein' able to speak un'erstandably, looked up at him an' shuck huh haid —'Yes.'"

A SOCIAL VIEW OF THE HIGH SCHOOL

(Continued from Page 16)

advisory aid from the faculty. In another a May fête, consisting of songs, drills, dances, pageants and scenes from plays, was carried on almost wholly by student initiative and administration. In this school there are twenty clubs, including current events, social-service, dramatic, camera, student welfare, lend-a-hand, besides those devoted to the various subjects of study. All these various activities, from the quelling of the disorder in the study rooms in the first school to the democratic clubs last mentioned, have been carried on by the pupils—often in response to faculty suggestion, to be sure, but always with a rich result in practical community cooperation. Illustrations might be indefinitely multiplied from the best schools in the country. It is notable that wherever these activities are strong the problem of discipline practically disappears. The pity is that such activities are not generally recognized for their direct value for training in citizenship, and encouraged as an essential part of the school life.

At the high-school age the pupils are coming into full realization of their social instincts. The habit of rendering unthinking obedience to a government, no matter how beneficent, is exactly the habit most favorable to the party boss. The habit of loyalty to a fraternity or a society, even if its interests are contrary to those of the school, is a good foundation for loyalty to a political party even if it becomes the tool of special interests working for public demoralization through a Barnes or a Murphy.

A second demand imposed upon the schools by the public welfare is that they train young people to render the kind of service the public needs. If you are running a department store you do not want seventy-five per cent of your force window-trimmers and heads of departments. If you are short on a certain line of employees that is the kind of men you seek. Where is the firm of Mr. Common People short?

It would be easy to answer in a general way by enumerating a dozen lines of service immediately needed. Specifically, however, a better answer can be had by a study of some phases of our decennial stock-taking in the thirteenth census. Here is found conclusive proof that one line of educated service is greatly needed, and this need points the way toward a revision of the high-school curriculum that could not fail to be salutary.

The report of the census of 1910 says: "It is a significant fact that between 1900 and 1910 the urban population increased 34.8 per cent and the rural population only 11.2 per cent. The total farm acreage, on the other hand, increased only 4.8 per cent." The report for the principal food products of the farm is given for the years 1899 and 1909. It shows an increase in acreage of 3.5 per cent; in quantity produced, 1.7 per cent; and in value, 79.8 per cent. Less than two per cent increase in quantity brought nearly 80 per cent increase in value!

Who paid this 80 per cent?

We all did. Why didn't some part of this 80 per cent find its way into our individual pockets—yours and mine? Because we were a part of the 34.8 per cent that had moved into the city. There are many causes for the increased cost of living. This is one of them.

How could the high schools improve this condition? They could teach the knowledge gained by the Department of Agriculture, which has shown in hundreds of cases all over the country an increase of from twenty-five to one hundred per cent in crops raised under the scientific direction of its experts. There is ample room for this improvement, as witness the comparison of average crops to an acre in three staples raised by the United States and Germany:

	WHEAT BUSHELS	OATS BUSHELS	POTATOES BUSHELS
United States	14	29.4	92.7
Germany	29.8	51.5	200.8

Germany is producing about twice as much to the acre as America—not because she has better land, but because she employs better methods. Our scientific agriculturists know these methods and we—the people—own the schools where these methods can be taught to our boys, who are the pupils.

Are we teaching the things our boys and girls need to know to become intelligent producers from the land? Here is an extract from the analysis of the subjects studied in 8097 high schools, as published in the last report of the United States Commissioner of Education:

	PERCENTAGE
Latin, French and German	82.64
Algebra and Geometry	87.72
Agriculture	4.60
Domestic Economy	3.78

If the Department of Agriculture can secure a gain of from twenty-five to one hundred per cent in crops managed under its direction; if we have too few people in the

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Women's, *Light Blue, Lavender, Old Rose, Pink, Fawn Oxford Grey, Wine Chinchilla Grey*	Price $2.00
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country and too many in the city: if we are all suffering from high prices at least partly because of insufficient production from the land; and if the instruction in agriculture in our own high schools will tend to keep our boys and girls on the farms where we know the majority will be infinitely better off, and at the same time furnish us more food because they have learned improved methods of agriculture—isn't it pretty clear that we need a revolution in our high-school curriculum?

The fact that the high schools are so exclusively bookish and academic that they are practically college preparatory schools keeps thousands of pupils every year from crossing their thresholds; but let us look at the results to those who actually enter. Statistics of the United States Bureau of Education show that 42 per cent of the pupils in 10,213 high schools are in the first year; 27 per cent in the second; 18 per cent in the third; and that 12 per cent are graduated. To be sure the schools are not altogether responsible for this loss; but let's see if their procedure throws any light on these appalling vital statistics. The high schools of the state of New York are under the most complete supervision and the most thorough organization of any in the United States. Some notorious defects found elsewhere would be impossible there. The course is fairly representative of conditions in the states of the North and East. The standard of passing is low—only 60 per cent. The purely academic nature of the curriculum, however, still persists; so that a pupil whose interest cannot be engaged in the phonographic reproduction of a textbook would be wise to commit some crime that would take him to an institution for delinquents where he could secure the education and training he needs.

Is it not possible that, from the point of view of every boy and girl, our present courses have assumed purely intellectual interests that often do not exist? Can we not, by offering broader opportunities, meet the life-needs of very many of the eighty-eight per cent who now fail of graduation? Can we not build a broader foundation for community service and the personal happiness of the many pupils who are now lost to us by the end of the first year?

The Colleges at Fault

Why does practically every first-year pupil take algebra and a foreign language? Why do any in the early part of the course take ancient history, a subject for which they have absolutely no apperceptive basis and which, for them, at best can be only a parrot recital of unintelligible facts? Why does their English course cover literature that is mostly away beyond their comprehension, and employ methods that produce a positive dislike for the great things in literature? Why is their science almost entirely dissociated from their every-day life? Because the course of study, the methods of teaching and the syllabi are dictated by the colleges. Let me drive it in again. Practically all of the boys and girls in the school are forced to take these subjects taught on exclusively college preparatory lines because every subject in the majority of high schools is taught that way! Yet over ninety per cent of the pupils will never go to college!

To limit or abridge opportunities for the thorough cultural and disciplinary training afforded by the old classical course would be unfortunate for society and unjust to many of our most promising pupils. To refuse to extend opportunities of training to other boys and girls with different tastes is no less unfortunate and unjust.

Come on, Mr. Common People! You and I don't care a new three-cent piece about educational tradition. We do care a great deal about the social thinking of the next generation. We care about their standard of civic righteousness; we care about their efficiency in government—in doing together the things that all the people must do together; we care that our schools turn out a product that we as a people can use, and we care a great deal about our own boys and girls. We want them all educated. We want those who need the classics and the higher mathematics to have these subjects; but we don't want the doors of the schools we are supporting slammed in the faces of those of our children who don't care a tinker's obstruction for the classics and the higher mathematics! We are beginning to get ready to start something in the line of real democratic government. Let's try to get democratic education!

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Soothes Drowsily When Played By Instinct

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Read this enthusiasm from the owner of a Virtuolo.

"I WAS at my summer home in Rhode Island. I had just had a swim in the ocean, a hard rub, and fresh linen. I felt fit. I slid onto the mahogany bench of my Virtuolo Player Piano. I put in "Thou Sublime Sweet Evening Star" from "Tannhauser" to play.

"I always play by the new *instinctive* method. So I closed the panel in front of the roll; shut my eyes and started the music.

"The first tranquil chords made me imagine I could see the great stage at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, the shadowy evening star scene upon it; the green flowery wooded valley, the pilgrims' monastery on the hillside, the path down which come the pilgrim monks with deep voices singing "The Pilgrims' Chorus"—that glorious melody which makes you want to cry with happy emotion.

"The music now gave me the vision of the blue sky, and the lone, snowy evening star.

"And, then, out of the Virtuolo drifted the drowsy chords of the harp—the harp of old Wolfram sitting there on the roots of a tree, his face uplifted, his fingers stroking the strings, his rich bass voice singing "Thou Sublime Sweet Evening Star".

"No painter ever painted a picture of evening so real, so spell-binding as the soothing tones of this music paint on your feelings. It is strange, it is beautiful—this playing on the Virtuolo by instinct."

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A FRIEND OF THE MASSES

(Continued from Page 22)

and Cordelia figured rapidly that whatever the action might be it would compromise the Colonel.

"Watt dear," she suggested, knowing well his easiest point of appeal, "did Mr. Baxter call on you for assistance, or did you confer with him about the need of the Grays?"

The shocked expression on the face of the Colonel was sufficient answer. He sat down with a stiff jerk and took up his desk 'phone.

"Police, if you please—Chief Baxter!" he requested, and stared conscience-smitten at his desk blotter until his bell rang.

"Chief Baxter," he said, "I beg to apologize for having usurped the courtesies of our mutual relations by having offered you the assistance of the Blossom Grays without your request."

Chief Baxter, who was a polite man in his own way, covered the transmitter while he snorted.

"All right, Mr. Mayor," he cheerfully rejoined. "No harm done."

"I am glad to have you say so," responded the Colonel. "Meantime, Mr. Baxter, I shall keep the Blossom Grays mobilized, subject to your possible need."

Three people had a sudden impression that in this self-subjection there was a certain measure of bigness; and these three were Chief Baxter, Captain Williamson and Cordelia.

VII

AT NOONTIME the defenders of their jobs, having tired of purely incidental conflict, invented strategy and ambush. They sent a turtle-headed Pilgarian up to Sandy Mike's saloon, with two long strings of beerpails slung on poles. The act was so audacious that the two hundred or more strikers who made Sandy Mike's their executive headquarters were shocked into inaction until the turtle-headed workman came out with the beer. Even then a tacit sympathy with his errand might have permitted the messenger to depart in peace, had he not, at the distance of a fair running start, turned to favor them with his entire stock of English. This assortment of language consisted of one epithet, so inflammatory that it was answered by a unanimous howl which had all the effect of a skyrocket.

Instantaneously the best short-legged sprinter of the foreign legions started to make a new record in the beerpail handicap; but, in place of making a straight shoot for the main entrance of the factory, he ran on past that street and turned into Taylor Alley just seven inches ahead of a beer bottle.

To this day the reinstated home workmen speak with genuine admiration of the speed of that deceptively turtle-headed Pilgarian, and regret that he was accidentally killed in the ensuing mêlée.

The errand and the defiance and the chase formed the strategy. The ambush came at the foot of Taylor Alley, where the Deckland Lumber Company had stacked on each corner tall, beautiful piles of two-by-four and two-by-six and two-by-eight scantlings. It was a two-by-eight that hit the turtle-headed decoy just as he led his pursuers into range. The tops of those lumber-piles had swarmed, in an instant, with playful strikebreakers enjoying their noonday recreation hour, and three hundred and fifty dollars' worth of fine, well-seasoned lumber had been cast on the cohorts of leisure before a large and eager police squad smarting from the memory of Chief Baxter's oration, appeared on the scene with drawn clubs and a thirst for exercise.

Up to this point the affair had been much in the nature of a mere boy's scrimmage, as there had been a comparatively small number of combatants not over twenty-five per cent maimed and not over half a dozen killed; but the police, chasing the stall-scale-bodied over the careless hurdles of the lumber monopoly's yards, were unfortunate enough to pocket a large crowd of them in a blind corner behind the dry kilns. One workman, with an exaggerated idea of a joke, bored a hole, with a forty-five-caliber cartridge, through the helmet of a luckily short officer; after which, hasty marksmanship became general.

The crowd flowed up Taylor Alley and out into the street, and one G. W. Chisel, who was president of the Third National Bank, happened to be passing at the highest speed of which his runabout was capable—leaning forward to make it go faster. Had he not been so deeply in earnest in his desire to be away from that neighborhood, he would not have been going fast enough to interfere with the bullet that plowed between him and the cushion upon which he sat, cutting a furrow in both.

This was sufficient! The safety of the republic was in jeopardy! The nation was tottering to its fall! The foundations of society were crumbling! What was the matter with the police department, with Ben Baxter, and with Mayor Watterson Blossom? The answer was plain to any right-minded banker, factory owner or lumber monopolist. The police department, Ben Baxter and Mayor Watterson Blossom were totally and irredeemably inadequate!

VIII

COLONEL WATTERSON BLOSSOM, still entertaining Cordelia in his private office because she did not feel at liberty to remove her finger from the pulse of events, picked up his telephone and heard the agonized voice of Joseph J. Taylor.

"The city is in the hands of the mob!" shouted Taylor. "I demand that you requisition the governor for state troops. Will you or will you not do so?"

"I'll tell you in ten minutes, Mr. Taylor," replied the Colonel with cool politeness.

He called up Ben Baxter immediately.

"Chief Baxter, I have been requested to call on the governor for state troops," he said. "I do not propose to usurp your authority again. Shall you need the troops?"

"No," declared Baxter. "They had quite a little scrap down there this noon, but we have it under control. Say, Colonel, I've been thinking about those Grays of yours. Do you think they'd stand their ground?"

"Like men!" declared the Colonel proudly.

"All right!" agreed Baxter, covering his worry by gruffness of voice. "Keep 'em handy, will you?"

The Colonel called up Joseph J. Taylor.

"Mr. Taylor, I have consulted with Chief of Police Baxter and he assures me he does not need the state troops," advised the Colonel. "In case he requires additional help, he will send you the Blossom Grays."

"Good Lord!" yelled Taylor in profound contempt. "How in thunder do you suppose a fancy drill is going to help us in an emergency like this! If you don't telegraph for state troops I will! I ask you, for the last time, whether you are going to do it!"

"No!" snapped the Colonel.

Somehow the vibration in that voice stirred an unexpectedly responsive chord in Cordelia. In the perplexity of this crisis her thoughts had instinctively turned to Jim Fleecer, who had represented the largest capability in her circle of resources; but there had been no time to consult Georgia. Now she was suddenly aware that there was no need. Why, the easy-going Colonel, who had been but as clay to her modeling, was a man! Well, she had always known it! She enjoyed the new pleasure that of a moment of self-abnegation. She did not contemplate giving up anything, but she did reflect that she might make her plans in this instance dependent upon the outcome of the Colonel's.

Byron Chisel, the second vice-president of the Third National Bank, rang up.

"Have you called for the state troops?" he wanted to know in a voice that had a falsetto break.

"I have not!" replied the Colonel.

"What in the name of Heaven are you doing then?" demanded Chisel. "Don't you know that my father has been shot?"

"The matter has been reported to me," admitted the Colonel. "I cannot deny that the situation is grave, but I am confident that the Blossom Grays will be able to restore and preserve order."

"The armory dancers!" scorned Chisel. "Colonel, this is no time for joking. Send for the state troops!"

"No!" snapped the Colonel.

Cordelia was regarding him, with a thoughtful brow. He turned to her and smiled reassuringly. She answered his smile at first vaguely; then corrected it.

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Why, Watt seemed on the point of redeeming himself in the public eye! His refusal to call in the state troops was bound to work in his favor. It was certain to overthrow a measure of his unpopularity. A little more of this and his campaign for mayor might not be so hopeless. The residence in the state capital seemed further off than ever.

The Dickland Lumber Company called up. The rioters, in demolishing a dry kiln, had set fire to the lumber yards. The state troops must be sent for at once to save the city from immediate destruction. The Colonel, unruffled and confident, pointed out that the Blossom Grays, still held in reserve, would be perfectly adequate to meet all emergencies. The Dickland Lumber Company scoffed hysterically, cast reflections on the Colonel's backbone, and again demanded the state troops.

"No!" firmly announced the Colonel, his lips compressed and his little gray goatee sticking straight out. There was a new light in his clear gray eyes, and that light was akin to joy.

The Evening Blade called up. Was it true that the Colonel had refused to send for the state troops?

"It is!" replied the Colonel.

"Why?" demanded the Evening Blade.

"There are three reasons," explained the Colonel. "In the first place, Chief Baxter, who is my appointee in charge of the city's peace, has not yet requested such assistance; and I shall not usurp his authority until he has proved himself incompetent, which I do not believe will happen. In the second place, the Blossom Grays, who have not yet been called upon, are thoroughly adequate to suppress a riot of any size. Last, but not least, I will not have my people butchered by strangers!"

The Colonel turned from the telephone with a smile.

"The Evening Blade!" he explained to Cordelia. "The cityeditor said: 'Hooray!'"

"Of course he did!" applauded the most charming woman in the world. "Why, Watt, you're splendid!"

What an opportunity the Colonel had grasped, without the least conception of it. Why, bless Watt's innocent old heart, Jim Fleecer himself—clever politician as he was—could not have taken a more adroit political advantage of a big moment! Strangers shall not butcher my people! There was no doubt about the Colonel's reëlection. At last he had sided with the voters. How could that winter residence be managed now?

Jickey came in with a telegram. He had caught the fever of the hour and his eyes were like porcelain doorknobs.

The Colonel opened the telegram, read it with a frown and drew toward him a pad of telegraph blanks.

The 'phone rang.

"Hello, Colonel!" called a heavy voice. "I understand you have refused to call for state troops."

"That is quite true, Mr. Fleecer," assented the Colonel. "I have a telegram from Governor Truckle, stating that he is now massing the guards for immediate transportation. I am declining the offer!"

"You'd better not do that, Colonel," urged Fleecer earnestly.

"Thank you," replied the Colonel courteously. "You will pardon my haste, Mr. Fleecer, but I wish to get this telegram away in a hurry."

Cordelia almost tittered. If she had needed a corroboration of the Colonel's suddenly dangerous popularity Jim Fleecer's anxiety was enough. In spite of the havoc Watt was making in her own plans it amused her to think of the worry he was causing Fleecer. The Colonel was disturbing them all; but really it was his turn. So Jim Fleecer couldn't help Georgia and her this time! He had insisted on leading the Colonel up to an ignominious slaughter. Her dimples were never deeper. However, the joke was not entirely on their friend Fleecer. He telegraphed the governor and that telegram counted for more than all the others. Chief Baxter called for the Blossom Grays, and the Colonel ordered them out with the proud promptness of a Wellington at Waterloo.

There came another telegram from the governor, and for the first time in that decisive day the Colonel's head drooped. Even Jickey's smile condensed into a solemn groove.

"What's the matter, Watt?" asked Cordelia, all her perceptions alive to every nebulous impression.

He gravely passed her the telegram.

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The idea is that of a NATIONAL PUBLICATION.

The details of execution were these:

1. To select a very definite person—in California, in Maine, in Texas, in Wisconsin—who had an obvious need for a certain kind of publication.

2. To go straight to the point with that person, wherever he might be, by a consistent policy and a broadly conceived plan of contents.

3. To seek out those editors who of all editors are best equipped to fathom and fill the needs of this clientele.

4. To stint not in buying and printing the best literature and illustrations to be had on the subject.

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We have nothing for the narrow or the tradition-bound—except a glimpse of bigger things.

There are hundreds of thousands of our kind of farmers, and they are rapidly increasing. We shall augment their number.

Our circulation has already gained 400 per cent. and is now 113,000. The agricultural schools, the Government departments, the scientific world, are at work daily creating potential readers for us.

By the same token, they are daily creating potential consumers of your goods, to be reached through The Country Gentleman.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, CIRCULATION, 1,900,000
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THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN, *PRESENT* CIRCULATION, 113,000

"Troops departing on special train," she read. "Arrive four-fifteen. TRUCKLE."

Cordelia pondered that telegram carefully.

"What are you going to do?" she inquired, folding the telegram and tapping her white teeth with it.

"There is nothing I can do," he confessed, rising and beginning to walk the floor. "It is the old question of sovereignty—the dispute that led to the Civil War. The law in this state is slightly vague, but custom, at least, has sanctioned the right of the governor to send in troops over my head on the request of citizens in jeopardy."

Cordelia watched him pacing the floor. She saw the red flush creep up under his cheeks. She knew he was girding himself against passion. She knew he was bracing himself against this humiliation; and out of her sympathetic understanding there came an inspiration so glorious that she jumped from her chair and joined the Colonel in his march!

"Watt dear, you don't want these strangers to come in and kill your people, do you?"

He pressed her hand.

"No, Cordelia," he told her in a voice that was huskily harsh.

"Then don't let them!" she urged him.

"The law!" he reminded her.

"You say the law is vague," she argued; "and where it is vague I should think you would have an excuse to put your own interpretation on it."

The Colonel stopped abruptly and looked at her with a slow return of the light in his eyes.

"What do you mean?" he puzzled eagerly.

"I know what I'd do. Watt—law or no law—I'd take the Blossom Grays down to that train and tell the state troops not to dare get off in your town!"

The Colonel regarded his wife with almost worshipful awe, and put his hands on her smooth shoulders.

"Cordelia," he declared in a voice choking with emotion, "you are the most wonderful woman in the world!"

IX

THERE is nothing so progressive as the business of battle. The ex-employees of the Taylor Manufacturing Company, feeling themselves worsted in the recent match, flocked to the scene of the ferment in droves and hordes and swarms; and while waiting for the peaceful hour of vespers, when the visiting teams would come forth, they relieved the tedium by collecting all the ammunition in the vicinity—from hard-coal clinkers to sewer tiling.

This being reported to Ben Baxter, he decided to try the effect of the Blossom Grays, and went along himself in a six-cylinder military equipage to watch the boys in action.

The trial was more astoundingly effective than even hopeful Captain Williamson had anticipated. There was no activity in the district except for the hum of contented labor in the Taylor Manufacturing Company's plant. There were no groups of more than three strikers in evidence, and the few who were visible stood round disconsolately but sullenly, with their hands in their pockets, virtuously insisting on their rights as peaceful citizens to stand anywhere they blamed pleased!

Chief Baxter halted his bright red machine and waited for Captain Williamson.

"I don't get it," he confessed. "It never hit me that a pale gray uniform, with green trimmings, would scare a bunch of these half-inch-collar boys into hoeing the weeds out of the back yard."

"I hope it isn't the uniforms," resented Captain Williamson, looking back over his regiment of straight-shouldered boys with their guns at the prize-drill angle, their ammunition belts stuffed, and their faces so happy and eager.

"You win!" dryly agreed Baxter, still deeply perplexed. "There's something wrong about this. Hey, you—Bug Reeker! Come out here!"

A tomato-necked man, who had been trying to conceal himself nonchalantly behind a telephone pole, slouched out with a wise determination to be as cheerful under the circumstances as possible.

"Hello, chief!" he hailed as one greeting a long lost friend.

The chief wasted no time in conventional greetings.

"You can save a lot of trouble by slipping me some actual information, Bug."

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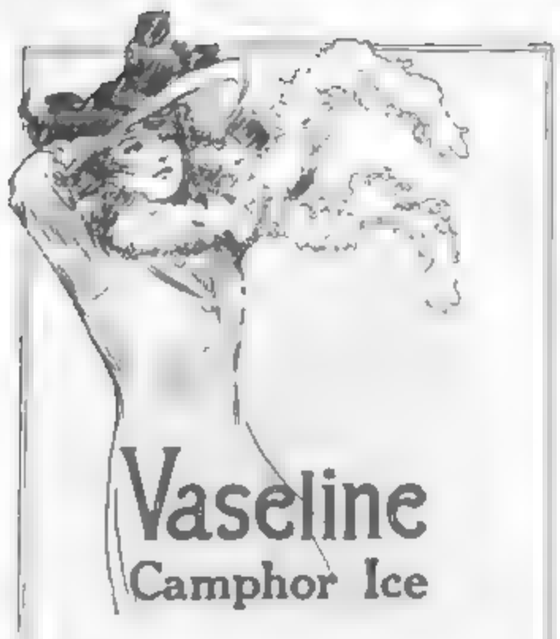

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he observed. "What's turned this free-for-all into a prayer meeting? It isn't the boys back here?"

The scorn of Bug was so emphatic that his scarlet ears moved up.

"Naw!" he snarled. "The state troops is on the way."

"I thought it was something regular," considered Baxter with a grinning glance at Williamson. After all, the captain was a nice, clean boy.

"I suppose I get myself in bad if I say it's a rotten deal," grumbled Bug—"but it's using the power of the Government to take money out of the pockets of the laboring man. Right after the riot this noon old Taylor was willing to compromise at seven and a half per cent increase, but now he says he won't do a thing. You get that, don't you?"

"I get it," acknowledged Baxter, who had his own ideas of justice, but never had a chance to use them. "Well, Captain Williamson, I guess you might as well stay here and quell the disturbance." With which kind permission Chief Baxter whirled back to headquarters.

x

AT THREE-THIRTY a tall, black, slim figure, with a wide-brimmed felt hat, rode up to Captain Williamson on a coal-black horse and rescued him from perdition and the vegetable compliments of various gleeful small boys.

"Captain Williamson," announced the Colonel with a salute, "I have the honor to report that I have come to take command of the Blossom Grays for active service. Company, fall in!"

"At-ten-tion—com-pany!" vociferated Captain Williamson, feeling again that he had blood. "Form by fours! Forward—march!"

Seven newspaper reporters—all with cameras—and every free youngster in the city followed that noble procession to the depot, and watched the Colonel line up his natty-looking boys in a double phalanx against the station, facing the track; and by the time the four-fifteen special had pulled in every photographer in the escort had sent a hurry-up call to the office for more plates.

Down thundered the right-of-way special which proudly bore the state troops. It stopped with a swiftly graduated precision that amounted to a flourish. The governor's guards, swaggering with all the devil-may-care nonchalance acquired from a careful study of Dumas, piled down from the cars like flies streaming from a bumped sugar barrel.

Suddenly the incipient D'Artagnans paused and reflected. They had taken this little outing to dazzle and overawe an uncouth and unarmed mob. Instead they found facing them a long, compact, double line of neat but well-muscled young men in gray uniforms, with bright eyes and knotted jaws, and particularly shiny guns, unlimbered for action.

A tall, slender, elderly gentleman in a Prince Albert, a gray goatee and a black felt hat stepped forward into the clear space and directed in a voice with a milled edge:

"You men get back in your cars! Where's your leader?"

Seven cameras clicked.

A spunky-looking man, with a particularly military mustache and a back that had a painful incurve, dashed back along the platform and stated to Colonel Watterson Blossom without a salute:

"What do you want? I am Captain Peabury, of the state troops."

"You are mistaken, sir," the Colonel icily corrected him. "You are an armed stranger and consequently subject to arrest! As mayor of the city, I order you to get out of town in thirty minutes!"

The armed stranger blinked, but he stood on the dignity of his commission.

"I have the laws of the state back of me," he insisted, betraying a tendency to splutter. "I have instructions that this city is in a state of riot and am directed to restore order; and, by George, I'm going to do it!"

"You're under arrest as a dangerous character!" announced the Colonel calmly, and thereupon exhibited deep diplomacy. He called two regular policemen from behind the ranks!

Captain Peabury might have resisted an arrest from two of the Blossom Grays, but a bluecoated policeman with a helmet is perfectly tangible, even to a captain of the state militia with five pounds of gold

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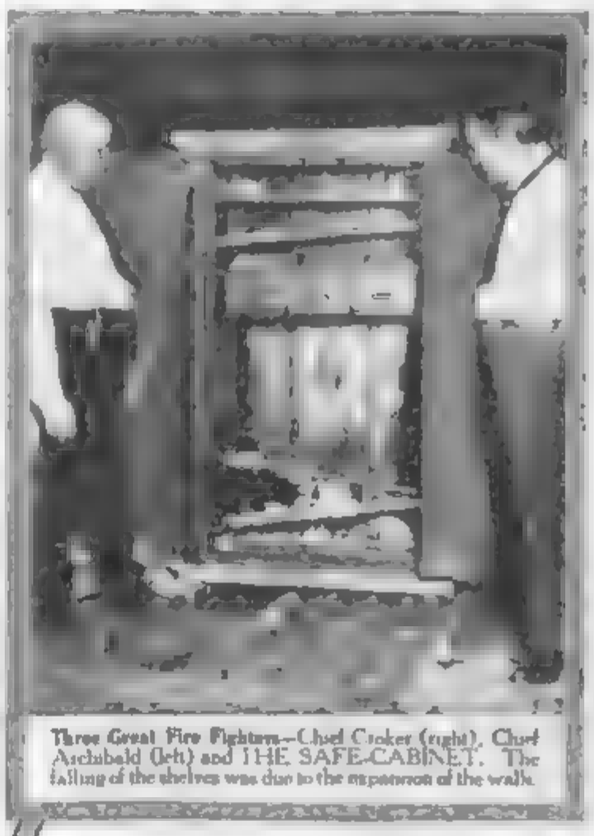
and

Chief Archibald
of Cincinnati

witness tests of Steel Filing Cabinets under conditions approximating those of actual conflagration—the most conclusive ever known.

As a result they unhesitatingly declare that the best of fire-resisting cabinets is

THE SAFE-CABINET
(1913 Model)



Three Great Fire Fighters—Chief Croker (right), Chief Archibald (left) and THE SAFE-CABINET. The falling of the shelves was due to the expansion of the walls.

Ex-Fire Chief Croker says:

"Wonderful! The test was very severe and it shows THE SAFE-CABINET to be proof against fire. And to think of the action of water on the doors! That was a most severe test. The way THE SAFE-CABINET came through was wonderful."

Ex-Fire Chief Archibald says:

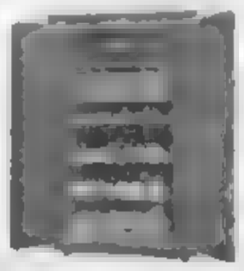
"That settles the question. THE SAFE-CABINET is not only vastly superior to all other filing cabinets of which I have any knowledge, but it has demonstrated that it will afford complete protection against fire and water."

THESE tests were conducted during the first week of September, 1912, at Marietta, Ohio. A special furnace was built and the most reliable scientific instruments were used for recording the temperature at two points of the outer wall and three points inside of every device tested. All instruments were calibrated by Professor E. S. Merriam, of Marietta College, at the beginning of each and every test and their registrations were carefully checked minute by minute. The conditions of all tests were as nearly identical as human care could make them.

Six infringing or competitive cabinets of double wall construction for which equal or superior value has been claimed by their manufacturers, all new and of the current types, and bought on the open market, were tested, besides THE SAFE-CABINET, 1913 Model. The accuracy of these records, no less than the fairness of the tests, has been legally sworn to before T. J. Summers, Notary Public in and for the State of Ohio. For obvious reasons competing devices are designated by number only

COMPETITIVE FIRE TEST RESULTS
The SAFE-CABINET versus Five Imitation Products. All readings Fahrenheit

Number of Test	Average Outside Temperature	Maximum Internal Temperature	Test Lasted Minutes	Contents Passed Danger Line end of Minutes
5	1458	930	13	6
1	1318	892	13	7
3	1504	815	18	10
2	1534	795	22	12
6	1509	800	28	17
4 SAFE-CABINET	1553	285	49	Contents not damaged



The astounding fact was revealed by these tests that THE SAFE-CABINET, after being subjected to the most severe conditions of actual conflagration for 49 minutes and after a fire-hose was turned on its red-hot outer walls, afforded complete protection to its contents. Sixty-four dollars in paper currency and a mass of records and papers contained in it were taken out after the ordeal in perfect condition; whereas the contents of all the other steel cabinets were in process of destruction at the end of periods ranging from 6 minutes to 17 minutes. At the conclusion of the tests, upon opening these infringing or imitation cabinets, their contents were still burning and were absolutely beyond recovery. THE SAFE-CABINET suffered no damage beyond mutilation of its outer enameling and the falling of its shelves, due to the expansion of the steel walls.

We have issued an illustrated booklet giving complete details of these tests. It is free. Write for it today.

THE SAFE-CABINET COMPANY, Dept. P, Marietta, Ohio

Branches or agencies in most cities. Look in your telephone directory.

"Velvet" the smoothest tobacco

Your Tin Is At The Dealers'

10¢ TINS

Handy 5¢ bags and one pound glass humidor jars

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

braid on his coat. He winced and reddened, with ordinary civilian humiliation, as two heavy hands were laid on his shoulders and seven cameras clicked. Nevertheless he was a hero!

"Company, fall in!" he commanded in clarion tones; and some of the company fell.

"Look here, Mr. Peabury," warned the Colonel—"if these illegally armed companions of yours start to make any demonstration my boys will blow their heads off!"

The stranger Peabury looked Colonel Watterson Blossom in the cold gray eye for about a minute; then he glanced up and down the line of Blossom Grays.

"I shall report to the governor at once," Peabury decided.

"You have my permission to do so!" granted the Colonel frigidly. "You may tell the governor for me that your mob has thirty minutes to leave town or be shot."

Unconsciously Mr. Peabury saluted. Seven cameras clicked. Still in custody, Mr. Peabury went into the telegraph office and threw Governor Truckle into a recurrence of his besetting ague.

Never having been distinguished for initiative, Governor Truckle stammeringly instructed his secretary to get Jim Fleecer on the long-distance telephone.

"Fleecer, we're in a pickle!" explained the governor. "The state troops you asked for are in your town, but your mayor refuses to recognize them officially. He gives them thirty minutes to get out of town or be shot. Will he shoot?"

"You're doggone whistling he'll shoot!" earnestly replied Fleecer.

"Then what shall I do?"

"Get your state troops out of here in twenty-five minutes," advised Fleecer promptly. "Don't let me waste any of your time!"

In a remarkably brief period Captain Peabury returned to the station platform and saluted Colonel Watterson Blossom.

"Sir, I have the honor to report that I am ordered to remove my troops to the state capital at once," he proclaimed with due pomp and circumstance.

Even while he talked the telegraph operator came running out with yellow tissue-paper orders for the conductor and the engineer of the special.

The whistle tooted; the bell clanged; the cameras clicked! The governor's guards piled back into the cars. Amid the frantic cheers of the populace, the right-of-way special moved out of town—backward!

"Now," said Colonel Watterson Blossom to Chief of Police Ben Baxter, "let's go out and settle the strike!"

"You're too late, Colonel," grinned the admiring Baxter. "I've just been on the 'phone. Joe Taylor compromised at seven and a half per cent when he heard of your civil war."

The Colonel flushed with pleasure.

"I am highly gratified," he announced. "I shall take occasion to mention your excellent work publicly, Chief Baxter."

"Never mind mine," chuckled Baxter; "you just slip in a good word for our Blossom Grays. Hear that cheering! Say, but you're strong with the people!"

Supremely happy in the triumph of justice, the Colonel, at the head of his victorious Blossom Grays, rode up Main Street on his coal-black charger, one arm dangling carelessly at his side, his thin neck stiff, his head erect and his hatbrim gently flopping.

"Isn't he noble!" breathed the sparkling-eyed Cordelia Blossom to her dear friend Georgia Fleecer, in Georgia's electric at the curb.

"He showed his stuff all right," gamely acknowledged Jim Fleecer, idling at the coupé door. "I think I'll have to do a lot of switching in my plans, for election is too near to lose this absolute scream of popularity. 'Strangers shall not butcher my people!' There's nothing to stop the Colonel, Boss. He gets his second term as mayor."

Cordelia turned on him round, round eyes, which sparkled too much to be quite ignorant.

"Oh, not mayor!" she protested. "I rather calculated that this popularity would be statewide, and I don't believe Governor Truckle will be in very high favor—will he?"

Jim Fleecer looked at her and at Georgia in dumb fascination for a moment. They had unconsciously clasped hands and seemed so very, very happy and contented.

"Say, Boss," he suggested, "if you haven't picked out your house in the state capital I can show you some swell pictures of the governor's mansion."

Bent Bones

Read Report U. S. Army Board

ONLY wearers of narrow, pointed shoes have foot bones like this X-ray photo. The United States Army Board has found that such feet cause a loss of 20% in soldiers' efficiency. And the Board has recommended to the War Department a shoe of the Educator type. Write us for New York Sun's story of this 4 year investigation.

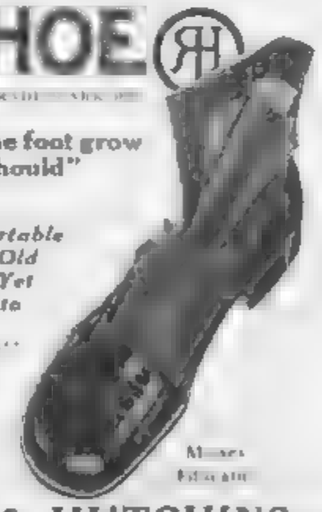
[illegible] Educator shoes, like [illegible], never cause foot troubles. Educated people wear them. Their toe bones straighten naturally.

[illegible] Educators [illegible] to $5.50 for [illegible].

We also make the famous St. Augustine and Sig[illegible] and Mayfair [illegible].

EDUCATOR SHOE

"Lets the foot grow as it should"



"Comfortable As an Old Shoe, Yet Proud to Pass a Mirror"

[illegible]

RICE & HUTCHINS, INC.
14 HIGH STREET, BOSTON, U. S. A.

50 WORDS ABOUT ODD LOTS

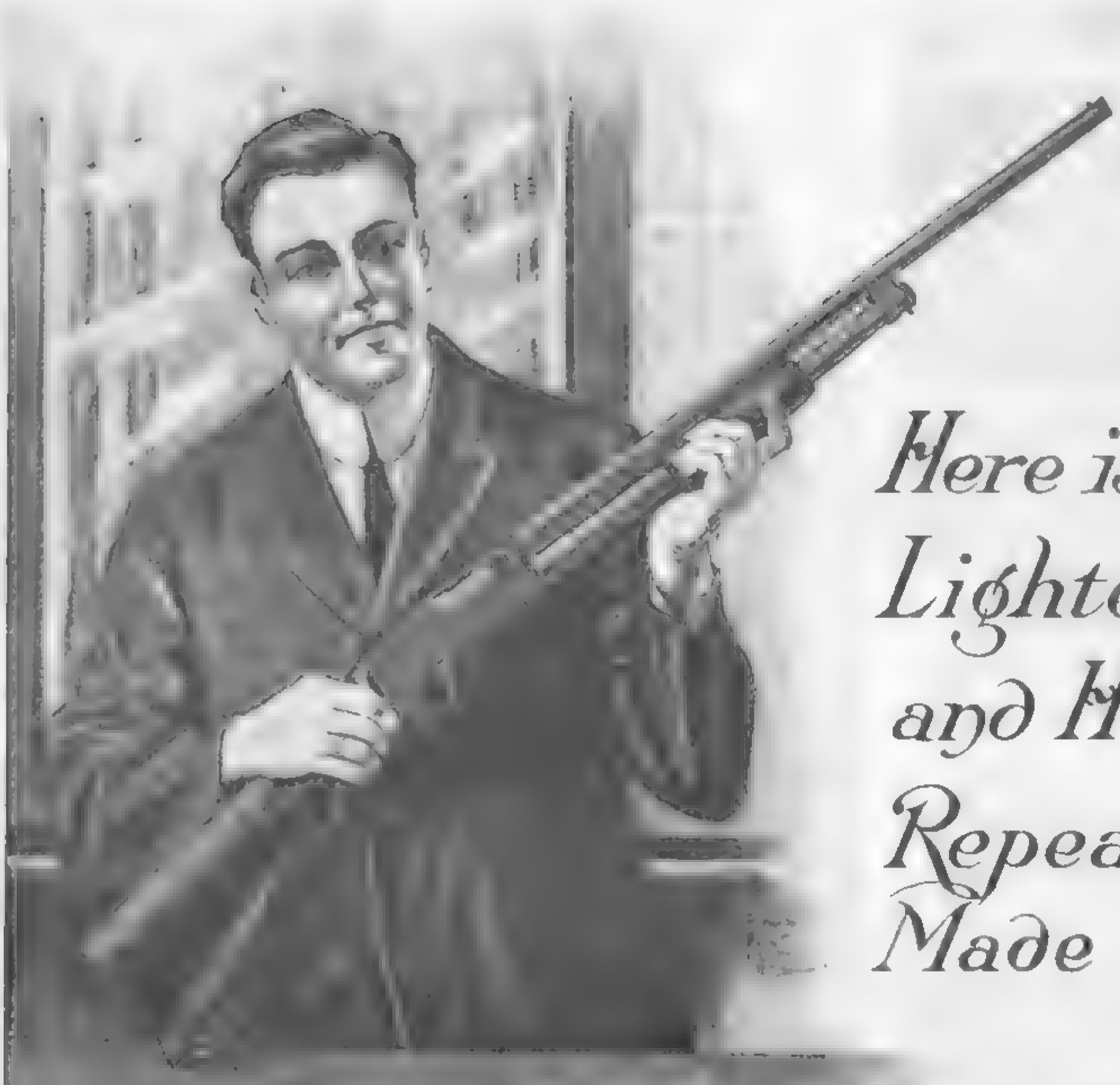
No. 25.

LIKE the corporation, the individual must introduce scientific management into his personal life. He must adopt the saving habit—create a sinking fund and invest it.

In fostering systematic saving, in generating from savings more savings, in making investment easy, the Partial Payment Plan recommends itself to men of forethought.

Send for Circular 9—"Partial Payment Plan"

John Muir & Co.
SPECIALISTS IN
Odd Lots of Stock
Members New York Stock Exchange
MAIN OFFICE 71 Broadway
Uptown Office 42nd Street and Broadway
NEW YORK



Here is the Lightest, Strongest, and Handsomest, Repeating Shotgun Made . . . .

THE NEW

WINCHESTER

MODEL 1912

Hammerless Repeating Shotgun

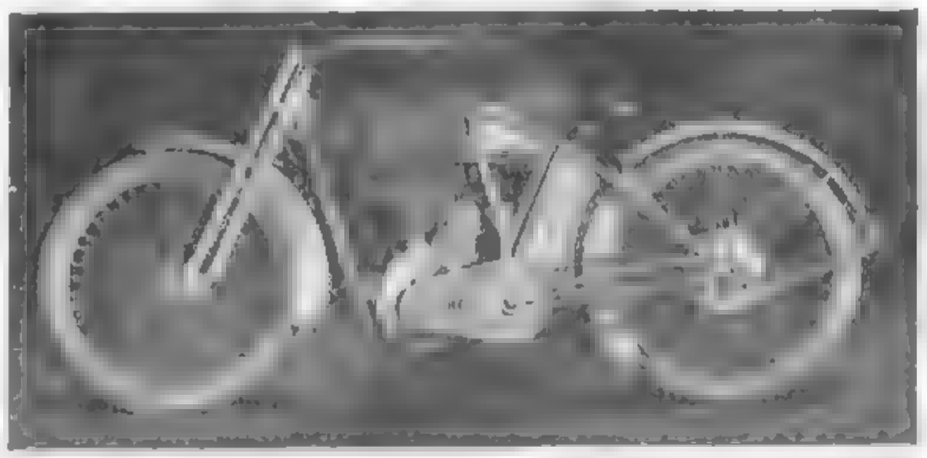
20 GAUGE TAKE-DOWN

It weighs only 5¾ pounds, yet it is the strongest repeating shotgun on the market, all metal parts throughout being made of Nickel Steel. It exhibits a grace of outline and perfection of detail and finish unapproached by repeating guns of other makes. It is free from unsightly screws and pins to collect rust and dust and work loose; and its solid breech, closed at the rear, gives it extreme safety. In operation, it works with an ease and smoothness unknown in guns of other makes. It is simple to load and unload, and simple to take down, being separated into two parts easily and quickly without tools. In shooting qualities, it is fully up to the established Winchester standard, which has no superior.

Ask your dealer to show you one, or send to Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., for handsome, illustrated circular describing it

A 20-GAUGE GUN FROM BUTT TO MUZZLE

HARLEY-DAVIDSON



A New Model of the Silent Gray Fellow

MORE pulling power at low speeds, more power on the hills, more reserve power for sand and mud. That was the demand our engineers set out to satisfy by building the

HARLEY-DAVIDSON "5-35"

(5 actual horse-power—35 cubic inches piston displacement). Dynamometer tests show that this motor develops 166 per cent. more power at 5 miles per hour than even the former 4 horse-power Harley-Davidson, which was the acknowledged leader in its class. 145 per cent. more power at 10 miles an hour, 80 per cent. more power at 20 miles an hour.

It will climb hills, pull through sand and over roads that would seem almost impassable. The "5-35" motor will pick up from a standing start to 40 miles an hour in 300 feet. At low speeds this machine develops more power than some twin cylinder machines with higher rating.

The Fat Floating Seat, placing 14 inches of springs between the rider and the bumps, and the Free-Wheel Control, which permits of stopping and starting the motor without shifting gears (both exclusive Harley-Davidson features), are incorporated in all models. Description of these and other features on request.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.
270 B STREET MILWAUKEE, WIS.

You like it; and it likes *you*.

That's the beauty of the *Girard* cigar. It gives you the full-bodied tropic quality of native Havana tobacco. But this is fully seasoned, mellow, and sweet; a cigar that you can enjoy to the full without its getting on your nerves. The tobacco is seasoned by the natural Cuban process; not "sweated" artificially. And we blend it by a method that is our own discovery. There's no other way to produce such a cigar.

You never smoked another like it.

Your nearest dealer will get it for you if he hasn't it. We refund his money for any *Girards* he cannot sell. Remind him of that. If you have any difficulty let us know. Insist on having what you want.

Antonio Roig & Langsdorf, Philadelphia
Established 1871

3 standard 10-cent sizes
The "Broker," 5¼-inch Perfecto
The "Mariner," 5½-inch Panetella
The "Founder," 5-inch Blunt
Other sizes up to 15-cents straight

The GIRARD Cigar

The "BROKER"
Actual Size
10c

HIS MAJESTY BUNKER BEAN

(Continued from Page 25)

cabins in the little clearings, and people marrying when they wanted to—always early and working hard and raising big families. I was the only girl, but I had nine brothers. And Jim—your father's father, my dear—I remember the very moment he began to take notice of me, coming out of the log church one Sabbath. He only looked at me, that was all, and I had to pretend I didn't know. Then he came nights and sat in front of the big open fire—with all of us, at first. But after a little the others would climb up the ladder to the loft and leave us, and we'd maybe eat a mince pie that I'd made—I was a good cook at sixteen—and there would be a pitcher of cider; and outside the wind would be driving the snow against the tiny window-panes. I can hear that sound now, and the sputtering of the back log, and Jim —— Oh, well!" She waved the scene back.

"When we were married Jim had his eighty acres all cleared, a yoke of nice fat steers, a cow, two pigs and a couple of sheep—not much, but it seemed enough then. The furniture was homemade, the tableware was tin plates and pewter spoons and horn-handled knives, and a set of real china that pa and ma gave us—that was for company; and a feather bed and patchwork quilts I'd made; and a long-barreled rifle; and the best coon-dog, Jim said, in the whole of York state —— Oh, well!"

Bean became aware that the old lady had grasped his hand, and he divined that she was also holding a hand of the Flapper.

"And my! Such excitement you never did see when little Jim came! We began to save right off to send him to a good seminary. We were going to make a preacher out of him—and see the way he's turned out! Lord, what would his father make of this place and our little Jim if he was to come back?

"I lost him before he got to see many changes in the world. I remember we did go to a party in Fredonia one time, where a woman from Buffalo wore a low-necked gown, and Jim never got over it. He swore to the day of his death that any woman who'd wear 'a dug-out dress' was a hussy. He didn't know what the world could be coming to when they allowed such goings-on. Poor Jim! I was still young when he went, and of course —— But I couldn't. I'd had my man and I'd had my baby, and somehow I was through. I wanted to learn more about the world, and little Jim was growing up and had a nice situation in the store at Fredonia, working early and late, sleeping under the counter and saving his fifty dollars clear every year. I knew he'd always provide for me. Dear me! How I run on! Where was I?"

Bean's hand was released and Grandma rose to her feet, turning to look down upon them.

"I forgot what I started to say, but maybe it was this: that the world hasn't changed so much as folks often think. I get to watching young people sometimes—it seems as if they were like the young people in my day; and I think any young man that's steady and decent and has a good situation —— What I mean is this: that he—well, it depends on the girl, like it always did."

She turned and walked to the end of the pergola, fifty feet away. There she threw up a clenched fist and began to emit groans, cries of hoarse rage and ragged phrases of abuse. She was again rehearsing her lines in the mob scene of the equal-suffrage play. At the head of her fellow mobs-women she hurled harsh epithets at the prime minister of the oldest English-speaking nation on earth. There seemed to be no escape for the prime minister. They had him!

"We've broken windows; we'll break heads!" shouted the Demon, and a gardener crossing the grounds might have been seen to quicken his pace after one backward look.

The pair on the bench were inattentive. They had instinctively drawn together, but they were silent. In Bean's mind was a confusion of many matters: Breede sleeping under a counter—people in log cabins getting married—the best coon-dog in York state—a yoke of nice fat steers.

But beneath this was a sharpened consciousness of the girl breathing at his side. She seemed curiously to be waiting, waiting! The silence and their stillness became

You get Shirt Insurance under the *Emery* label. Fit is assured by the *Emery* patterns; *Emery* neckbands are *pre-shrunk* and won't tighten up in laundering; *Emery* fabrics are absolutely fast-color; and the wear is bound to give you satisfaction. In short, we

Guarantee

fit, color and *wear*—and the dealer will give A New Shirt for One that Fails

Look for *Emery*. Pay $1.50 up.

Write for The *Emery* Book, illustrating the new styles.

W. M. STEPPACHER & BRO., Philadelphia
Sales Offices: New York, Chicago and St. Louis

PARIS GARTERS
No metal can touch you

You'll feel better and you'll look better, if you wear

PARIS GARTERS

These garters make you feel secure, they hold up your hose; tailored to fit the leg, they are the most comfortable garters for men.

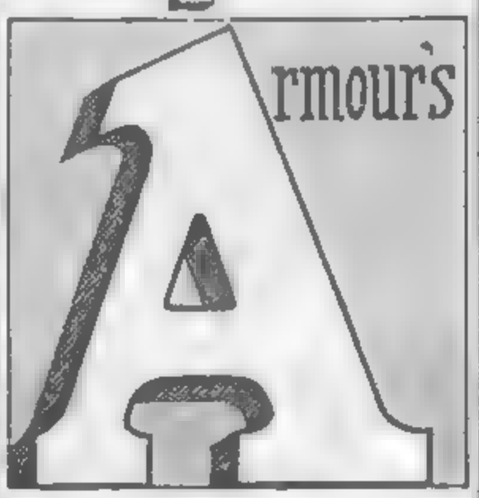
Prices 25c, and 50c for silk

Better have more than one pair, to change as you change other underwear.

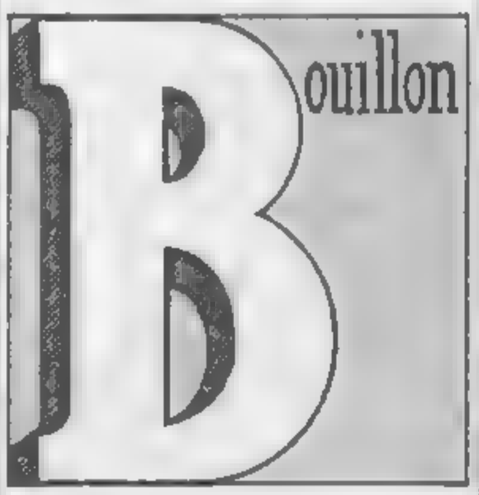
Look for the name PARIS on every garter.

A. Stein & Company, *Makers*
Chicago and New York

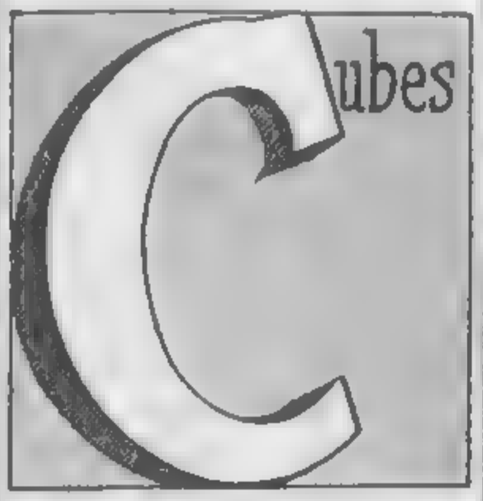
It's Just as Simple as



To keep yourself in condition—Keep your Blood Moving. When you are tired and the day's work seems unusually hard, drink a cup of Armour's Bouillon.



You will experience a delicious feeling of vigor and quickened vitality, for your circulation has been stimulated in the simplest, safest and sanest way. No reaction.



Served at Drug and Confectionery Stores and Buffets everywhere. Made in a minute—Simply add hot water. In boxes of twelve (Beef or Chicken) at all dealers, 30 cents. Send for samples.

ARMOUR & COMPANY

Dept. 220, Chicago

Armour's 1913 Art Calendar. Four beautiful pictures by Penrhyn Stanlaws, size 11x17. Send us two 2-cent stamps with one blue coupon from a box of Armour's Bouillon Cubes, or send us 25 cents in stamps and we will send the calendar.

unbearable. Something must break—their breaths were too long-drawn. He got to his feet and the Flapper was unaccountably standing beside him. It was too dark to see her face, but he knew that for once she was not looking at him—for once that head was bent. And then, preposterously, without volition, without foreknowledge, he was holding her tightly in his arms; holding her tightly and kissing her with a simple directness that Napoleon, Man and Lover, could never have bettered.

There is no record of Napoleon having studied jiu-jitsu.

For one frenzied moment he was out of himself—a mere conquering male, unthinking, ruthless, exigent. Then the sweet, strange touch of her cheek brought him back to the awful thing he had done. His reason worked with lightning quickness. Terrified by his violence, she would wrench herself free and run screaming to the house. And then! It was too horrible!

He waited, breathless, for retribution. The Flapper did not wrench herself away. Slowly he relaxed the embrace that had made a brute of him. The Flapper had not screamed. She was facing him now, breathless herself. He put her a little way from him; he wanted her to see it as he did.

The Flapper drew a long and rather catchy breath, then she adjusted a strand of hair misplaced by his violence.

"I knew it!" she began in tones surprisingly cool. "I knew it ever so long ago, from the very first moment!"

He tried to speak, but had no words. His utterance was formless.

"When did you first know?" she persisted. She was patting her hair into place with both hands.

He didn't know; he didn't know that he knew now; but, recalling her speech he had overheard, he had the presence of mind to commit a soulful perjury.

"From the very first," he lied glibly. "Something went over me, just like that. I can't tell you how, but I knew!"

"You made me so afraid of you," confessed the Flapper.

"I never meant to—couldn't help it."

"I'm horribly shy; but I knew it had to be. I felt powerless."

"I know," he sympathized.

"Our day has come!" roared Grandma from out of the gloom. "We know our rights! We've broken glass! We'll break heads!" This was followed by "Ar! Ar! Ar!" meant for sinister growls of rage. It seemed to be the united voice of the mob.

They drew apart, once more self-conscious. They walked slowly out, passed the mob scene, which ignored them, and went with awkward little hesitations up the wide walk to the Breede portal. To Bean's suddenly cooled eye the vast gray house towered above him as a menace. He had a fear that it might fall upon him.

At the entrance they stood discreetly apart. Bean wondered what he ought to say. His sense of guilt was overwhelming. But the Flapper seemed clear-headed enough.

"You leave it to me," she said, as if he had confided his perplexity to her. "Leave it all to me—I've always managed."

"Yes," said Bean, meaning nothing whatever.

She made little movements that suggested departure. She was regarding him now with the old curious look that had puzzled him.

"You're just as perfectly nice as I knew you were," she announced with an obvious pride in this bit of proved wisdom. "Good night!"

From a distance of five feet she bestowed the little double nod upon him and fled.

"Good night!" he managed to call after her. Then he was aware that he had wanted to call her Chubbins! He liked that name for her. If he could only have said: "Good night, Chubbins!" For that matter he basely wanted again to—but he thought with shame that he had done enough for once. A pretty night's work indeed! If Breede ever found it out!

When he left with Breede in the morning she was on the tennis court. Brazenly she engaged in light conversation across the net with no other than Thomas Hollins, Junior. She did not look up as the car passed the court, though he knew that she knew. Something in the poise of her head told him that.

He didn't wonder she couldn't face him in the light of day. He smiled grimly in scorn for the betrayed Tommy.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Barrett Specification Roofs

The Most Popular Roof in the World

THE illustration above shows the familiar gravel surface of a Barrett Specification Roof.

Roofs of this type are used with the fullest satisfaction on thousands of great factories and commercial establishments all over the United States.

The Barrett Specification is the standard method for constructing these roofs.

It specifies the kind of felt and pitch that should be used, the quantity required, and it further defines the correct method of applying same. It also specifies a simple and practical method of inspection and provides for the identifying of the pitch and felt.

If this specification is carefully followed, the owner of the building is assured of a roof that will usually last twenty years or more without any maintenance expense whatever.

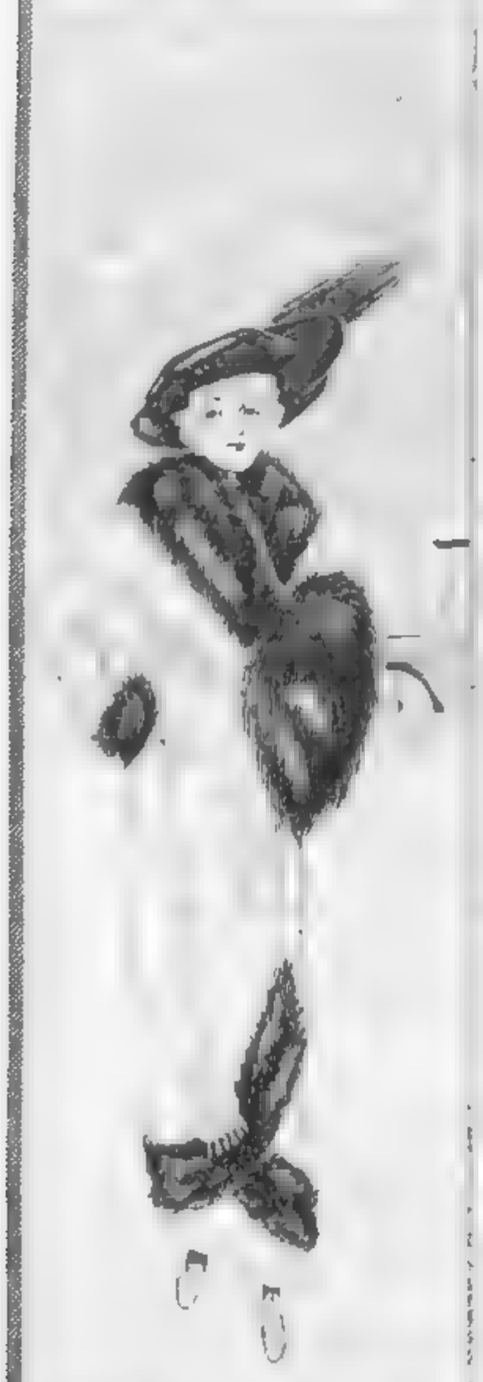
Special Note We advise incorporating in plans the full wording of The Barrett Specification, in order to avoid any misunderstanding. If any abbreviated form is desired, however, the following is suggested:

ROOFING—Shall be a Barrett Specification Roof laid as directed in printed Specification, revised August 15, 1911, using the materials specified, and subject to the inspection requirement.

We shall be pleased to mail architects, engineers or owners of buildings, copies of The Barrett Specification with diagrams from which blue prints can be made. Address nearest office.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St. Louis Cleveland Pittsburgh
Cincinnati Kansas City Minneapolis Seattle Corey, Ala.
Canadian Officers—Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S.



Dorothy Dodd

SHOES

New Styles Now Ready—
Don't Miss Them!

Don't fail to see the new Fall and Winter models in the Dorothy Dodd Shoe.

Dealers all over the country are showing them now.

Their exquisite lines, faultless fit, superior quality and daintiness make them the choice of the most critical.

Every costume, formal or informal, finds most appropriate footwear in the Dorothy Dodd assortment. Nothing has been overlooked.

The principles of correct shoe making as well as the decrees of fashion have been strictly regarded.

Every woman who is interested in stylish and comfortable footwear will approve of the new models. Prices $3.50 to $5.00 per pair.

Go to the Dorothy Dodd Dealer in your town or write us for handsome catalog showing new Fall and Winter styles.

The Dorothy Dodd trademark on your [illegible] look for it

DOROTHY DODD SHOE CO.
BOSTON, MASS.
U. S. A.

Loose bristles are no respecters of age—

dangerous alike to children and grown-ups. You could not be induced to use a bristle shedding tooth brush if you only realized half its dangers.

A RUBBERSET Tooth Brush cannot shed its bristles. It is absolutely safe. Each and every bristle is held in hard vulcanized rubber and cannot come out. No other tooth brush was ever made like a RUBBERSET. It is shaped rightly, too; it gets into spaces and corners which the ordinary brush can't reach.

A RUBBERSET Tooth Brush costs little enough, which is all the more reason for your demanding a RUBBERSET Tooth Brush from your druggist or department store. If not at your dealer's send us his name and we will see that you are supplied.

RUBBERSET COMPANY Factories, Newark, N. J.
H. & C. H. T. Co., Props.

RUBBERSET
TRADE MARK
THE SAFETY TOOTH BRUSH

THE SUPERIORITY OF THE ENGLISH

(Continued from Page 9)

statement from a report made by a joint committee composed of both Oxford dons and leading representatives of the working class whom they had won to their cause: "Throughout the nineteenth century a considerable proportion of those who, as ministers or members of Parliament or public officials, wielded great influence, have received their earliest education in political ideas at the hands of Oxford, and have acknowledged freely that they have learned through it to be more efficient servants of the community. The trade-union secretary and the labor member need an Oxford education as much and will use it to as good ends as the civil servant or the barrister." Then it adds significantly: "It seems to us that it would involve a grave loss, both to Oxford and to English political life, were the close association which exists between the university and the world of affairs to be broken or impaired on the accession of new classes to power."

From the point of view of the socialist and the syndicalist all this is only so much verbiage veiling an attempt to convert the best men in the party of labor to that social, economic and political system which it is the chief aim of the Labor Party to overthrow. One of the branches of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants sent a representative to a conference of working people held in a recent summer at Oxford. After considering his report it forwarded the following resolution to the Workers' Educational Association: "That it is not expedient for the working classes to cultivate a closer relationship with Oxford, by university extension lectures or by any other methods, until the teachings of the universities are radically altered so that a truer view of social questions may be taught; and that it is not advisable to send workingmen students to colleges unless the curriculum is made suitable for the training of labor leaders."

Mohammed Goes to the Mountain

An attempt to reach the actual laborer was made as early as 1899 by founding at Oxford a colony of labor students known as Ruskin College. Every effort has been made to meet the objections of the more radical element in the Labor Party. The college is governed by a council including both university men and labor men. It is situated in the poorer quarter of the town, at a distance from the haunts of the regular undergraduates, with whom no intercourse is countenanced. The students do all their own housework except cooking, and thus manage to keep the yearly expense down to about two hundred and fifty dollars. The course is generally limited to a single year, and consists of social and political history and economics. Several of the unions—notably engineers, railway employees, weavers, compositors and workers in coöperative stores—have contributed to the support of Ruskin College, and even founded scholarships; but the average yearly attendance is only forty-five. It has become increasingly evident that the vast majority of labor unions will not vote money to send their promising young men to Oxford.

Three years ago the university made a more radical attack upon the problem. Mohammed went to the mountain. Oxford took its teaching down into the industrial centers and made its appeal to the laborer as an individual. There are lectures and essays; but the instruction is mainly of the tutorial kind, which has been so strong and characteristic an element in Oxford education, and which is being widely imitated in American universities—notably Princeton. In order to promote personal knowledge and intercourse between teacher and taught, the classes are strictly limited to thirty students. The discussion is, of course, based upon reading, which the students do outside the classroom. The classes meet for two hours weekly during twenty-four weeks; and the course lasts at least two years. Great care is taken to make the teaching systematic and thorough, and the student who completes it successfully receives a certificate from the university. Each teacher has normally five such classes and receives two thousand dollars a year, or four hundred dollars for each. Half of this is paid by the university, and the other half—amounting to about seven dollars a year for each pupil—is paid

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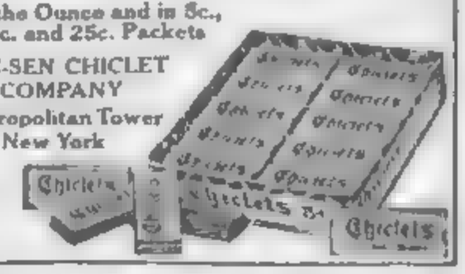

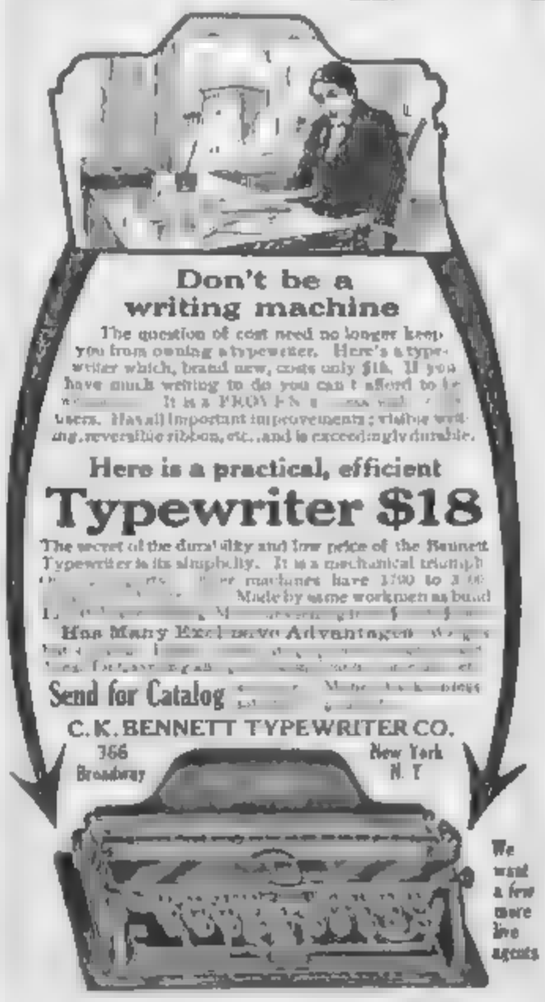

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The quaintness and simplicity of olden times find expression in our "Old Colony" pattern. Added to these qualities is the finish that results from present-day skill and methods. The design possesses individuality in a marked degree without resorting to over-ornamentation or sacrificing its purity of outline. Take all

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"Silver Plate that Wears"

it is made in the heaviest grade of silver plate and is backed by the largest makers with an unqualified guarantee which an actual test of 65 years makes possible.

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Is yours complete and appropriate? Do you need a carving set? Have you enough spoons, forks, knives or serving pieces? Dealers everywhere sell this silverware. Send for illustrated catalogue "Y-90."

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partly by the pupils and partly by grants from local boards of education, educational trusts, and in some cases from trade unions and coöperative societies.

The sacrifices the workmen make to attend the courses are by no means slight. Low as the fees are, they are a very considerable part of an English wage-earner's income. At best, the men are tired out by long hours of labor; and what leisure they have is frequently cut into by overtime at the workshop. Yet in three years the number of men in attendance has risen to about three thousand, or nearly as many as the total enrollment of Oxford or Cambridge.

Obviously the labor-union secretary, the political leader and the labor member of Parliament have need of whatever education is accessible, not only in the way of political and social science but in writing and speaking. And, obviously also, the educated labor leader is likely to be as helpful to the state as the uneducated leader is likely to be harmful. There is a third motive at work, however, and that also is characteristically English. The promoters of working-class education realize that they themselves are to receive instruction—that only through personal knowledge of workmen and of working-class aspirations can they aid, as it is their patriotic duty to aid, in the development and realization of their ideals.

I learned of all this from my old tutor at Balliol. He was a member of the coterie which, under Jowett, founded Toynbee Hall and the settlement movement. He has been a leading spirit in university extension, as he is now prominent in this new movement. One of the features of the movement is a summer class held in Balliol during the long vacation, in order to supplement the winter instruction—and also to make the workingmen acquainted with the university at first hand.

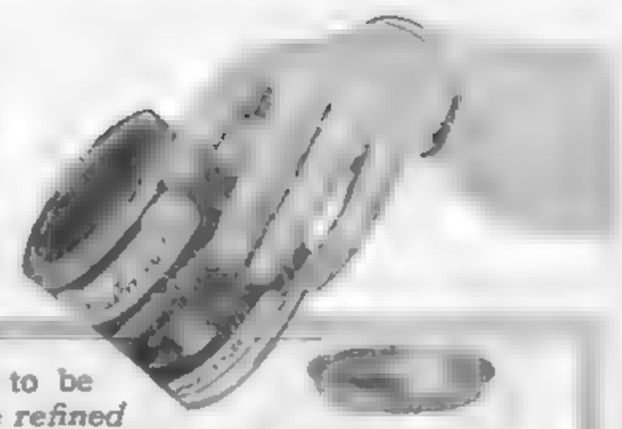
Bloodless Revolution

On one occasion, while presiding at a formal dinner in the hall, my tutor asked for the name of the man present who was most radically opposed to the movement. The man was indicated—a gray-headed, hard-fisted product of the north country. In calling on him to speak my tutor explained why he wanted to hear from him first—so that they might at once get at the issue between them with bare fists, man to man, with no trace of the circumlocution that sometimes prevails between guest and host. The man rose to his feet and said that all his life he had been opposed to truck and dicker with the classes Oxford represented. His friends had been obliged to use main force to get him there; but he was glad he had come. "I have seen the Conservatives try to govern us," he said, "and they failed because they were ignorant of the country as a whole. I am watching the Liberals. They are failing for the same reason. The next ruler of England will be my people. When they come to power they must not fail. And, to succeed, they must have knowledge. So I've changed my mind. I want my people to use this place learn everything they can from you!"

In the sense of becoming scientific and efficient, England has not yet been able to wake up—and may never do so; but, now as always, it is vigorously true to type. The wound that threatens to divide the nation against itself is in a way to close over from within and perhaps ultimately to be healed. Revolutions the aim of which is human liberty and justice have a way of raising their heads first in England; and they have had another way, equally notable, of gaining their essential ends without permanent injury to the body politic. That is a faculty worth as much, perhaps, in the long run as science and efficiency. These are phenomena, it may be remembered, that bulked large in an earlier revolution in France; but, a century and a half before that, England had gained the substantial fruits of political liberty with comparatively little bloodshed, and with only an inner change in the institution of monarchy.

At the height of its ascendency, a dozen years ago, there were those who dreamed that some day it would overmaster the whole world—overmaster it with justice and peace, to be sure, but still overmaster it. Today it seems less likely that dream will come true. Possibly the future will remember it only by the ruins of the dismembered empire; but there is comfort in the thought that ruins are a thing which the Briton does particularly well.

Think of the joy of *always* having your coffee *just* right.



G. Washington Coffee *has* to be right—absolutely pure coffee *refined* like sugar—use it as you do sugar—½ to ¾ teaspoonful in a cup—pour on boiling water—sugar and cream to taste—and there you have the most delicious cup of coffee you ever drank—flavor perfect—strength to suit—equally fine for the demi-tasse.

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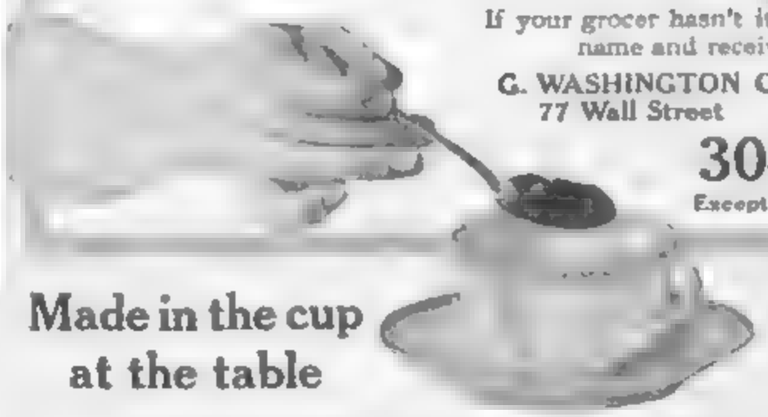

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A book telling how to prepare 24 delicious "New Desserts and Delicacies" mailed free upon request by post-card.

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Among these developments are:

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The Prophylactic is the ONE Tooth Brush in universal use today—everywhere

A BIG IDEA IN THE BACKWOODS

(Continued from Page 15)

contend that you said: "The cannon will be fired from the valley at three tomorrow afternoon." Try it.

Well, I gave that bunch a drill they never forgot. We went over it a step at a time. We presented every imaginable argument against the bonds and all discussed the best reply. I had each of them make complete copies of my charts and arguments and a list of the voters he was to see, with a blank space in which to write, opposite the voter's name, the time and place he was seen and the apparent effect.

The last day I took them individually and had them approach me as a farmer, as a business man, as an ignoramus, and as an educated man. I drilled it into them that they must approach each man tactfully and present the arguments in a way to appeal to his quality of mind and avoid his prejudices.

I started them out Monday. They were to send or bring me each Saturday night a complete report of the voters seen and some indication of the attitude of each.

When I told my friends what I had done their hopes rattled down like a falling flue. They said I was a fool. I'd stand less show than a broken-winged turkey at a shooting match. So soon as these workers went out and told they were hired they would be looked on as boodlers. But I had figured it out that frankness is the best cure for suspicion.

I had not intended to make any public speeches at all. I had not employed a single speaker and had discouraged those friends of the bonds who had volunteered to stump the county.

Wentworth P. Logan and Steve Colson, however, and two or three other fellows with axes to grind seized on the occasion of the Old Settlers' Reunion, which was to be held at Ashburg on August second, to make a fight on the bonds. They got out hundreds of handbills advertising that at two o'clock on Wednesday the bond proposition would be discussed by able speakers.

I dropped a hint to one of my friends and the next day he strolled into the prosecuting attorney's office.

"Why don't you have a debate on the bond issue at the Old Settlers' Reunion?" he suggested. "Nothing draws like a debate."

He caught at the bait like a trout that has not tasted a minnow since the last presidential election. Logan liked nothing so much as a debate. He was a regular cloudcapping orator and knew I was no speaker at all.

The friend agreed to try to get me to consent. And he did.

As the day approached I had other friends drop in on Logan and let fall such remarks as: "Understand Henry Julian is going to eat you up Wednesday!" "Say, do you know Henry is laying for you at the next election? He's going to defeat you for reelection!" "Was you over to the judge's Sunday afternoon, Logan?" I was there.

These little thrusts worked Logan into a fighting frenzy. He had the egotism and temper of the shallow orator and the vindictive vocabulary loved by little men.

There was a big crowd Wednesday afternoon and more than five hundred voters were within easy reach of the platform.

Both Colson and Logan wanted to speak against the bond issue. I had told them to go ahead and I would reply to both of them in one speech. Colson, who wanted to be elected county recorder, spoke first. His speech did not amount to much, but Logan was a wonder! He believed he was to make a great hit—and then, too, he saw Meta Garland in the crowd. He worked himself into a frenzy of denunciation. He tore his hair, kicked the platform, punched great vacuums in the air with his fists, and called high Heaven to witness that it was but his humble duty as a servant of the people to uncover this gigantic steal; to unmask this traitorous tool of the unscrupulous bondholder!

Oh, he gave it to me aplenty, just as I hoped he would. And all the time I sat demurely, with a timid, downcast look on my face, in plain and pitying view of the people. Before Logan was through I noticed the crowd had begun to get sorry for me—but Logan never noticed any fine point like that; he could not see anything but red and glory and reelection. He wound up in a cloud of glory and floated off on it toward the "blue, blue empyrean."

He had called me all sorts of a rascal and a traitor and ridiculed me to high Heaven—so much so that I saw the crowd really hoped I would get back at him; but, instead, I did not mention him. I am no speaker, but I can talk when I have anything to say; and I had. I gave them substantially the same arguments I had drilled for three days into my twenty workers.

"I am financially interested in this proposition," I began, without even calling them friends and fellow citizens. "As I have announced before, I have secured an option on these bonds, so that I can offer the county a settlement at thirty-three and a third cents on the dollar and still make a profit.

"Now the reason I am talking to you is for that profit." The crowd laughed. "But if at the same time I can present a real argument—show why it is also good for you individually and for the county—you will be willing to consider it.

"When a farmer brings a cow to town to sell he tells her good points to the prospective buyer, and he does it for a profit; but that does not prove that he is a liar or a rascal. If one of you farmers goes to the hardware store and asks to see a new cultivator you want the dealer to explain all its improvements and good points. You do not call him a rascal because you know he is talking for a profit. You want him to do that, and you carefully consider his explanations and claims.

"Now cursing the rascals that got us into this trouble thirty years ago does not help matters today. If a man finds his house on fire he does not sit down and say: 'Let her burn! Some man ought to be sent to the penitentiary for setting it on fire!'

"And really, if you will investigate, you'll find Mr. Strong, who bought these bonds, was not connected in any way with the rascals who got them from the county court. He was just as honest in it as the man who bought your school bonds last spring. They were properly signed and he considered a Missouri county good for its dents and paid over cash for the bonds at par.

"But that is neither here nor yonder. The fact remains that there is a judgment in the federal court against this county for a million dollars and a half. It either has to be settled or we must continue to pay the penalty as an outlaw county.

"Now what does it cost us to have this judgment hanging over us?

"I see, over there, Tom Blake." I pointed to a farmer in the crowd. "He has a nice two-hundred-acre farm at the east edge of our county. He has had that farm listed for three years with real-estate men at forty dollars an acre. It is not sold yet. Just two miles from him, over in Bent County, Bill Williams has—or had—a farm not one bit better than Blake's. His improvements were about the same, his land hardly so good, and he was one mile farther from town. Two weeks ago he sold that farm for sixty-five dollars an acre.

"What made that great difference of twenty-five dollars an acre?

"Simply that Tom Blake lives in a county over which hangs a judgment for a million dollars and a half.

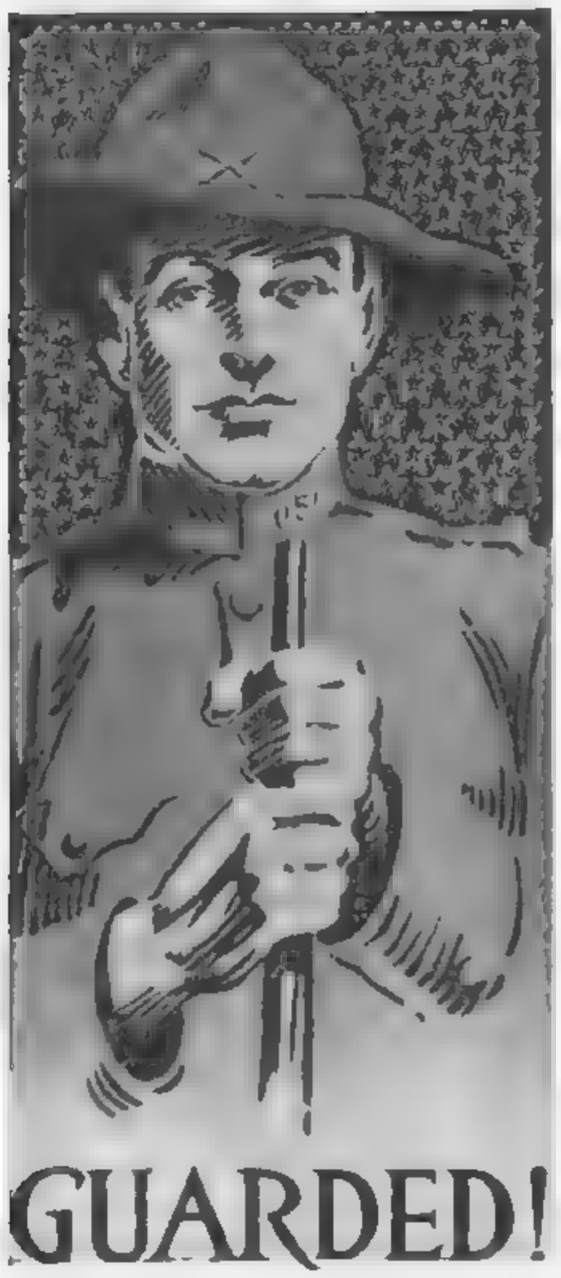
"It was the same reason that gave Bent County an increase of population of two thousand and us a decrease of eight hundred. It was the same reason that sent a hundred-thousand-dollar canning factory to Barton after we had convinced them Ashburg was a better location."

I took up the towns and compared the business, the prices of lots and increase in population. And then, after showing them what they had lost, I asked:

"Now what will it cost to make this proposed settlement? This offer, which is really four hundred thousand dollars better than the last one, for the judgment is now three hundred thousand dollars larger, will cost the county an increase of just one-half of one per cent in taxes for ten years. The county's assessed valuation is twelve million dollars. A tax of a half of one per cent will yield sixty thousand dollars a year. And that will pay off interest and principal of the five hundred thousand dollars in ten years.

"How much will that cost a year?

"Take Tom Blake, over there, again. His farm is assessed at ten dollars an acre—two thousand dollars. His taxes will be



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Quality is *guarded* at every turn, in making Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes.

Inspection *guards* the process. The *snow-white* kernels are turned to tasty crisps, by wondrous arms of steel that never tire. The toothsome flakes that bring joy to your lunch or breakfast are never touched by human hands.

Sealing *guards* the finished product *against dust and damp, and keeps it fresh indefinitely.* Neither accident nor intent can substitute delusive imitations and, to "make assurance doubly sure," the original and genuine package is guarded by this signature:

W. K. Kellogg

increased ten dollars a year. In ten years it will cost him just one hundred dollars, all told, to settle his part of the bonds. How does that compare with a loss of twenty-five dollars an acre, which if he sells tomorrow, as he wants to, will amount to five thousand dollars?

"I want you to notice this chart." I unrolled a chart eight feet square.

WHAT IT COSTS NOT TO PAY THE BONDS

Loss in population	800
Loss in farm values	$7,400,000
Loss in town lots	$250,000
Loss in business values	$1,000,000
Loss in reputation	Unestimated

WHAT IT WILL COST TO PAY THEM

One-half of 1 per cent tax on present assessed valuation for ten years—less than $2 per capita a year.

Principal	$300,000
Interest	$100,000
All Told	$400,000

I explained clearly and forcibly how I arrived at these figures.

"I am making this offer to the county because it means money to me, but it is a straight business proposition and there is nothing dishonest in that. I fully believe this is the best offer the county will ever get. This thing must be settled sometime. A county, like an individual, cannot always go on not paying its debts. The only way we have done it so far is by keeping our assessments so low we barely have money to carry on in a poor way the county's business. The only way we can hope to avoid it in the future is by remaining so poor there is no revenue left for the courts to seize.

"It is simply a cool business proposition. I am offering something for sale; you are considering whether to buy. I want you to examine the bargain most critically. Look into every detail; challenge every figure, every statement. But remember the shrewd trader does not let either lurid oratory of officeholders and would-be officeholders or prejudice to influence his judgment. Oratory and prejudice are usually strangers to sense and often to honesty."

There was no cheering when I finished—but that did not worry me. An Ashburg crowd never cheers unless it is drunk, or excited over a presidential election. But I knew I had done good work—knew it by old Cy Branstutter. Old Cy was bald and a lifelong enemy of the bonds—of any sort of bonds, revenue, taxes or improvements. For the last fifteen minutes his eye had been upon me, and four flies played tennis on his bald head without once being swiped with a palmleaf fan. Old Cy was certainly interested!

A week later men who had forgotten Logan's most flamboyant periods were still discussing my figures—and quoting my arguments. I was pleased, but I did not rush off to stump the county. One successful speech often makes a fool of a fellow for life.

My men were in the field, and I knew, from the activity of Logan and old Zeb and the other leaders, that they were doing good work. A number of the leading business men of the county—Sam Braley, of the Big Brick Store; Bob Wilkins, the miller; Lafe Williams, president of the bank, and half a dozen others—had always favored a compromise and were with me from the first. They did good work too, and by the first of September there was a perceptible change of feeling in the county toward the bond issue. At first an ordinary citizen, especially if he wanted to run for office, as most ordinary citizens do, was mighty cautious about admitting that he favored the bonds. Now even the Democratic candidate for representative was openly advocating the settlement.

Logan still orated about the traitor. But the traitor talk did not go down very well. My open and frank statement had won even more confidence than I had hoped. One morning as I went down the hall in the courthouse I accidentally overheard Bill Sager talking in the prosecuting attorney's office. Sager had been strongly opposed to the bonds at first.

"There ain't no sense in talking that way, Logan! The fellows are beginning to wonder who you are workin' for. I believe Julian is on the square."

I went on in to the county clerk's room, took my old stool and fastened my eye reflectively on the broken plaster:

"How is it going, Saunders?" Saunders had called me a fool, but I knew he was my

ALL DAYS ALIKE TO THE ELECTRIC

Westinghouse Motor has power for snowy, muddy, slippery, or hilly streets and some to spare

YOUR first concern in buying any electric vehicle should be for the motor and batteries.

They make the car go. Looks—even comfort—come afterward.

Make sure your electric has the Westinghouse Motor.

It is ruggedly built and will outlast your car.

Protected from dust and mud you can safely travel any road with it.

In proportion to power it is light in weight.

Its running efficiency is high and it is therefore easy on batteries.

All these things are true of commercial electric trucks too.

Special information about electric vehicles for any purpose upon request. Names of all electrics equipped with Westinghouse Motors for a post card inquiry.

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Do you know you can beautify your home and make everything look bright and new from kitchen to garret if you merely

Dust with

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Accept no substitute, insist on the yellow package with the tilted letters

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By simply moistening a cheese cloth duster with it and going over your chairs, tables, dressers, brass beds, piano, woodwork, chandeliers, floors, oilcloth, linoleum and bric-a-brac, you not only remove every particle of dust, but also take off marks, stains, scratches and restore everything to its *original* newness as you go along

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To prove for yourself what a real household help LIQUID VENEER is and how it saves time and labor, write today for free trial bottle.

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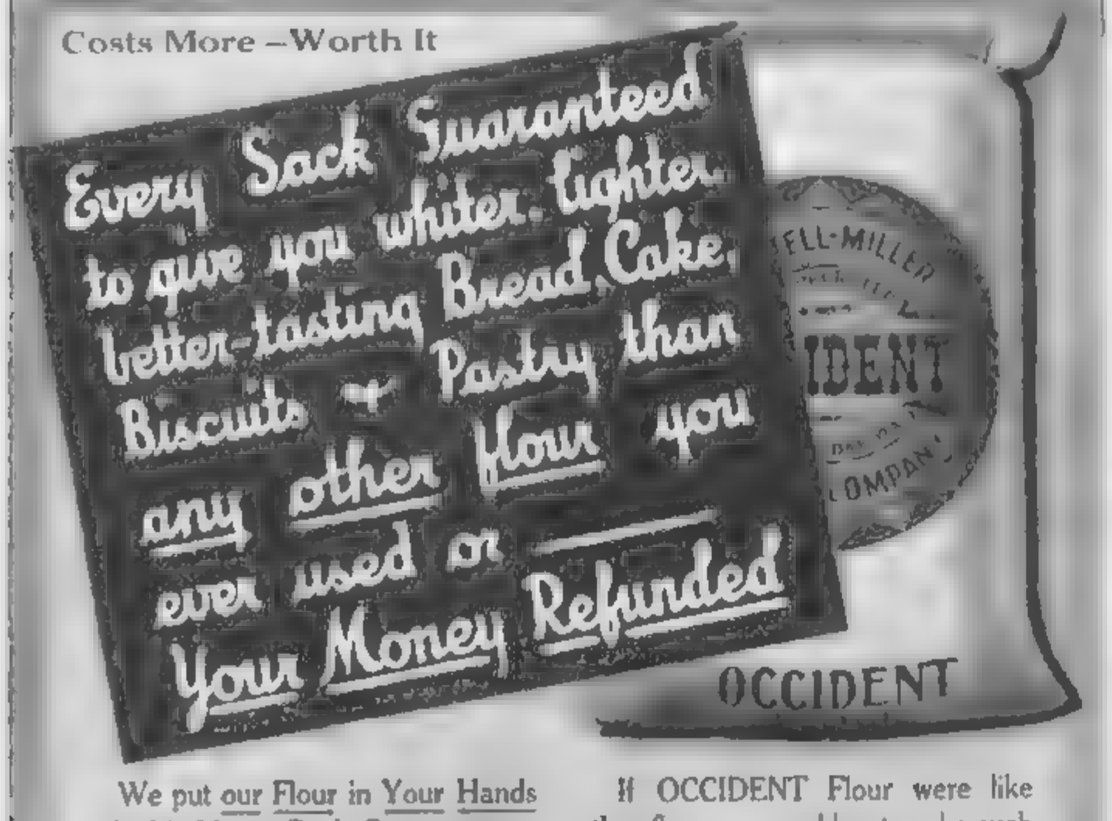

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Because we know OCCIDENT will make good in your kitchen.

It is a serious matter to put an unconditional money-back guarantee in every sack of flour.

If OCCIDENT Flour were like other flours we could not make such a guarantee. But OCCIDENT is different.

Less than 10 per cent of all the wheat grown is good enough to pass the exacting inspection of the OCCIDENT Mills.

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OCCIDENT Flour is made exclusively from First Choice of the hard, glutinous Spring wheats of North Dakota. These are the most valuable bread wheats produced.

And the OCCIDENT way of washing and scouring the wheat and purifying the flour is the most thorough and costly in use.

Because of the extra quality of the wheat, because of the extra cleanliness of the flour, OCCIDENT makes better bread and more loaves per sack. And OCCIDENT Bread keeps moist, sweet and fresh longer than other bread. This saves the work and expense of frequent baking days.

Send for Our Free Booklet, "Better Baking"

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MINNEAPOLIS - - U. S. A.

friend, and no man existed in the county who could so accurately gauge an election.

"You are beat!" he said, turning from the desk.

"That's cheerful news!" I shifted my eye to the cobwebs on the ceiling. I had drawn on John Simmons for another five thousand dollars, and it would all go by election day!

"You asked for the truth, didn't you?" said Saunders.

"Exactly."

"Well, you got it. I'll admit you are putting up the best organized and cleverest campaign I ever saw. I'd hate to run against you for office. You've made lots of votes. But there were about two to one against you at the beginning. It's my guess"—he squinted his eye speculatively—"you'll get out with a small majority, but will lack about four hundred votes of having the required two-thirds."

I was not so blue as I might have been. Saunders seldom overestimated; and if I had a majority with me now—well, there were twenty more days in which to fight.

I went out to Judge Garland's that evening. I went out quite frequently to advise with Meta. She was always anxious to hear reports of our progress, and she had some mighty good ideas.

Meta was distinctly distressed. She tried to appear hopeful, but I saw she was worried.

"Jake Watts' wife was over this afternoon," she said directly. "You know Jake has been for you, but she says now he'll have to vote against you. Zeb Bollinger has a mortgage on some of his stock and has told him if the bonds carry he'll close the mortgage at once. Jake's wife told me that old Bollinger has told everybody that owes him anything the same thing."

I whistled a small, ghostly whistle. That meant at least fifty votes against me that I had counted on and couldn't afford to lose.

That night I sent off four hurry-up letters to St. Louis and New York. I got two replies within five days that gave me some ammunition—but I wanted a bomb to explode if driven to the last ditch.

I took the train to Jefferson City. I had been a delegate to the state convention that nominated the secretary of state. I swung our delegation to him at a critical time and won his everlasting gratitude. I spent four hours with him and returned to Ashburg prepared for a final stand if it came to that—and it did come to that in a most unexpected way. It often turns out that our heavy artillery is needed, not for the enemy in front but for the stir in the grass off to one side.

I went to Jake Watts. Jake is one of those simple fellows with just enough brains to form tails for other people's ideas, which he scatters round like a maple tree sowing "squirters."

Jake is a pretty good friend of mine and started out at once with my idea. Two days later a dozen men asked old Zeb Bollinger to make a speech in the circuit courtroom on the bonds. Old Zeb was not a speaker; but what leading citizen can resist the appeal of his fellow taxpayers to save them from ruin by his eloquence and wisdom? Old Zeb consented. The date was set for Friday evening, September tenth.

Meantime I went over the recorder's books and made a list of all the mortgages old Zeb held, and to every debtor I mailed one of the handbills old Zeb had printed at his own expense announcing the speech. There were over fifty of them all together, and most of the mortgages were on real estate.

Also I went on with my work, seeing man after man and laying before them the facts favoring the bonds. I talked to only one man at a time, and had instructed my workers to follow the same plan. I knew I was making headway, and from the reports that came in I believed my workers were. As a special spur I had offered that in case the bonds carried I would pay them ten dollars a day instead of five.

Friday night, just before the Zeb Bollinger meeting opened, I slipped into one corner. The courtroom, which seated four hundred, was packed. And thick on the front seats, anxious to be seen, were the men of mortgages. Money was hard to get, for outside companies were afraid of that judgment against the county. Old Zeb lent most of his money at ten per cent—none of it lower than eight; and men who had to have it could not help themselves and were anxious to keep on the good side of the old shark.

Twenty years is a long test of character—whether in man or shoe.

Take note that today, after twenty years of service-test, there are thousands more Regal-Shoe-Feet than ever before.

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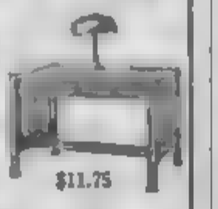
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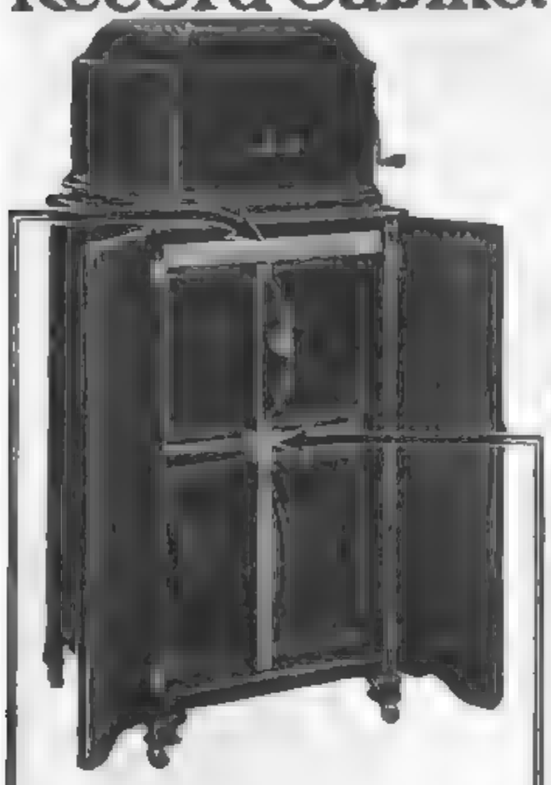

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Move the indicator to the desired number on the scale. Press the lever, and the record is at hand.

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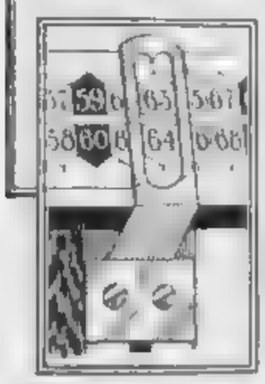
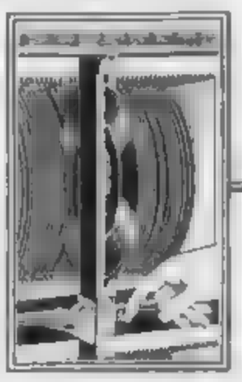


TO find any record, simply slide indicator to desired number.

PRESS the lever and the desired record is instantly at hand.



The meeting was called to order by Logan, who introduced "our distinguished fellow citizen, the most successful business man of Moline County, Honorable Zebadiah Bollinger, who will address you on this most vital issue."

Old Zeb rose with the air of owning the Ark when the flood sets in, parted his beard and generously unburdened his mouth on the courthouse floor. Tobacco juice was the only thing he was ever liberal with.

"Fellow citizens"—his voice was a rasping falsetto—"I ain't no speaker; I'm just a plain business man, but I want to tell you some things about these here bonds."

He rambled on, growing more heated and vindictive as he went. The bonds would ruin the county—bankrupt everybody. It would make the taxes so high people would have to move out. It would run the price of land down until you could hardly give it away.

"And who's adoin' of this?" he demanded fiercely. "Who is arunnin' roun' askin' you to tax yourself for the blood-suckin' bondholders of New York? Is he a business man? Is he a taxpayer? No—he ain't nothin'. He's a feller that never paid a cent of taxes in his life. He's never had nothin' the assessor could find.

"Now let me tell you"—he squinted his little old eyes and hammered a bony forefinger threateningly at the men on the front seats—"and I don't want you to forgit it—if this county votes them bonds I won't lend a dollar on one of your farms!

"And I got to collect every cent that's out. The price of land will run down so I won't be safe. So, if these here bonds are voted, every fellow that owes me can figure on walkin' up immediately and payin' up."

With that superb threat he sat down. A threat is a good weapon if you have absolutely nothing else to fight with and you know and the other fellow knows you can make it good; but it is as sure to rub the lightning out of the other fellow as from a black cat. And woe be to you if he gets a chance to scratch back!

I gave Sam Webster the signal and he rose in the middle of the crowd:

"May I ask you a single question, Mr. Bollinger?"

"A hundred of 'em!" he said dryly, as though it were funny.

"Do you mean," he asked clearly, "that if these bonds are voted you will be willing to accept payment on all your outstanding mortgages, even when not due?"

Old Zeb jumped up.

"I'll not only accept payment on every one that's offered, but demand payment of every one that's due."

He wagged his head and clawed his beard. Sam sat down and I rose in the corner.

"Mr. Bollinger," I said, "would you object to my saying a few words in reply?"

This was one chance for the crowd to scratch back. Without waiting for Zeb's reply, they began calling: "Julian! Julian!"

I went to the platform and old Zeb, chewing uncertainly, sank back into a seat alongside of Logan.

"Gentlemen," I said, "I do not wish to make a speech, but to show my faith by my works.

"Mr. Bollinger has asserted that the voting of these bonds will so depreciate the value of land he will have to call in his loans. You are all witnesses to the fact that he has promised to accept payment on even those that are not due.

"I have gone over the recorder's books and find Mr. Bollinger has sixty-two real-estate mortgages in this county. He charges all of you eight per cent and most of you have to pay an additional two-per-cent premium. He refuses to lend over twenty dollars an acre on the best land.

"Now I have made out a new note and mortgage running five years for every one of you sixty-two debtors of Mr. Bollinger for the full amount you owe him.

"These notes are deposited at the Farmers and Merchants' Bank. If these bonds carry at the election of September twentieth, you go to the bank next morning and sign the notes. I have a written guarantee here from the bank that the money will be immediately paid you for the full face value of the notes. Not a cent of premium will be charged; and if any of you want more I will raise it ten dollars an acre. And the rate—is six per cent!

"Gentlemen, that is how much faith I have in my proposition."

That brought a cheer that made me know I had won a hundred votes.

Next morning when old Zeb went to the bank and found my offer was not a bluff he

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A Standard Machine for Twenty Years

Fully guaranteed. Has all the newest improvements, including back spacer, tabulator, two-color ribbon. Perfect touch. Quick action. Absolute alignment. Writing always visible. Universal keyboard.

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Will be glad to know how I can become owner of one of your machines.

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THEY include English Style Biscuits—sugar wafers and biscuit bonbons—"The Quality Biscuits of America." They are light and wholesome as the sunshine in which they are baked, in the "Bakery with a Thousand Windows." One of them is called Hydrox—a chocolate cream biscuit as delicious as it sounds. It is made of two crisp chocolate wafers joined with a thick layer of richly-flavored cream—a most appetizing dainty to serve with jelly, or ices or tea, or a complete dessert in itself.

Send us your name and address and the name of your grocer with 10 cents (stamps or coin) to pay postage, and we will send you this Sunshine "Revelation Box" FREE. Or, simply send us your own and your grocer's name and we will send you our Sunshine "Taste Box," containing five kinds, free and postpaid. Address

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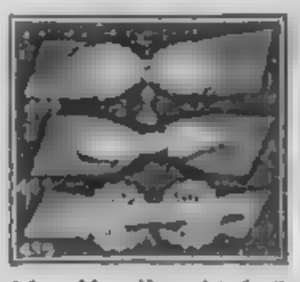

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These dainty crochet ... right any woman. The ... hand made ... think they could ... No 470, 25c No 471, 30c No 449 50c

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Also Handkerchiefs Our handkerchief catalog shows ... goods for bargains, in plain and fancy designs, for men and women at 3 for 50c and up. Live salesmen can make big money acting as our local managers and appointing agents. Write for our catalog and terms

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This is the label that's worth insisting on seeing in it

Smartest Clothes for Men
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nearly ran off and left his head. He wooled his beard until it looked like a gray cat that has been hazed by three pups.

I sent out a hurry-up letter to each of my canvassers, inclosing a certified offer from reliable loan companies to lend money on any Moline County farms at straight six per cent—if the bond judgment was settled.

That was a rope-and-tackle pull, I tell you! And I knew we were winning nearly a hundred votes a day.

Thursday evening, four days before the election, I came into the hotel, went up to my room and tumbled down on the bed, too tired to undress. I had been working nearly day and night, but I was feeling mighty hopeful. I had just been out that evening to Garland's and Meta had given me some very encouraging news. Jake Watts was going to vote with me, and nearly every one of Bollinger's other creditors too. She had heard of some others that I thought were sure against me. Of course it was still mighty doubtful. Really there was at least an even chance I should fail, but there was hope—even my enemies conceded it was doubtful.

Ike came up and rapped on my door.

"You are wanted at the telephone," he said.

It was Braley. He asked me to come down to the store at once on important business.

I went, vaguely uneasy. The store was closed, but Braley was waiting to let me in and locked the door after us. Sitting in a group at the back of the store were half a dozen men, evidently waiting. They were all leading men, three or four of them being among the wealthiest men in the county.

"Good evening, gentlemen!" I drew myself up on the counter and sat swinging my feet, watching closely for the first move. There was a moment's embarrassed silence, then Braley acted as spokesman.

"Mr. Julian," he began, "we have for the most part been favorable to this bond issue. We want the matter settled. But we have discovered that you are getting the bonds for four hundred thousand dollars and asking the county five hundred thousand dollars. No one but these present know this."

My teeth went together hard. The Southwest National Bank had leaked! They had promised absolute secrecy. I had told the county there was a profit for me, but I had not told them how much.

"Well?" I queried.

"Well, that is entirely too much. We are willing for you to make a reasonable profit—even five or ten thousand dollars—but we can't allow the county to be held up like that."

"Gentlemen," I said, "I am making the county an offer three hundred thousand dollars better than it has ever had before. If I was lucky enough to get such a trade as would make me a good profit, that ought not to concern the county. You are settling at thirty-three and a third cents on the dollar."

"That is not the point," spoke up Williams, the lumberman. "It is out of reason for the county to donate to you a hundred thousand dollars for three months' work in bringing about a settlement. Why, you have been working for forty dollars a month!"

We argued the matter. I tried to show them that one hundred thousand dollars was a legitimate profit for my idea and work.

They insisted ten thousand dollars was plenty.

"Unless you agree," said Braley hotly, "to return to the county at least eighty thousand dollars of the bonds, we'll turn out and defeat it. We have only to spread this news and you are done for."

I knew that and took it in for a full minute.

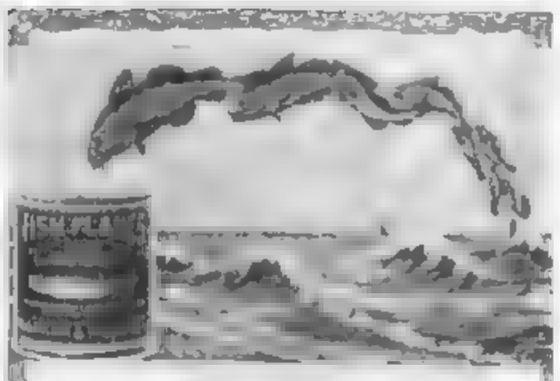
"I won't do it!" I said deliberately.

Then they argued and tried to bulldoze me again—finally offering to let me keep forty thousand.

"Now that is the limit. Agree to that and we will all turn out and see that the election is carried. Turn it down and we'll beat you. What do you say?"

I sat and swung my feet. It was so still I could hear a mouse gnawing a sack in the back of the store.

Forty thousand was a nice fortune. If I accepted I should be pretty sure to win that. It would give me a good start. If I turned it down and lost I should be ten thousand dollars in debt and have not even a job at forty dollars a month.



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Trouble—No inconvenience—no soaking—no picking—no boiling—

Money—Nothing but fish—no bones—no waste—no spoilage—

B. & M. Fish Flakes are caught in the deep cold sea waters—cleaned—cooked—slightly salted—placed in parchment lined containers—Not a speck of preservative used.

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10c—SIZES—15c
(Except in Far W...)

Choicest parts of the fish that delight every member of the family and can be used for almost countless ways of preparation, but they are certainly good to

Codfish Balls *Creamed Fish*
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... Free Book of Recipes ...

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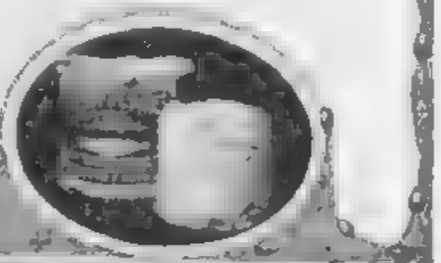

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... and card-case combined. ... finish, very flat ... the finest ... if not satisfactory ... send direct ... Morocco $ ... New ...

Every piece a Master piece

DEALERS Should stock the Masterpiece line of Men's Pocket Books for the Holiday trade

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"Remember the old farm apples—right off the trees—with the luscious flavor?" That's VILLAGE VIEW APPLES. Grown in the crisp, balmy air of the Blue Ridge Mountains, ripened on the trees, packed in strong cushioned boxes and shipped direct to you from the orchards—no cold storage.

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A Delicious New Assortment

Four Perfect Sweets in a Single Package

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All chocolate dipped.
Every piece is a luscious morsel. Every box offers you a selection of prime favorites. You always know just what you are getting when you buy

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Mr. R. C. Taylor says the Victor Automatic will give a keen edge every time. 200,000 delighted users. Each one has full length, extra wide Honing and Finishing Strop. Get yours today.

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that delights the eye and soul of every man or woman. Beautiful, dependable and durable. Hands

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Strikes hours and half hours on a

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Four flavors, novel packages. Write today. Helmet Gum Factory Cincinnati. We make Vending, Slot, Premium and Special Gums.

It may not have been more than a minute that I sat there—it seemed an hour. There was sure success on one side—the big idea on the other.

"Well, what do you say?" The tone was a little impatient.

"A hundred thousand or nothing!" My reply came almost automatically.

"Then it is nothing." They started to break up.

"Just a moment, gentlemen." The threat I had got for use on Bollinger—and withheld—was still up my sleeve. "You say you are going out to defeat this election. I think it fair to tell you, if you do, what I am going to do.

"You know this county is assessed at twelve million dollars. You know that is about one-sixth of our real valuation. We have kept it down for twenty years, so there would be no surplus revenue for this bondholder.

"You know if there is ever any money in our treasury he can once levy on, then we are into it for the full million and a half; for if Strong can get even some interest, do you think he will settle for one-third?

"Now here is the point I am getting at: We are off here in the backwoods, and the State Board of Equalization has paid no attention to our real valuation.

"Last week I went to see my friend the secretary of state and laid the matter before him. He has promised that if the election fails he will see that the State Board of Equalization raises our assessment from twelve to twenty-four millions. And I pledge you I will personally appear before the board with evidence that will insure its being done.

"That will double every one of your taxes—and will let you in to settle with Hiram B. Strong for a judgment of a million and a half.

"Gentlemen"—I jumped from the counter—"I want to be friends with all of you; but you have threatened me and there is my threat in reply.

"Now either go on and help put this through—or take your medicine."

I left without waiting for a reply. Always give a fellow a chance to back down so he may save his face.

During the remaining three days I worked like a fire in the woods. I was scared every time a man plucked me to one side lest I should hear that the committee of business men had carried out its threat. It was at work—I could see that; but what it did was done quietly, secretly. I did not know, and had no time to find out, whether the members were for me or against me. I simply went on and on, tired, strung to the highest pitch, fighting to the last hour.

The polls closed at six. I was in the county clerk's office, ready to catch the returns as fast as they came in.

Ashburg was counted at half past six. I had won it with forty votes to spare. I was not elated. I expected the hardest opposition from the remote rural townships.

At seven, another township reported. I lacked ten votes of having the two-thirds majority. But the next township gave thirteen more than two-thirds. I was relieved in one way. I saw the business men had not thrown me over. It was only a question of whether I had won enough votes or not.

As the reports began to come faster people gathered in the room. Directly the office was full and there was a string down the hall. When a report came over the 'phone it was passed out among the crowd.

Seven townships were in and I had thirty-four votes more than two-thirds. The crowd was getting excited. Old Zeb left his office and came to the county clerk's office to get the returns. He stood just outside the door, alternately on one foot and then on the other as the vote swung my way or the other way. Logan also left his office and stood in the hall, where he could catch the vote.

Others came, women among them—all acutely interested.

I saw them watching me closely, and for the first time it occurred to me they were anxious on my account even more than on the county's. Somehow my way of fighting had appealed to them.

There were twelve townships; eleven had reported. I lacked nine votes.

The last township was Wayland, away off in the northeast corner. I was afraid of it. My heart beat painfully.

Minute after minute passed and it did not report. Have you ever faced a situation where four words over a straggly

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Spend 25 cents there for a can of

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apply it to your children's shoes and you need never worry whether your boy has on his rubbers nor constantly caution your daughter to keep off the wet grass. Dri-Foot equips your shoes with the "rubbers" they can't forget.

Dri-Foot will make their shoes absolutely waterproof—soles, uppers and seams. It will keep the leather soft and pliable—make the shoes wear much longer.

One application will keep them waterproof a whole season.

You can put Dri-Foot on without trouble. Afterward you'd never know it was there, for the shoes are not sticky, oily, greasy, nor changed in appearance. They are just as easy to shine as ever.

When Dri-Foot is used, the nuisance and expense of rubbers may be stopped.

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A. E. Cox & Son, Portland, Me.
Clark Bros., Boston, Mass.
[illegible], Boston, Mass.
H. [illegible] & Son, Boston, Mass.
H. [illegible], Boston, Mass.
H. H. Kelton & Co., Boston, Mass.
S. Park [illegible] & Bro., Boston, Mass.
W. [illegible], Boston, Mass.
F. W. Whitcher & Co., Boston, Mass.
Worth Bros. Co., Boston, Mass.
Merrimack Leather Co., Lowell, Mass.
McIntosh Co., Springfield, Mass.
Springfield Leather Co., Springfield, Mass.
H. E. Smith & Son, Worcester, Mass.
Hirth-Krause Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Ridge, Kalmbach, Logie & Co., Ltd., [illegible], Man.
Schulze Bros. Co., Duluth, Minn.
Scheffer & Rossum Co., St. Paul, Minn.
Alfred Scannell Leather Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Henry [illegible] & Co., St. Louis, Mo.
James [illegible] Leather Co., St. Louis, Mo.
J. W. Schoeman Leather Co., St. Louis, Mo.
The [illegible] Leather Co., Kansas City, Mo.
[illegible] & Co., Omaha, Neb.
North Dakota Hardware Co., Fargo, N. D.
D. T. [illegible], Newark, N. J.
Clark Bros., [illegible], N. Y. City.
[illegible], [illegible], N. Y.
W. F. Lyon & Co., New York City.
Jos. Rossi & Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.
[illegible] Bros., Brooklyn, N. Y.
W. H. Walker & Co., Buffalo, N. Y.
[illegible], Geneva, N. Y.
[illegible], Rochester, N. Y.
John J. Kalb & Son, Rochester, N. Y.
A. Finck's Sons, Inc., Syracuse, N. Y.
Chas. F. Spamagle & Son, Canton, Ohio.
The Rupp & Wittgenfeld Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.
The Hetzel & Sauer Leather Co., Cleveland, Ohio.
H. [illegible] Leather Co., Cleveland, Ohio.
Whitney, Wabel & Co., Cleveland, Ohio.
Columbus Leather Co., Columbus, Ohio.
[illegible] Leather Co., Portland, Ore.
[illegible] Bros., Portland, Ore.
[illegible] Lawrence Co., Portland, Ore.
[illegible], Philadelphia, Pa.
[illegible], Pittsburgh, Pa.
[illegible], Providence, R. I.
[illegible] & Co., Providence, R. I.
Rhode Island Leather Co., Providence, R. I.
[illegible], Dallas, Texas.
[illegible], Montreal, Que.
A. A. Cutler & Co., Montreal, Que.
[illegible], Montreal, Que.
John A. [illegible], Montreal, Que.
J. H. Parsons, Ltd., Montreal, Que.
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Send for Our Test Tag

—It proves that Dri-Foot will do all and more than we have claimed.

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"NO SHADOWS SHAVING"

Raises and lowers 8 in. Swings 14 inches in front of window. Nickeled fixtures. Beveled plate mirror. Turns on swivel.

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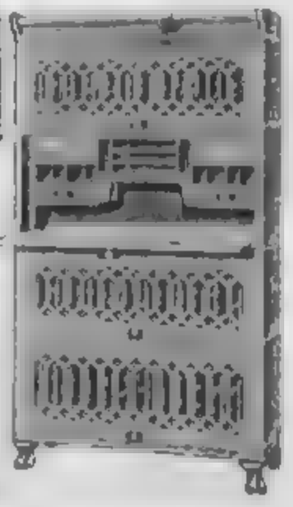
GUNN SECTIONAL BOOKCASES



Write for Our "Book of Designs"

BEAUTIFULLY illustrated in colors (mailed free), showing our Sanitary Clawfoot, Mission Colonial and Standard bookcases and how you will save money by buying them in your home. The handsome designs, the [illegible] sliding doors, the absence of [illegible] bands, make them far better than the [illegible] kind.

Our prices are lower than others and high quality is guaranteed. Sold by dealers or direct. Address Dept. M

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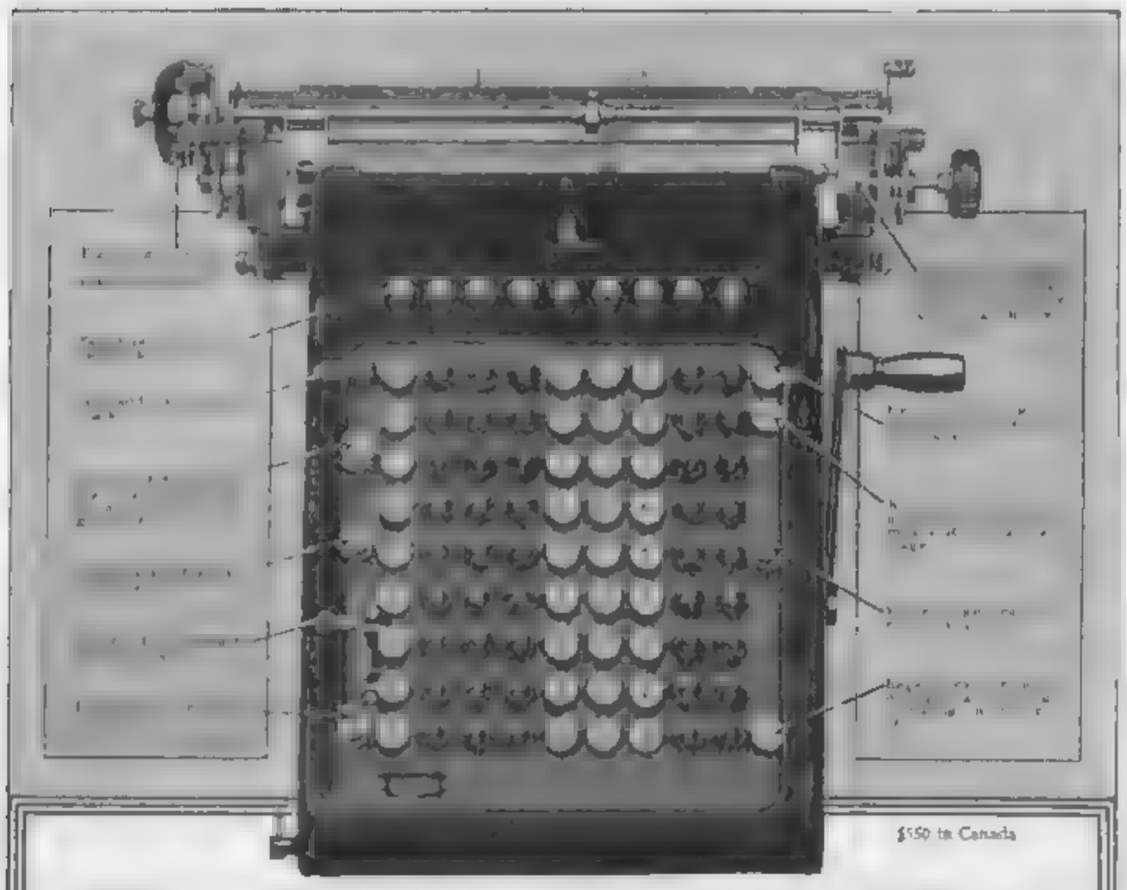

$550 in Canada

This Burroughs at $500

Does the Work of Two $375 Machines

This Burroughs Duplex is the equivalent of two separate adding machines interworking under one keyboard—"one machine that works like two."

With its automatic "shuttle" carriage, controlling its extra adding section, this machine is capable of all that the regular Burroughs does—*and many things no other adding machine can do.*

With it you can list and add any number of groups of items, print the total of each group and the grand total of all the groups without re-adding.

Or two separate classes of items, like debits and credits, can be added on this machine in one column—or in separate columns—each to $9,999,999.99.

The range of usefulness for this machine is so wide that we have published special bulletins for each of a large number of lines of business, showing the many ways of using the machine in each line. May we send you a copy of the Bulletin published for your line of business, free, and have our branch office near you place one of these machines on trial in your office and show you how it may be applied to your work?

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European Headquarters, 76 Cannon Street, London, E. C., England

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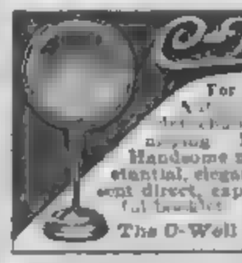
Makers of adding and listing machines: listing and non-listing calculating machines: key keyboard visible-printing adding machines—86 different models in 492 combinations of features—$150 to $950

A big, roomy Overcoat for you

Any boy can secure, free of charge, one of the splendid [illegible] we offer in exchange for [illegible] coupons. It is

Sales Division
The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Penna.



O-Well Mirrors

For holiday, wedding birthday [illegible] Imported beveled plate glass. Handsome nickel mountings. Artistic, substantial, elegant. $7.00 to $7.50. At dealers or sent direct, express prepaid. Send for beautiful booklet. Salesmen wanted.

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Twin Grip PAPER FASTENERS

Simple—easily adjusted and detached.
Secure—hold every sheet—top, bottom, middle.
Cheap—cost little, can be used over and over.
Samples, 5 sizes, free on request.

THE De LONG HOOK AND EYE CO., 654-658 N. Broad Street, Philadelphia

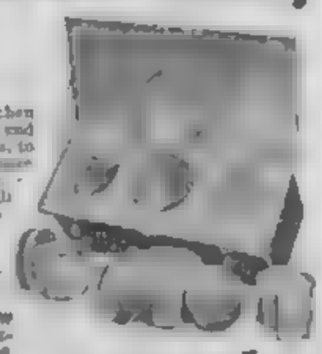
I Guarantee to Cut Down Your Meat and Grocery Bills For 30 Days

125 Recipes

If you will let me put my 1913 RAPID Fireless Cooker in your kitchen and send you my FREE Recipe Book. If I should fail at the end of 30 days—1 month—to cut down your meat and grocery bills, to [illegible] and your whole family [illegible] more nourishing food than you ever had [illegible], I will take back my RAPID, pay charges both ways, and you will not lose one penny. Already 120,000 women are cutting down their bills by using my RAPID.

This *Free* Book Tells How

Write for it today and get my special *10 days off* on the new 1913 RAPID with complete highest grade Aluminum Cooking Outfit. Inside each compartment also each plunger is lined with pure aluminum. Radiators guaranteed 15 years.



Rapid

WM. CAMPBELL COMPANY, Dept. 114, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

country telephone mean either that you really had a big idea and are a rich man, or that you are a failure, ten thousand dollars in debt?

Every time the 'phone rang prickly sensations ran all over me and my tongue felt thick; but still the report was delayed. A hundred thousand dollars—eighty thousand clear—a fortune at twenty-four—a success—if it only went right! A forty-dollar-a-month failure, ten thousand dollars in debt—if it went wrong! Among the crowd near the door, slightly in the shadow, I saw Meta Garland, her face alert and anxious.

The bell rang again. Saunders took up the receiver:

"Yes, this is the county clerk. All right, Mr. Jones; I'll take the vote."

The sweat stood out on me like clammy moisture on a granitoid wall.

"For the bonds—one hundred and forty-seven. Against the bonds —— What? What's that you say?"

"Hurry—for Heaven's sake, hurry, man!" I wanted to cry. "I can't stand another minute!"

"Against the bonds," slowly repeated the methodical Saunders—"forty-two!"

For a moment—a fraction of a moment—I think I didn't see anything. Then I saw two great big tears slipping down Meta Garland's face.

"It was a big idea!" Meta said as we walked through the starlight down the country road toward her home.

"Yes," I said; "but I have a bigger—if you will help me carry it out. Do you think you will?"

She laughed shyly.

"I'd love to!"

Getting Off the Road

A TRAVELING saleswoman was relating some of her experiences on the road and incidentally pointing at the many disadvantages of her calling.

"There is no getting around it that this is a hard life for a woman, taking it year in and year out," she concluded, "and when I leave the road I shall feel very much like a soldier getting his discharge."

A ring on her engagement finger pointed the route by which she was going to leave it.

"And he looked like a mighty poor prospect when I first met him," she said reflectively. "He is a hardware merchant named Robinson. I went into his store and he came forward to serve me, and I told him what I had and said I'd like to see Mr. Robinson. 'Mr. Robinson isn't in; he's in Kansas City,' he said; 'and, besides, he doesn't like agents.' I went down the street and saw another hardware merchant and sold to him, and he asked me if I had seen Robinson. I said he was in Kansas City, and my patron said that this was not so, for he had been telephoning him just before I came in. He offered to take me up and introduce me.

"Well, he did, and he guyed Mr. Robinson and told him to give me a nice big order. Mr. Robinson got red and said it was on him, and he ended by buying quite a lot of my goods. He and I had quite a nice long talk, and he found out where I was to be the next Sunday. He sent his clerk down to the train when I left, but he didn't come himself.

"Sunday he called me up by long-distance telephone, and he did that every Sunday until I got to Kansas City, when he came down to see me.

"My, but I'll be glad to leave the road, though I know I'll be a better housekeeper for having been on it. The road teaches you system. I'm going to do my own work, though he says I needn't, and I am collecting all the good recipes I see, for I intend to have a real home.

"When I used to go over my territory I'd look in shop windows and see a nice comforter or a teapot and think what fun it would be if I were getting that for my own home. As I go through I am going to every one of those stores to buy those teapots and comfortera. I think this is a pretty good old world now, because I'm getting what I want out of it. But I used not to think so. I wonder what girls and women in homes would think if they knew what we are exposed to! I wouldn't let my little sister go on the road. I can hardly think it's true that I am to leave. Sometimes I believe that I am dreaming, and that I shall wake up in the morning to hear the clerk pounding on my door to get me up for a six-o'clock train."

FREE Covers for School Books

School Boys who want to keep their books dry through rain or snow—who want something the other fellow hasn't got—should write for one of these patented book-covers.

Parents can cut that long school-book bill in half by protecting this year's books with a water-proof, dirt-proof cover. If so covered, the books should sell at the end of the term for half their cost price.

School Teachers can earn the thanks of the School Board by using these covers to protect school property. A superintendent in a large city writes: "They add two years to the life of a book."

To Each Boy who sends us his full name, street address and house number we will, upon request, send one of these covers, without charge. The covers are gifts to school boys. We do not sell them. They will fit any book six to nine inches in height.

Write to

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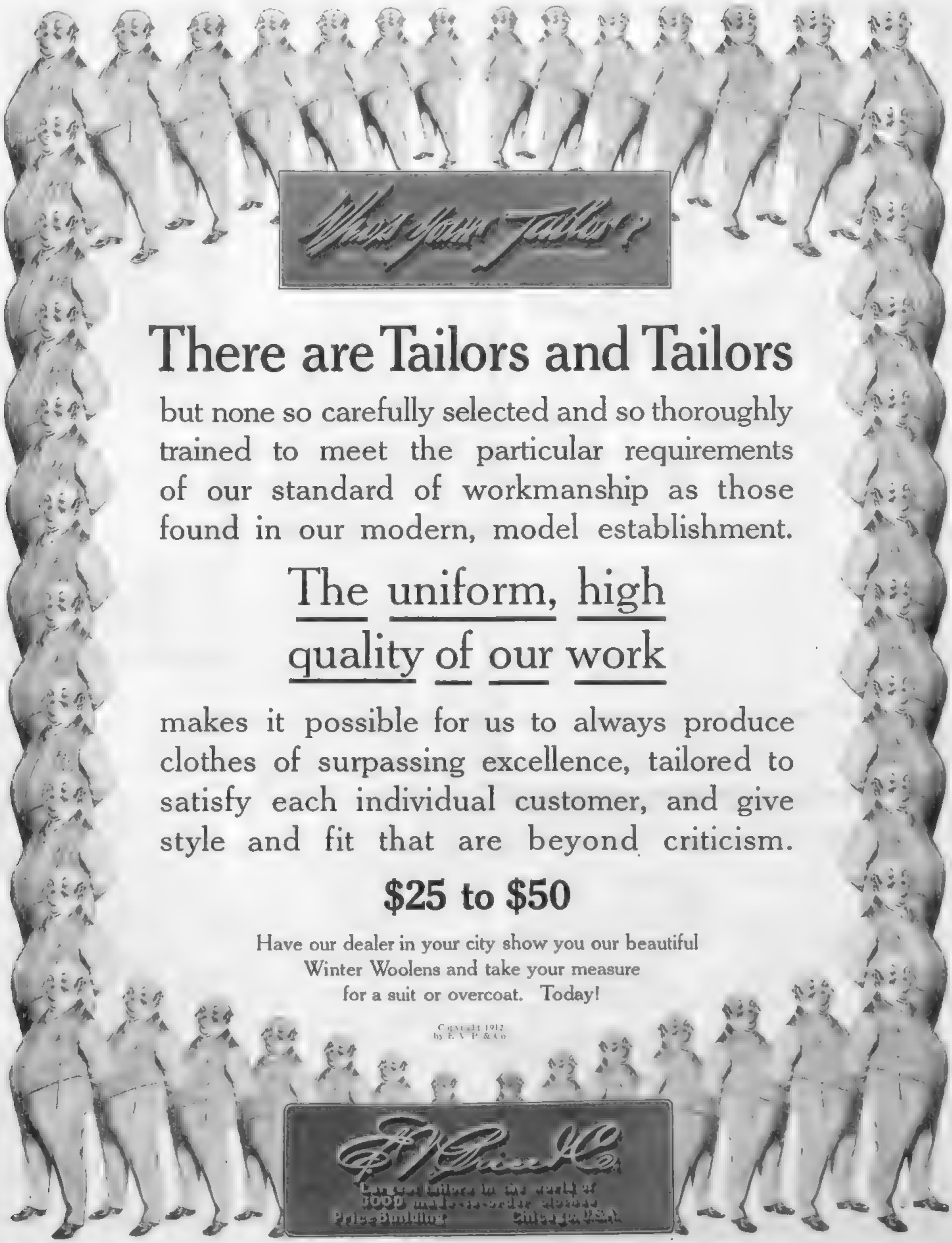
Box 1381
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



There are Tailors and Tailors

but none so carefully selected and so thoroughly trained to meet the particular requirements of our standard of workmanship as those found in our modern, model establishment.

The uniform, high quality of our work

makes it possible for us to always produce clothes of surpassing excellence, tailored to satisfy each individual customer, and give style and fit that are beyond criticism.

$25 to $50

Have our dealer in your city show you our beautiful Winter Woolens and take your measure for a suit or overcoat. Today!

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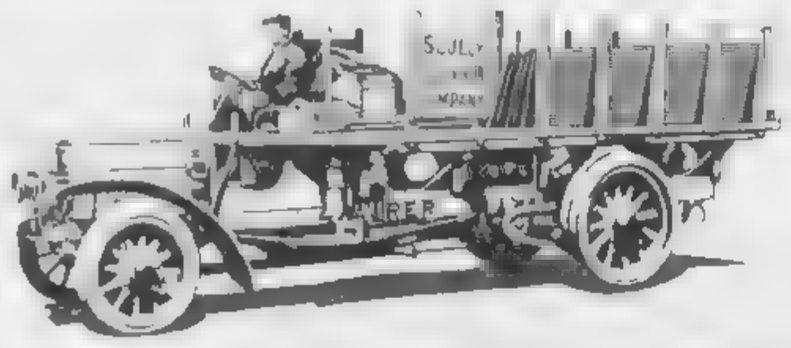


... "Prior to adopting the use of ... for the handling of our steel products, we were very careful to give this problem ... ly, and decided that no mistake would be made in putting the Saurer machines into ... at our plant.

"Continuous operation of our 4½ ton truck during the past six months, averaging better than 40 miles per day, shows very low cost of upkeep, and excellent results from both the points of economy and service."

Mack Saurer Hewitt

Proved by 12 years of real use — Proved by 18 years of real use — Proved by 10 years of real use

"Leading gasoline trucks of the world"

What do you *know* about a particular motor-truck—not think, guess, or estimate—what do you *know?*

The Mack, Saurer and Hewitt have been in use for 10 to 18 years—7000 of them, all over the world.

We have history and facts—not mere estimates—of what motor-trucks cost and are earning in such businesses as yours, and this knowledge we are glad to give to any accredited representative of a business.

Capacities: 1, 1½, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6½, 7½, and 10 tons. Bodies to suit every business, built in our own plants.

International Motor Company

General Offices: Broadway and 57th St New York Works Allentown Pa, Plainfield N J ... and Service Stations New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Buffalo, Baltimore, Newark, Pittsburgh, St Louis, Atlanta, Kansas City Denver San Francisco, Los Angeles and other large cities

Canadian Sales Agents: The Canadian Fairbanks-Morse Company, Limited, Montreal

Your Christmas Money

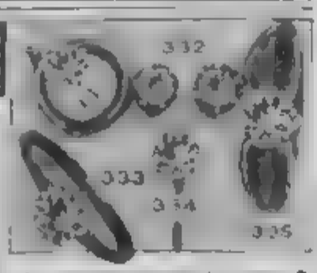
As Christmas approaches, thousands of men and women chafe under the restrictions of small incomes. It seems so hard to make the sums available "go round."

Any man or woman willing to spare even a few hours from business or home duties to looking after renewals and new subscriptions for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL among friends and neighbors can earn the money desired.

Thousands did it last year; thousands will do it this year. A salary and commission will be paid and you can continue after Christmas if you so desire. If you are interested we will send you full information.

Agency Division **The Curtis Publishing Company** *Philadelphia, Pa.*

$1.50 A WEEK GENUINE Perfect Cut DIAMONDS Direct from the Importer



Benefit by this BASCH Plan: Tell us to send you any Diamond set in your choice of the thousands of *solid gold mountings* shown in our big Diamond Book at our *expense*, without payment of any money in advance; *without obligation to buy.* You can own and wear *Diamonds*, pure and brilliant—give them for *Christmas*—at our *Importer's* price, $66 to $97.50 *per Carat!* This astonishing low price is made possible by enormous sales, *Direct Importing* and elimination of all losses and expenses. The *BASCH* plan protects you with the ... contract to buy back ... Diamond for 90% in cash, any time within two years, allows ... on exchanges, *any time!* Quality, value and *Carat weight* ... reputation for unequalled values for $1 ...

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L. Basch & Co. Diamond Importers — Dept. H330 ... St. Chicago, Ill.

BASCH DIAMOND BOOK FREE

THE RUG BUG

(Continued from Page 12)

I would like to show you, collected by the head of our house from the choicest looms of the Orient. Usually we make all of these catalogue pieces, but Mr. Bland told me—not without considerable emotion, though he is a man of great force of character—that he would in your case part with some of these treasures. He wishes to do good in the world as he passes through, and it is his dream to disseminate a more general popular knowledge of some of these priceless fabrics of the Orient. Here is a little piece almost as large as a twenty-dollar bill. Take it for a hundred!" He buried his face in his kerchief and sobbed.

"It looks frayed," remarked Willie Lou critically.

"Naturally," said Mr. Knowlton, drying his eyes. "It has had the wear of countless generations of sandaled feet. That is where they get the luster. These priceless possessions of ours are all very, very old. They are genuine barefaced—I mean barefoot—antiques."

"It smells kind of funny!" said Willie Lou; and then, looking at me: "Alonzo, why is it, will you tell me, that folks nowadays put things in their parlors that other folks used to keep in their barns? This smells like a camel barn to me."

"Madam," said the Sabbath-school superintendent, "I assure you that our best people do this. Without an antique rug, what social station can one ask to have accorded in these days? Our best people now keep the camel in the parlor."

"I have noticed that some of our best people do some of the funniest things!" said Willie Lou, a little bit doubtful. "Now how much is this one here? It might do for the bathroom."

"That is a little gem," said Mr. Knowlton sadly. "We dislike so much to part with it—one of our best catalogue pieces—but you can have it for eight hundred and fifty dollars. Please do not tell Mr. Bland that I have set this precedent—it would be as much as my connection with the house would be worth!"

"And how about this fringy, fuzzly thing, which they tell me used to be on a camel saddle?" asked Willie Lou.

The Grief of Ali Baba

"Three hundred dollars," said Mr. Knowlton, again sobbing. "But you pick out our best pieces! You rob us! But look at these Shiraz saddlebags, with the original cords on them. You can use these in a dozen different ways! You can stuff them out and use them for sofa pillows. Or you can put caramels in them and have them for bonbon boxes. They will also hold shelled corn or do for laundry bags. At one hundred and twenty-five dollars each they are priceless possessions. They adapt themselves easily to countless ordinary household uses."

About this time I heard a soft, quick footfall and saw the dark face of Ali Baba at the door. With one swift run he caught the Sabbath-school superintendent by the shoulder, threw him down the stairs and locked the door behind him.

"As I was saying," said he, calmly dropping a rug from under each arm and spreading it out in such shape as to cover up in turn all traces of Wira Vita's wares, "I have one rug here which I have been saving to sell to just the right party." Suddenly he took a glance about him and saw the corner of a strange rug. "Who has been here?" said he suspiciously. "I know that Feraghan! Has Wira Vita been here? That robber! That rascal! And what does he ask you for this worthless old worn-out rug?"

"Only nine hundred dollars," said I.

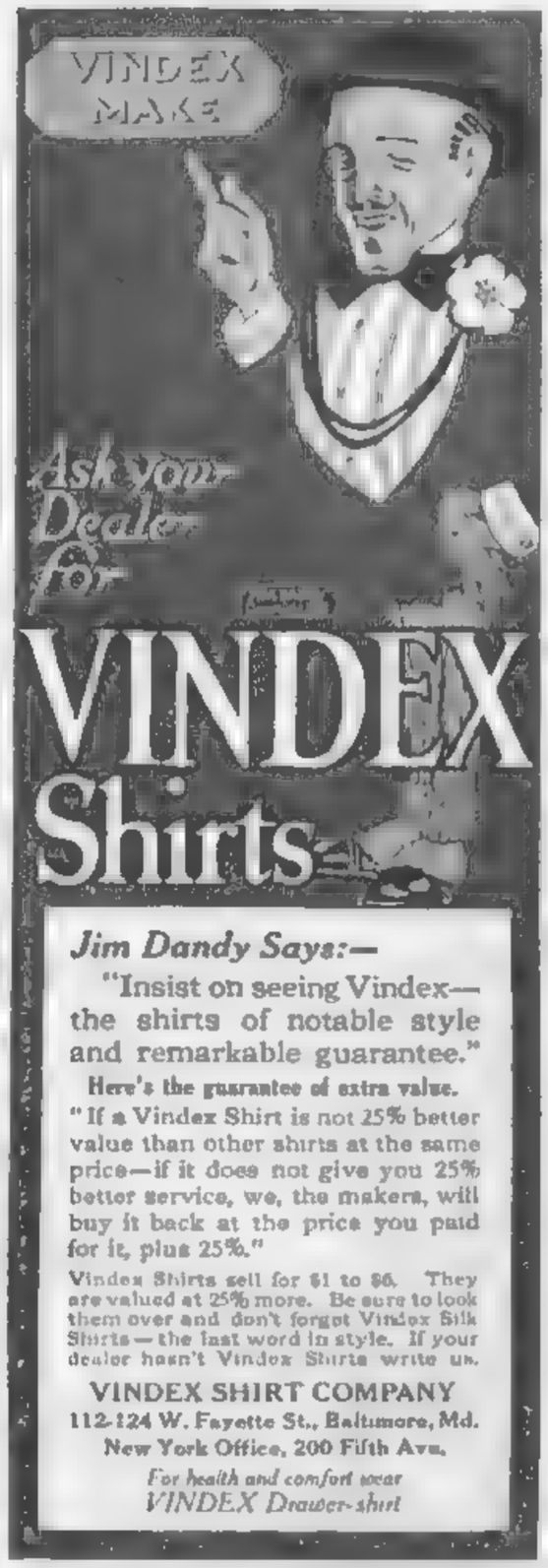
Ali Baba cast himself face down upon the rug and burst into tears so scalding that I feared the colors in the rug might run.

"And he calls himself a Christian!" said he. "Ah, me!"

I was now becoming somewhat uneasy lest somebody should start something, and this feeling increased as I heard a gentle footfall in the east boudoir. Wira Vita emerged from that room, which he had entered by means of his ladder at the window, a rug under each arm.

"I hope I do not intrude," said he politely.

"Not at all—not in the least. Take a chair, or sit on a rug," I replied politely.



Jim Dandy Says:—

"Insist on seeing Vindex—the shirts of notable style and remarkable guarantee."

Here's the guarantee of extra value.

"If a Vindex Shirt is not 25% better value than other shirts at the same price—if it does not give you 25% better service, we, the makers, will buy it back at the price you paid for it, plus 25%."

Vindex Shirts sell for $1 to $6. They are valued at 25% more. Be sure to look them over and don't forget Vindex Silk Shirts—the last word in style. If your dealer hasn't Vindex Shirts write us.

VINDEX SHIRT COMPANY
112-124 W. Fayette St., Baltimore, Md.
New York Office, 200 Fifth Ave.

For health and comfort wear
VINDEX Drawer-shirt

FREE A GREAT NEW MUSICAL WORK

ALL MANDOLIN AND GUITARDOM of Three Continents is set agog by the "GIBSON" Violin construction of Mandolin and Guitar

Exclusive "GIBSON" features

Carved Top and Back; Stradivarius arching; scientific graduation from thick in center to a delicate thinness at rim which simultaneously secures strength and sensitiveness and compels ... bration of entire sounding-board by extending the vibrational lines of least resistance ... to the rim. A tilted neck ... high bridge ... sounding-board, thus producing a bigness of tone never before ... Relative treatment of top and back secures sympathetic vibration from the back-board which additionally supports the tone. Necks are reinforced and ... Quadruple-plated or finger rests are elevated ... Easy action Adjustable string bearing ... Amateur's Napoleon of Mandolin Virtuoso ship, writes ... ary and satisfying in meeting the demands of ... Get a Gibson" on approval ... Only 5c a day! ... free superb book of 100 pages 90 cuts ... tion of virtuosity. For the player and teacher of stringed ...

Also FREE Treatise "HOW TO PRACTICE, WHEN AND WHY, PSYCHOLOGICALLY CONSIDERED." The greatest lecture in three decades on this specific subject

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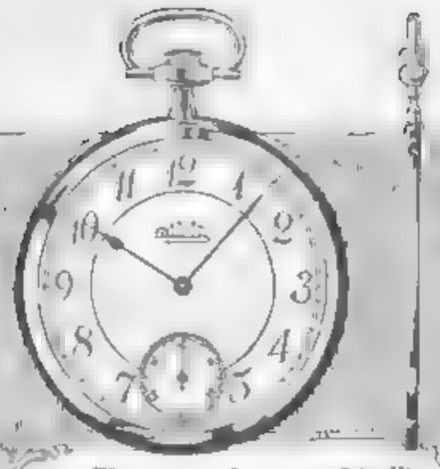


Three Quarter Size *Edge View*

Only half as thick as the ordinary watch, yet guaranteed accurate and even more durable.

GRU-EN VERITHIN WATCH

Notice the pride its owners take in showing it—see with what confidence they submit it to any time-keeping test.

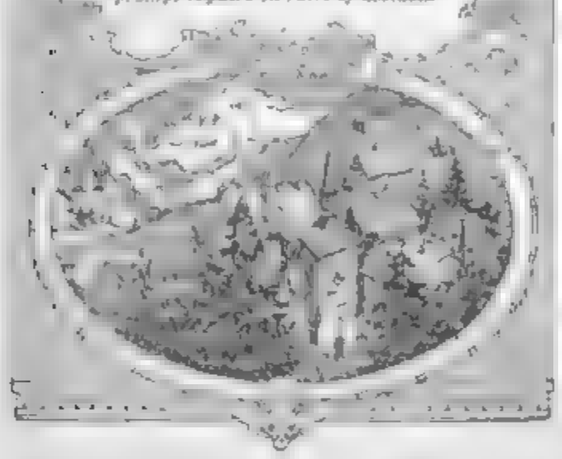
Our ten years success has brought many imitations into the market—thin appearing watches produced by *cutting down* and crowding parts, by fitting ladies size movements to men's size cases, etc.

How American inventive genius utilized Swiss skill to *build up* this watch of beautiful thinness and highest accuracy, and how one word from a woman's lips made it possible for you, in America, to select it for your gift "at the place [illegible] told in the interesting Story of the Gruen Verithin." Write today for your copy and the address of one or more leading jewelers in your city who are our bonded agents.

GRUEN WATCH MANUFACTURING CO.
31 E. Fifth Ave. Cincinnati, O.
Makers of the famous Gruen Watch since 1876

Prices:—$25 to $250

Duplicate parts always on hand in case of accident. Send it to us for prompt repairs in cases of accident.



The "nerves-on-a-trigger" American of the present day is wisely paying more heed to his *go-to-bed clothes*. He rests best who rests in DELPARK Pajamas and Night Robes.

The *Winged Foot* is the trademark to find on Pajamas and Night Robes, if you seek *soundest sleep* and *soundest quality*.

Worn by the best-dressed men and sold by the best-kept shops. Look for the *Winged Foot*. For a postcard, a dainty booklet on the Etiquette of Men's Dress.

Delpark, Inc.
Bedell Parker, President
Broadway at 31st Street
New York
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Los Angeles
San Francisco

"Thank you!" said Wira Vita, and seated himself on his own Feraghan, smiling pleasantly at Ali Baba, who sat pat, so to speak, on his Soumack. After that ensued some conversation of a nature not wholly fit for reproduction.

"You, Wira Vita," said Ali Baba after a while—"I know you well. I did not expect to see you here. Since when have you got out for defrauding that poor farmer three months ago?"

Wira Vita smiled pleasantly and offered Ali Baba a cigarette.

"All is well with me, my friend," said he. "But how about your own case, when you raised the price on a man and sent him a substitute rug the same day?"

"You have a great imagination!" rejoined Ali Baba. "If I would do such things as you do our place would be pulled twice regular before noon and four times in the afternoon. You surprise me that you have the courage to come here to this gentleman's house. He tells me he did not give you his name. What! You break in by a ladder and try to force your worthless goods upon him!"

"Madam," said Wira Vita—who was strong with the ladies—and smiling pleasantly at Willie Lou, "there is nothing but a porkpacker or a brewer would use a Soumack or a Kermanshah rug today. In those cases they would be used only as door rugs or covers for the floor of the abattoir. But you do not have the taste of a saloon-keeper, like my friend Ali Baba here. Let me, therefore, show you some of these rare Heratis that I have brought with me from one of our wagons."

Ali Baba never turned one of his dark hairs, but still smiled happily.

"I know you, Wira Vita," said he. "You make a fair talk, but that Feraghan you have has no more body than a pocket-handkerchief. For a real rug, madam, look at this Beshir!"

"Well——" said Willie Lou after a while.

"Yes!" They both spoke at once, their dark eyes flashing, their four-hundred-dollar white teeth disclosed in happy smiles.

"——I think the best thing we could do ——"

"Yes, yes, madam!"

"—— would be just to ——"

"Yes, yes!"—duet still.

"——look round a little bit first. Later on maybe we could find some store that would send up a few rugs on approval—later on, you know, Alonzo." . . .

I remember no more. I saw the doctor make a quick step toward me, but he was too late. When I regained my mind I was in my own bed. The doctor was feeling my pulse. A nurse—who was a peach, by-the-way—stood near by.

The Riot Investigated

"A little more of the saline injection, doctor," said she. "We may save him yet!"

"Wait a minute, doctor!" said I, and raised my hand. "Maybe I don't want to be saved. Where am I?"

"In your own home."

"Have they all gone?"

"Yes," said the doctor. "Take this and you will soon be better."

"Is he strong enough now to answer the telephone call?" inquired the nurse. The doctor nodded assent. They handed me the telephone.

"Who is this?" I inquired.

"This is Clancy, at the police station," I heard faintly. "Say, the Loot wants to know how about that riot out at your place last night?"

"What riot?" I demanded faintly.

"Why, thim two brothers—Ali Baba and Wira Vita."

"Brothers!" I exclaimed.

"Yis, they're brothers—and certainly they started something up there. They had the street full of wagons and automobyles, and they chased a poor Jew up the telephone pole; and he didn't dast to come down till sunrise this mornin'. What was you tryin' to do?"

"Nothing much, Clancy," said I, "just trying to buy an antique rug or so."

"O-ho!" said he in the telephone. "O-ho! An' is that all? Well, I'll tell the Loot. But yez'd better stop in on your way downtown."

"What have we done, Willie Lou?" I inquired after a time.

"Why, nothing much," said Willie Lou. "I kept only about twelve pieces in all. I think we really need one Meshed, and a couple of those Mir Sarabands, and two or

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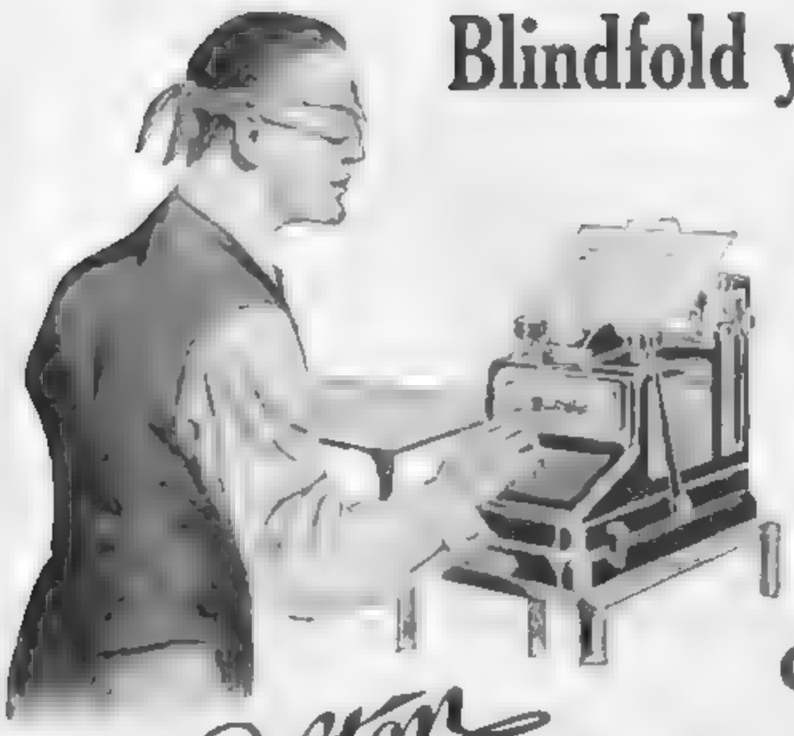

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three of those fine Kurdistans—they have such a fine luster; and, say, six of those saddlebags—real Shiraz, and so small they don't count. Then there are several others that I can't tell the names of without looking in the book. One is either an Anatolian or an Anilene."

And yet, in spite of all, we discovered early in my convalescence that there were several places on the floor where you could have put another little gem or a catalogue piece. The doctor suggested facetiously that what I really needed was a prayer rug—as if we didn't have two between the rocking chair and the parlor table!

Willie Lou and I decided, in view of the political situation the coming fall, to get a Japanese grass mat for the bedroom. As for that place in the back parlor where we needed one or more little gems so much, Willie Lou went up to the storeroom and fished out the discarded wedding gift of Aunt Lucinda, of Brookline, Massachusetts. Imagine our surprise when a friend of mine who really knows rugs came in and pronounced it a genuine Princess Bokhara and worth more than all the other cheap and chemically washed rugs in the house!

"You see," said he kindly, "the only way to learn about rugs is to buy them. I learned in the same way that you are now beginning to learn. Of course I disposed of all my early purchases—just as you will yours in time."

"But they told me that antique rugs increase in value," said I faintly.

An Oriental Dream

"They do if you buy them right."

"But you won't," said I. "You don't; you can't! For instance, what ought I to get ten years from now for this catalogue piece, this Feraghan that cost us eight hundred dollars?"

"Oh," said he, judicially placing his finger to his lip, "you might perhaps get forty or fifty dollars for it if you found the right person. Of course the trouble is to find the right person."

"Isn't that the truth!" said I bitterly. "But, darling, how cold it is! The weend cuts like a knife."

Willie Lou did not hear me.

"If I just had about another Saraband and a Hamadan, and a couple of real Bokharas, and two more Kurds and a Belooche, and maybe a couple of hall runners to match this Kurdistan, and maybe a Sarouk for the front parlor where the rosewood furniture is, I believe I could get along this winter anyhow," said she. "You know we can sort of piece out with those saddlebags," she added, her forehead puckered some. "Anyhow, we got some little gems, and it isn't everybody that can buy catalogue pieces, Alonzo! Just think how we coaxed them to sell those rare pieces to us!"

"Pardon me," asked my friend at about this time, "but doesn't it seem to you that the stockyards are unusually bad tonight?"

Willie Lou smiled at him.

"It is only that new Khiva," said she. "I like that fuzzy, antique smell. It brings up to mind pictures of long camel trains laden with the merchandise of the Orient."

"You are forgetting the goats," said I. Willie Lou paid no attention to me.

"In one of these priceless possessions," said she to our visitor—and I felt my pride in Willie Lou increase as I saw how closely she followed good social precedents in rug conversation—"you can see actual pictures of the dusky artists bending over their crude looms, weaving their dreams and fantasies into many-hued wools of fadeless and enduring colors!"

"And fadeless and enduring prices too," commented I sadly. "I wish they had left part of it out."

"Yes," said Willie Lou, smiling brightly, "we'll have to do without ice and milk for a while—and that's no oriental dream!"

The Wages of Sin

A COUNTY chairman at the Republican state convention at Saratoga, New York, last September was indignant over stories that he had bought voters at a previous election.

"It ain't true!" he declaimed heatedly. "It ain't true! We didn't have no money to speak of and we didn't do no buyin'. Of course we bought a few here and there, but not what you might call any real buyin' by a long shot! I don't see why they spread these slanders round like this!"

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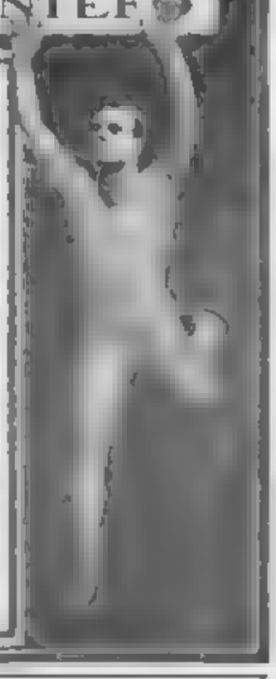

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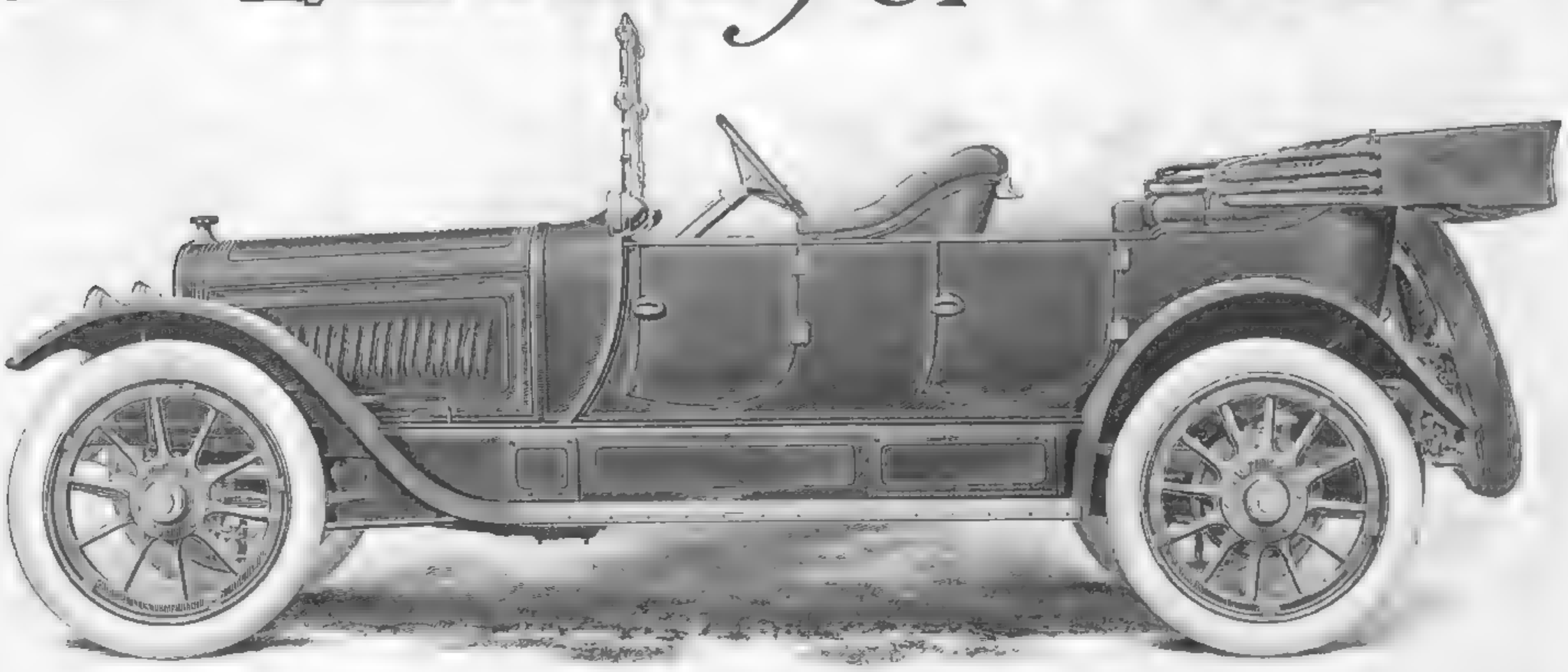

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And of course this splendid car has electric starting and lighting equipment—the Gray & Davis simple separate unit system, with dynamo for starting, generator for lighting and magneto for ignition.

The illustration gives you just a hint of the beauty of the LOZIER "LIGHT SIX." Note carefully the body design, the original Lozier "streamline" design, making the hood a graceful part of the body, eliminating the old projecting dash and providing a *built-in* windshield.

We cannot attempt to describe here the comfort of the deep and tilted Turkish cushions, the ease which comes from Lozier springs and correct weight distribution, the positive luxury of this car. Nor could we tell of the flexibility of the Light Six motor, a motor which on high gear can draw this car—loaded—over a *country road* at speed as low as *three* miles per hour without a choke or a miss and then *before you know it* be taking you along at *fifty* miles per hour without sway or jolt or jar.

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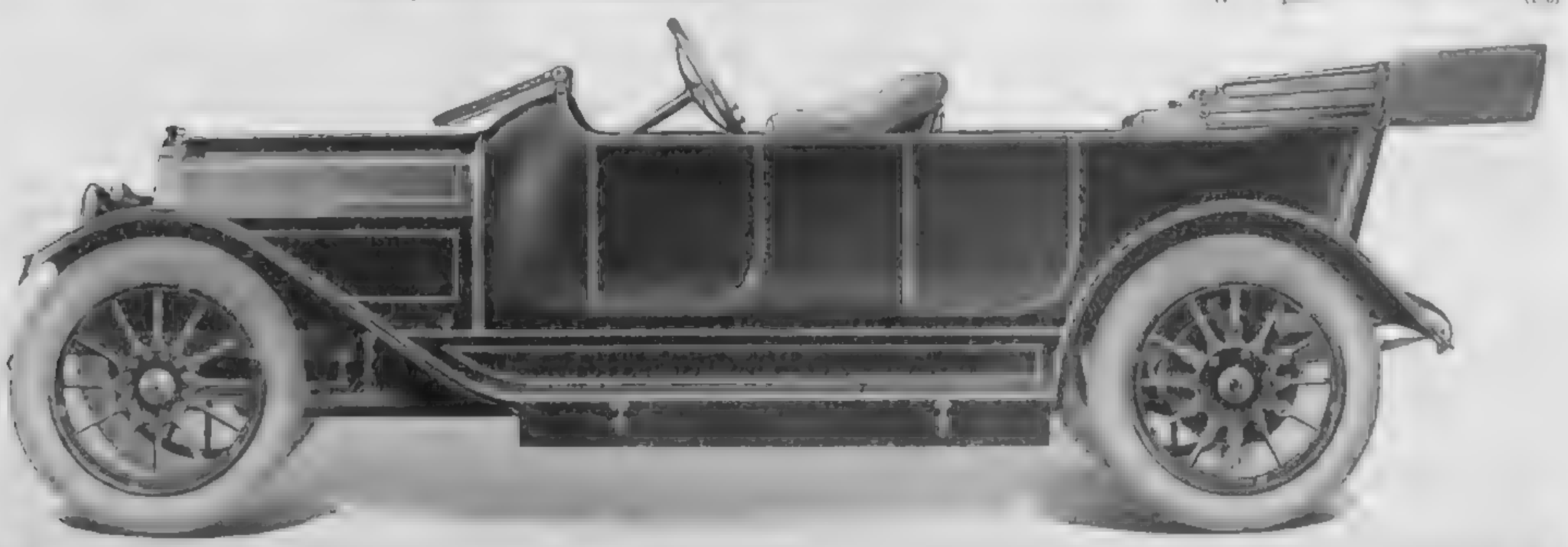

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Interest—The Business Mainspring

(Continued from Page 8)

of feelings an after-dinner crowd wants played upon. When he sat down it was clear he had been the feature of the evening.

Well, the egotistic manufacturer wanted that young man. He had found a place for him before he finished speaking. Within a month he was in charge of a department of his factory at a salary several times as large as he had ever earned before, and part of his duty was to be present as a speaker at every gathering in the trade, to make prestige for the concern.

Up to that time this young fellow's interest in business had been lukewarm because he ran an obscure little factory where there seemed to be no chance of getting far in the world. He did that for a living. Meanwhile his whole heart was in politics. As lieutenant for an active political leader he had fought through several city campaigns. He loved every move in the political game, and had learned how to handle men individually, and take care of them, and bring them together in the mass for political ends. It was in politics, as a rough-and-ready stump orator talking to every kind of audience, that he had gained his skill as a speaker.

When he went into the big factory this interest in politics was the key to an interest in business, for the organization was full of politics. Its egotistic owner's vagaries in management had made instability and jealousy everywhere. Departments were working at cross purposes, men taking care of their own personal interests today because they dare not build solidly for tomorrow—again and again the boss had upset things by an autocratic order.

The whole organization needed pulling together, and the newcomer began by smoothing out cross purposes and jealousies in his own department. He took the motives and characteristics of different men into account, and played one against another to get his results. It was as much fun to him as politics. It was politics and soon increased the turnover of his department to such an extent that other departments had to be smoothed out somewhat, so they would at least send goods along.

The Man Who Followed His Nose

By-and-by it became necessary to smooth the boss a bit, so he would not interfere. Others had feared and opposed him. The young man with the political training saw a good deal of the egotistic manufacturer as they went about together to trade gatherings, and handled him as though he were an enthusiastic reformer, with impracticable schemes, who must be kept working for the good of the party. He assured the boss that he was a dreamer, a creative executive, with ideas far in advance of the trade. Each new scheme was commended, but at the same time the necessity for keeping the organization centered on the scheme in hand was pointed out. Before long the manufacturer had stopped turning things awry and was working to help along the projects already going.

There had been some ugly labor disturbances in that plant, due to unsettled policies and misunderstanding of employees. Many of the wage-earners were foreign-born, with ways strange to department heads, who assumed that the greenhorn knew nothing, and exploited him. The newcomer soon did away with this discontent, for in politics he had come to know the greenhorn intimately, learned his ambitions and prejudices, found him jobs, and picked up a smattering of his languages.

This young fellow's interest lay entirely in the human phase of business. Something in his nature had led him to be a leader in his ward club, and take the stump in an election, and manage men by understanding their motives. When he wasn't managing men he might be down at the Y. M. C. A., managing boys. This trait was fundamental. He followed his nose and when the chance came to apply that interest in business it soon made him general manager of a big concern.

Other men find their line of interest in the technical or selling end of business, the commercial or financial phases, and so on. One man's interest will be far-reaching and he becomes an organizer and developer of railroad systems and can tell approximately what transportation ought to be in

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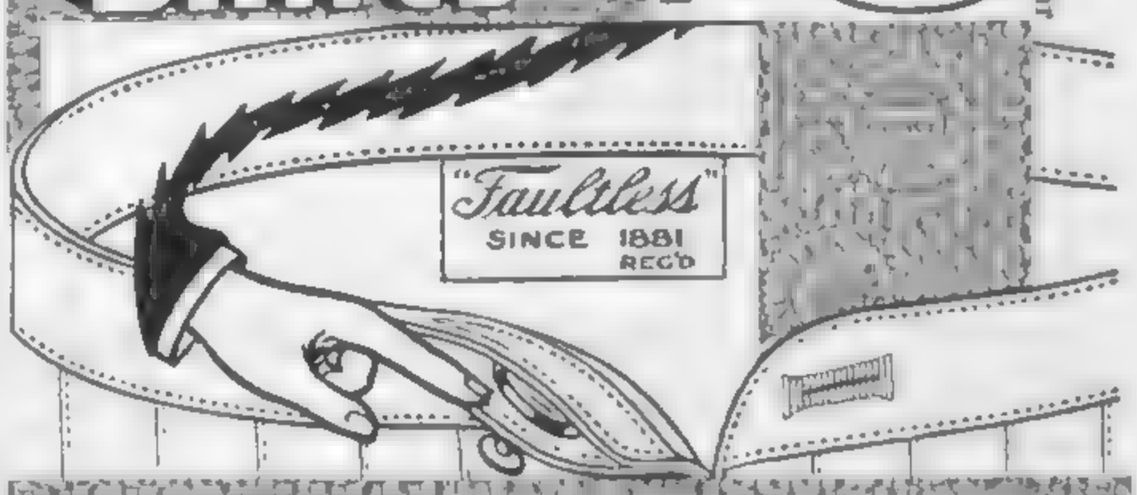

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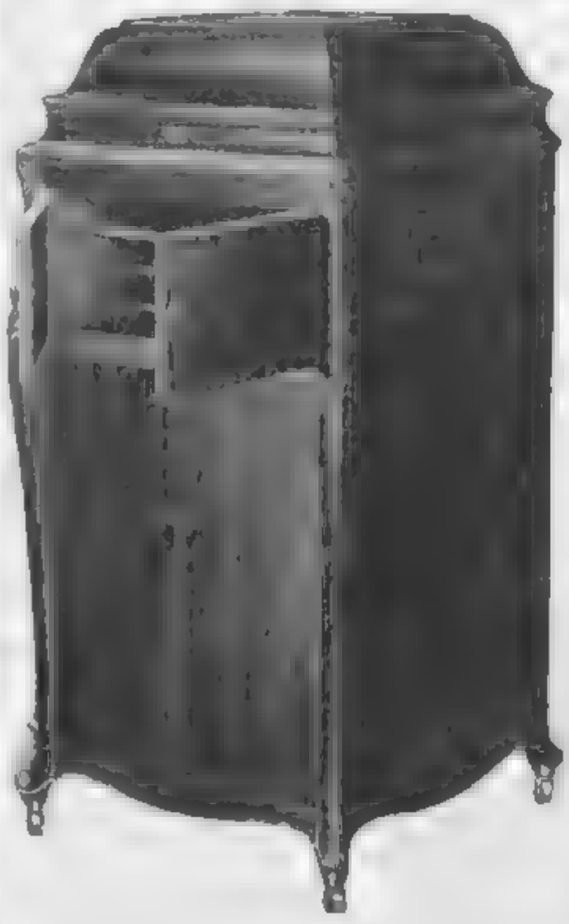

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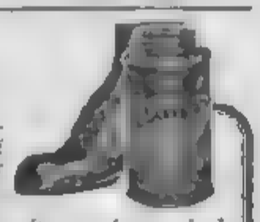

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this country twenty years hence. Another man's interest may extend no farther than the accounting department of a business, but because he is really interested his books will be alive and growing.

Between the fellow with the big interest and the fellow with the little one there is only the difference of degree. Between the man who is interested in his job and the man who isn't, however, there is such a vast discrepancy that the foreman, the general manager and the boss are constantly weeding over men to find a few interested ones.

The uninterested man is centered chiefly on the pay envelope and the clock, if he is a wage or salary earner, or upon making money, without much thought of rendering service, and upon having fun when he is in business for himself. Work is a curse and a demnition grind to the uninterested man.

The interested man, on the other hand, has a knack of getting out of the deepest rut he can be put into—things come his way to a surprising extent.

Somebody suggested that Herbert Spencer must be a tireless reader and compiler of facts, to collect the masses of information embodied in his all-embracing theories; but Spencer confessed that he read very little. When his mind was absorbed in a problem, however, facts seemed to drift to him naturally. He would find information bearing on his problem in almost anything he picked up. He would get it from a man he met in the street.

How to be a Magnet

This element of intuition enters very largely into the makeup of the interested man in business. With his mind centered on his work, he finds suggestions in unlikely places and sees the significance of apparently trivial points. Information drifts to him. Projects grow largely of themselves. He is interested and can put things together. The very faculties of an intensely interested man seem to improve along the line of his work. A Paris perfume expert, for instance, has become so accustomed to analyzing fragrant, delicate odors that, he says, his sense of smell now practically disregards offensive odors. And in a similar case a Frenchman working to perfect fine mechanism, after months of scrutinizing with a jeweler's magnifying glass, found that he could see many tiny details without it; so he set the glass aside and trained one eye to work without it. In time, to his own astonishment, he was able to see animalculæ in a goblet of water without the aid of a lens.

Without waiting for the psychologists to put him on a scientific basis the interested man in the business world has settled certain points from his practical experience.

First, it is necessary to be interested oneself, unless satisfied with a rut job—to know something about the general human uses of one's product, to look ahead into its future and find improvements, to master the detail of the business, to see it imaginatively. There lies all the fun of doing business at all, and the source of one's personal ability.

Second, it is necessary to interest others. The interested man must extend himself and communicate some of his breadth of view. Not so long ago men were taken as they were in business. The uninterested man may have been born without the knack of getting absorbed in his work, or had the faculty asleep in him somewhere, or perhaps was centering his interest on matters outside of his work. Business took him as he was, until it suddenly woke up to the fact that he could be usually interested if the right methods were used. Today this is a prime issue in American business: to communicate the interest of the man higher up to the whole workforce—the salesmen and branches, the merchants who handle the product, and even to the public that consumes it.

Finally, ways are steadily being found of making work itself interesting. Once, modern industrial methods were considered inseparable from deadly routine; but today routine is being broken up. The interested man higher up realizes when work is monotonous that he is largely to blame for not having got round to give it variety. Now he is getting round, and from present indications the time will come when there may be no such thing as a routine or uninteresting job.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by James H. Collins. The second will appear in an early issue.

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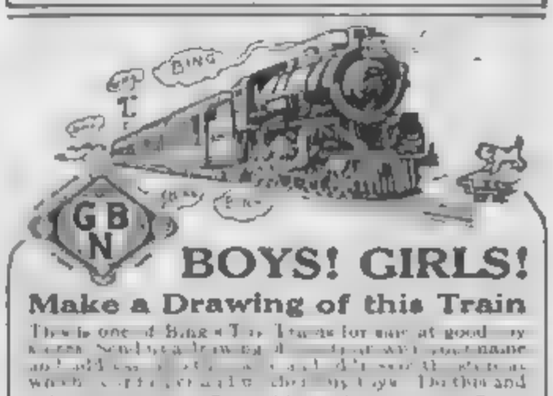

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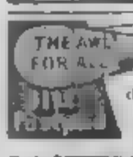

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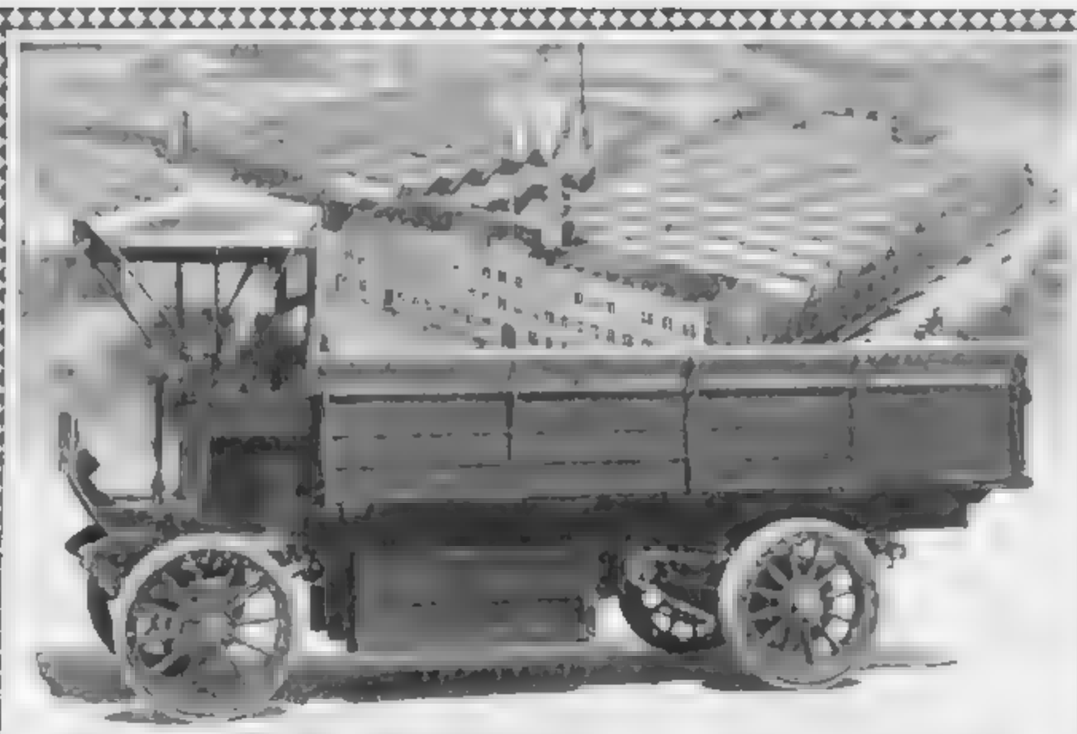

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THE BOOM AT WAYNE

(Continued from Page 19)

that, Katharine—in such a case—there's really only one thing to do. The court will always take a plea of guilty into consideration and make the sentence lighter."

He glanced up, rather against his will, and for the first time she saw what was in his eyes. Suddenly, then, she understood that he had long since resolved Bane should go to prison, and all her entreaties struck upon his resolution merely as breezes upon a rock. As suddenly she ceased to struggle, perceiving how completely useless it was. With a kind of amazement her eyes examined the stranger that he had suddenly become to her. After a moment he felt that she understood, and pushed his chair back from the table.

"A minute more," she said rather quietly. Indeed, deep down in her mind she was busy with the problem of how to speak across to this stranger—how to make her voice and thought reach him in his aloofness. "I don't give up. I shall go to the bank examiner—on my knees if necessary. I shall go to Peter Disbrow; to Mr. Jenks ——" She made the statement almost at random; then, at once, so to speak, caught at it. Something out of the past rushed up to her. "Yes," she said decisively, "I shall go to Peter Disbrow. Once he wished to marry me."

It may have been an odd speech; but she was not speaking to her husband. She was merely making some necessary arrangements with the stranger opposite.

Chester looked stolidly at the window. He thought it fortunate that Peter was taking the train for Primrose, thirty miles away, about that time. He knew the joke that when Katharine was home from school—being about eighteen at the time—ugly, grumpy Peter, more than twice her age and of an indifferent reputation in certain ways, had paid some marked attentions to the girl. Katharine had never mentioned the subject before.

"And once," said Katharine, uttering that something which came up to her out of the past, "I might almost have married him. I found out his secret. He could send Fred to prison; but he couldn't keep Bertha from taking the coat off his back if she determined to do it. He loves to fight; but a small, weak hand can paralyze him. I know his secret—and that's been a secret between him and me, although we hardly ever speak two words together alone. I'll go to Peter—on my knees—and he'll do what I want." A sweeter tone came into her voice, which was a bit unsteady.

There was a slight pause as their glances met, her eyes being round and shining, while his were merely dogged.

"I'm not at all helpless, John," she said gravely. "I'm going to save this man and his wife and children. You've determined not to help me. Well, then, you must do nothing whatever to hinder me."

"I wash my hands of it—absolutely," he said doggedly and arose.

Jefferson Butts thrust his head in at the door to say the car was waiting. It had, indeed, been waiting ten minutes.

Katharine arose also and came beside her husband on his way to the door.

"That's a pledge, a promise, John. You will do nothing to hinder me," she said solemnly.

"I'll do nothing either way," he replied rather impatiently, and went out.

She watched him go, then went to put on a street dress. Her own reflection in the tall mirror caught her eye, striking into the coil of thoughts that absorbed her. She paused a moment, contemplating the image. It was that, no doubt, of a pretty woman—perhaps of a beautiful woman. The long, slender figure might be called fine; neck and arms were round, white and firm; the chin was well molded; there was sweetness in the lips, delicacy in the nose; the brow promised a mind. A very honorable woman, too, carrying her beauty with a high hand. A kind woman, she might think—loving the good people about her. A successful woman, managing her life firmly according to the best standards. A woman who might suppose herself worth something in the world—but by no means worth twelve thousand dollars in hard cash to her husband!

She selected a dress almost at random. There were a good many in this closet and the other one. She hadn't thought particularly about it before, but she supposed these soft, pretty things represented two or three thousand dollars which her husband had gladly given her—that her person might look more alluring in his eyes and the eyes of other men, who would envy him for possessing her. Giving her money for a need of her own individual soul, it seemed, was a very different matter.

Yet she was not really very bitter—mostly only amazed. Nor was she much alarmed. Certainly she was an admired, successful woman. She would not believe that her power was unequal to the task she had undertaken.

Quickly dressing, she went down to the living room. Sitting at the long table upon which the telephone stood, she called Peter Disbrow's bachelor house; but the housekeeper told her Mr. Disbrow had taken the eight o'clock train for Primrose, thirty miles away, saying he would not return until night; she had no idea where Mr. Disbrow might be found there.

That indeed was disturbing, and Katharine's heart beat faster as she meditated. She might wait until Jeff returned with the car, then fly to Primrose and find Peter; but first, at any rate, she must see Fred; assure him the money would be forthcoming; tell him to wait patiently until her arrangements were made. She set out, therefore, down through the woods to the teller's cottage.

The scene there was trying. Bertha was almost at the point of tears. The slight, pretty woman, with her straight little nose and the droop at the corners of her mouth except when she was laughing, couldn't bear the thought of her ailing husband's going back to work in the bank that day. He really wasn't fit at all; the doctor would say so—if only he'd consent to have a doctor. Bertha appealed to Katharine, as a high authority, whether he shouldn't stay at home and rest for a day or two at least.

Four-year-old Billy, very grave and round-eyed, with the clumsy steel brace on his hurt leg, stood beside his father's chair, understanding very well that he was ill and that going to work might injure him. The boy said nothing, but played with his father's hand, looking up into his face with a dumb appeal. Even Millie, the baby, babbled in her almost unintelligible tongue: "Home, daddy; home."

For the father, under his secret load of guilt and danger, this dear and innocent solicitude was excruciating. His hollow eyes met Katharine's understanding glance with suffering and questioning in which there was the shame of depending upon her woman's hand to save him.

"Yes; really, Fred, you ought to stay at home a while," she said with a look that she tried to make significant. "Wait at least until the bank opens at ten—or until noon." Naturally he did not understand her, and she had to wait for an opportunity to speak with him when Bertha was not by.

"There's been a little delay," she said; then hurriedly—and with some agitation in spite of herself: "You see, there are some details to arrange. It will take a little time. You must be patient and wait here until I get the money. I'll get it, truly; only it will take more time than I thought."

A suspicion occurred to him that she had tried to get the money from her husband and failed. His face puckered with pain. "Katharine! I'm getting you into it! I'm making trouble for you—getting you into the mess—getting you—involved!" He had to speak low, for Billy was not far away.

"No, no!" she protested vehemently under her breath. "I tell you it's my own money—what my father left me. I'll arrange it. Only there's a little delay—nothing more. You must be patient until I come for you."

"But ——" He was about to object further; to ask what she was doing, feeling it would be too shameful to let her compromise herself. But they heard Bertha returning.

"You must!" she insisted passionately. "You will? You'll wait for me?"

Bertha was at hand. He dropped back helplessly in the chair, murmuring "Yes."

She had carried the point; but it left her, so to speak, breathless; momentarily spent. She had carried it only by vehemently asserting that all would be well; and in spite of herself a dreadful little doubt arose in the back of her mind. Seeing Fred and his family made the crisis more imminent; and this struggle with him subtly dashed her assurance. It loosened a deep surge

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of emotion. She tarried a minute, saying something or other to Bertha, half at random, while her pulses raced.

She had kept an eye upon the road, vainly expecting the automobile would appear there on its way home. Going out of the gate she turned toward town, walking rapidly, hoping every instant the car would come in sight—not that this was by any means the best plan, but because the tumult in her mind drove her to action of some sort. From the cottage to the bank was nearly two miles. She walked rapidly on, saying to herself disconnectedly: "No; the car isn't coming.—I shall miss it.—Jeff has taken the higher road.—I'm losing time.—By now I might have been halfway to Primrose.—I must get myself in hand!" As she passed the Hotel Wayne she saw, with a keen little grip of despair, that it was already a quarter past nine.

She had, of course, not walked that far merely in hope of meeting the car. There was an alternative plan—a promising one, she thought. So she crossed to what Editor Barbour described as the magnificent new First National Bank Block and went up to Mr. Jenks' law office on the sixth floor. She knew the young man and the young woman in the anteroom; spoke to them pleasantly, if mechanically; asked for Mr. Jenks. Two minutes later the door to an inner room opened and the lawyer stood on the threshold bowing to her.

She arose quickly, comforted by the sight of his familiar figure—a small, wiry, middle-aged figure, full of aggressive nervous energy. His eyes were deep-set, bright and hot.

Her figure, of course, was equally familiar to Mr. Jenks in every graceful, high-bred pose and motion; familiar the erect carriage of her head, the delicate strength of her nose, the pride of her eyes. Having bowed, he awaited her swift approach, his bright, deep-set eyes upon her face. As she stepped near a subtle atmosphere of the deep emotional stress under which she labored reached him, and his heart exulted. "It's come!" he thought with triumph.

He had sat at her table many times, making bitter, witty speeches to provoke her laughter and reproof; but he had never in the least—when they could not be overheard—discouraged Hank Martin from spewing all the gossip he pleased concerning her and Fred Bane. He had faith in the gossip, too, simply because his faith naturally attached to whatever is vile. To believe in honor taxed his credulity. He now saw in Katharine the most exceptionally assured, securely placed, high-headed, well-protected woman of his acquaintance, who was about, so to speak, to jump the fence in the eyes of the world; and he exulted in the thought of having her patently on his side of the fence.

She sat down across the corner of the table from him, her hands in her lap—breathing a little rapidly, he noted; her eyes nervously bright—and plunged into the business at once:

"You know all about my father's will, Mr. Jenks; the land he left to me. I wish to raise twelve thousand dollars upon it at once. I thought—you could tell me how to do it."

It was a bit disappointing; in fact, he had quite expected to hear her mention a divorce—and with her head erect, her neatly gloved hands in her lap, she was still too much keeping up the rôle of an assured, well-protected, securely placed woman. "Nothing easier," he replied lightly; "just get your husband to sign the mortgage."

"But—without my husband's signature?" she said, coloring.

"Without it, I could as well raise money on the land as you. Even husbands have some rights in law." He spoke curtly. Humoring her at her own dinner-table was well enough; but, now that she had come for his help to take her tumble in the ditch, let her say "ditch" and be done with it.

"But my father gave it to me," she urged, confused by his curt negative. "Mr. Jenks, I must have the money at once! I must! Isn't there some way?"

That agitation and urgency were more like—more like the open breaking out of bounds by the shining woman, so long perfectly secure and well-protected at all points.

Mr. Jenks put his slim, bony hand to his beard, regarding her with bright, hot eyes. "There's always a way, my dear," he said rather banteringly. "There must always be a way when one must—especially if one is a pretty woman. What would law be

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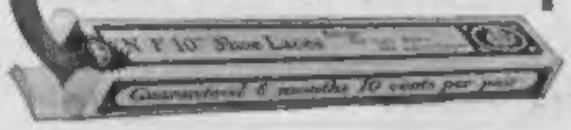

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good for otherwise? I can help you to the money. But how far are you ready to go to get it? You say you must have it."

"How far?" she repeated, at a loss. "Yes, truly, I must have it! I will do whatever is necessary," she added, gathering up her courage.

The lawyer nervously stroked his beard, for that was fine! "Very well," he said. "When do you want it?"

"Oh, now! Immediately!" she replied eagerly—an answer that surprised him.

"The money isn't for yourself then?" he asked, for it was improbable that she personally could have immediate need of the sum mentioned.

Katharine stirred uneasily, feeling a danger in this cross-questioning, and hesitated a moment. "The money is really for me," she said. "It's I who must have it."

The lawyer thought: "Ah, I'll bet she's been dabbling in this oil stock and got caught!" It was the only explanation he could think of.

The truth of the answer might be defended; but it did not quite satisfy the woman, who considered lying base. "I've pledged myself," she added. "It's my debt. Of course—there may be some one else too."

The effort to be truthful was poor strategy, leaving, so to speak, an exposed flank. "Can she and Bane have been speculating together?" Mr. Jenks thought. At once that seemed highly probable. Some things he knew tended to confirm it. In a way it was even more interesting than if she had at once mentioned divorce.

He smiled very faintly. "The law is gallant, you know," he observed. "A married woman can dispose of a good many things without her husband's consent and come off scot-free—especially if she looks fetching to the court and is well advised. I never knew a court that didn't sympathize with beauty in distress; but even beauty in distress can't altogether have its cake and eat it too. You can get a good deal more than twelve thousand dollars in money—and whatever else you want—if you're ready to go the length—if you're ready to put down in black and white that you—really must have it."

Mr. Jenks made it a practice seldom even to smile. His most mirthful speeches were delivered with a grave face. But now, looking at her with hot, bright little eyes, he grinned broadly. It was the grin that startled her, for she scarcely understood the words.

"Go the length?" she repeated, at a loss. "Why—I'll go any length I can; but what would you propose, Mr. Jenks?"

He wondered if she could really be as simple as all that. "You must have twelve thousand dollars at once, without your husband's knowledge, to get yourself and somebody else out of a difficulty that you got into without his knowledge. As I reminded you, the law is gallant—especially to a pretty woman. I've no doubt I can get the money for you—as alimony." He meant his frankness to be brutally complete and he grinned again. Then she divined him, understanding that something base in him itched to see her debased. For a moment she looked at the floor.

"I see—it's a mistake, Mr. Jenks," she murmured. "I don't want a divorce." She was not angry. It was as though he had abruptly called her a disgraceful name; and all she could do was to ask herself in a kind of humble astonishment: "Am I really a woman of whom one could think that?"

"I was mistaken," she murmured again and arose. Going down in the elevator she thought: "So I failed there—in a strange way!"

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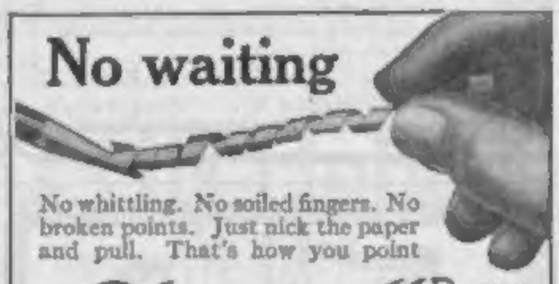

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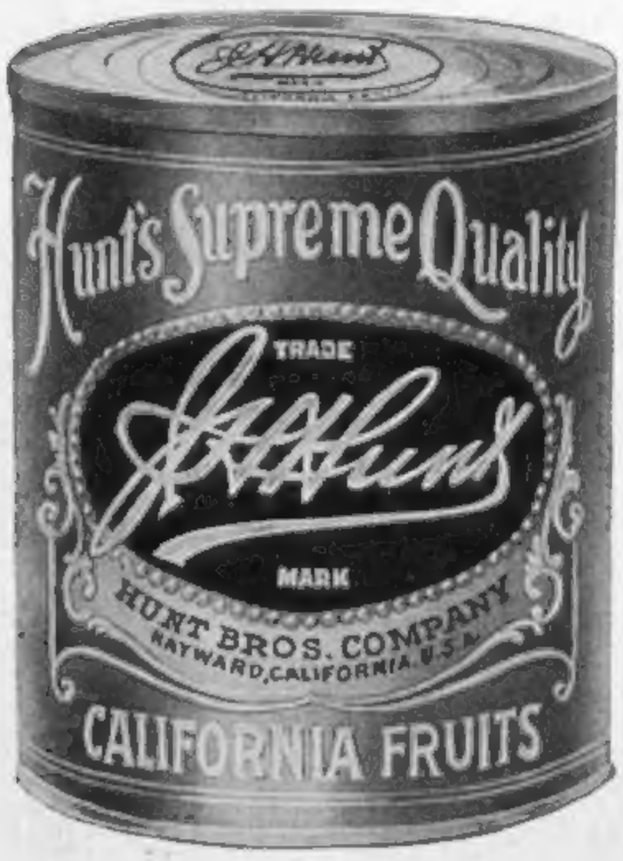

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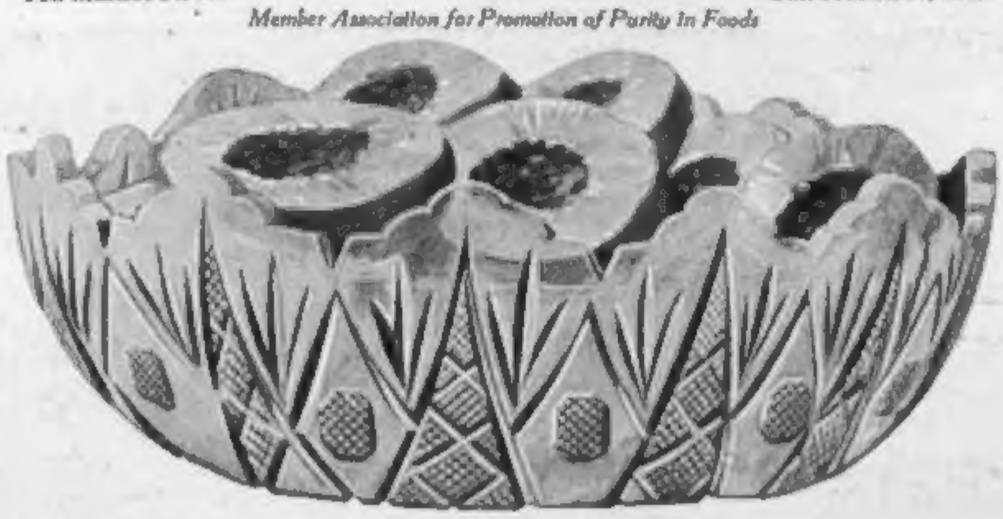

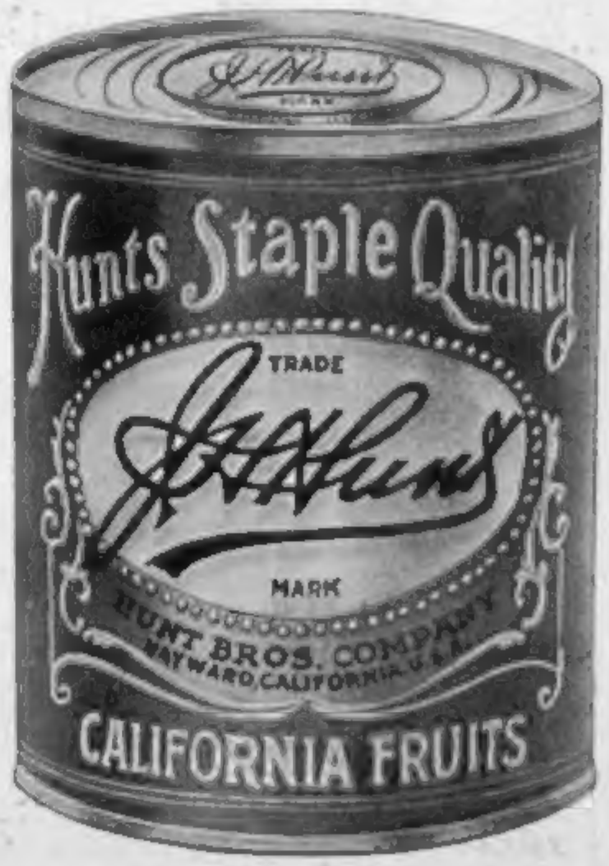

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